

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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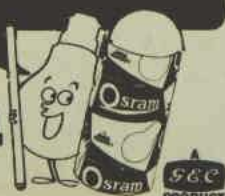
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AUGUST 4, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 10

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## WORTH REPORTING

● The successful bidders for the pups of Bimbo, the courageous kelpie-alsatian (featured on the cover of our June 23 issue), have been decided. Ten guineas was the highest bid.

**BIDS** for the six pups totalled £54/10/-.

Bimbo's owner, Mr. Sandor Gubonyi, announced when the pups were born in Bundaberg, Qld., about two months ago that they would be sold to the highest bidders and the money sent to his invalid mother, aged 78, in Hungary.

Bimbo won the admiration of dog-lovers everywhere by guarding her master when he lay injured for 11 days in blazing heat near Julia Creek, Qld.

Bimbo's puppies were born at the home of Mrs. Pat Price, of Millbank, Bundaberg.

Offers for the pups came from far and near.

Successful bidders were:

- Lyndie Roberts, aged 8, "Dapper," via Gulgong, N.S.W., 10 guineas (black-and-white female).
- Hugh Houn, Appletree, Nindigully, Qld., 10 guineas (brown-and-white female).
- Ray Parry, aged 10, Lynwood, Denbarker, via Mt. Barker, W.A., £10 (brown male).

● David F. Wann, "Tanga-Jooma," Yuleba, Qld., £10 (brown female).

● Bryan Merrill, aged 13, Rockhampton, Qld., £8/10/- (dark red/brown female).

● Miss Jeanne Miller, Rozelle, N.S.W., £5 (black male).

Many people, touched by the story of Bimbo and her pups, and with sympathy for Sandor's desire to help his invalid mother, sent donations of money.

Five donations, amounting to £12, were returned to the donors with thanks. Mr. Gubonyi appreciated people's desire to help, but he has never accepted donations. Two anonymous donations of £5 and £1 will be given to Brisbane's "Lifeline."

Queensland Airlines has offered to fly the pups free to Brisbane, Sydney, and Perth.

Mrs. Price will look after Bimbo until Sandor is able to make a home for her again. Sandor is now doing training at the Commonwealth Rehabilitation Centre in Brisbane.

### Beauty is woman's role

"THERE is no such thing as a woman who is so ugly that, with the aid of modern science, she cannot be attractive," said the Chevalier Guy de St. Jorre, a young Frenchman touring Australia to introduce the new "scintillating" cosmetic look.

"The role of a woman is to be beautiful, don't you agree?" he asked.

"It is all based on classical proportion, and I show a woman how she can re-proportion her face," said Mr. de St. Jorre, who is supremely indifferent to his French knighthood, conferred upon an 11th-century ancestor during the Crusades.

"All the women who come to me are not beautiful, but I have a certain amount of kindness, I hope! When a woman can see that a treatment has made something happen, she looks in the mirror and is so full of happiness that she makes everyone around her happier."

#### OUR COVER

● The supremely elegant dress is from Balenciaga's 1965 spring-summer collection; the supremely luscious torte from our cookery collection (see page 53).



● Richard Bonyng  
... black patent court shoes with wide bows.

### Those black court shoes

WE were fascinated with the black patent court shoes with wide black grosgrain bows and bindings worn by dinner-suited Mr. Richard Bonyng as he escorted his wife, Miss Joan Sutherland, to an after-theatre party in Melbourne. (He is shown wearing them in a picture we published last week.)

An "old-timer" at Melbourne's largest store said that he hadn't sold or seen a pair of these Victorian dress pumps (the style dates back to the Pilgrim Fathers and was not taken up as a dress shoe until the early 1800s) since 1930.

Melbourne tailor Mr. Leonard Oliver, of Southwell Coultas, said court pumps with bows were only creeping back into fashion when he left Savile Row for Australia two years ago.

Impeccably dressed Mr. Oliver—who doesn't own a pair himself—said that he couldn't speak for the editor of "Tailor and Cutter," "but dress courts are sartorially correct and add to the charm of a dinner suit."

## NEW ERA FOR OLD CHURCH

● One of Australia's oldest churches will begin a new period in its history when, on August 28, it is officially opened as a youth hostel.

CONVICT-BUILT in 1846, the Holy Trinity Church at Carrington, N.S.W., was consecrated by William Tyrrell, Newcastle's first Anglican Bishop, and was

used for worship until about 15 years ago.

With £800 and donated labor from YHA members, the deserted building was fitted to accommodate 20.



Built on a promontory high above Port Stephens, the "new" hostel shelters under century-old Moreton Bay fig trees. Its cedar hammer-beams and ceiling panels were built to last, like the 2½ ft. thick granite walls.

The surrounding bushland sanctuary offers excellent camping and bush-walking, with canoeing and swimming handy in Port Stephens.

An old ship's bell still stands before the front door. Once it called early settlers of the Australian Agricultural Settlement. Soon it will mark the coming of a new brand of explorers.

● Historic church at Carrington, now restored as a youth hostel.





## Baby girl is heir to Greek throne

AT FIVE DAYS OLD, the new Greek Princess Alexia is pictured in the arms of her mother, Queen Anne-Marie, Danish-born wife of King Constantine of the Hellenes, at the royal summer home, Mon Repos Castle, on the island of Corfu. Standing, from left, Princess Margrethe of Denmark, King Frederik of Denmark, King Constantine. Seated, from left, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, her daughter, Queen Anne-Marie, with the baby, and Queen Mother Frederika of the Hellenes, Constantine's mother. This was a happy moment for the Greek royal family, now troubled by Greece's political unrest.





# All

● The Queen on Sultan (left), given by the President of Pakistan. At right, Princess Elizabeth, 18, stands by a sturdy farm horse . . .



# the

. . . at a wartime harvest at Sandringham. Right: King George VI rides in Windsor Great Park with daughters Margaret Rose, 8, and Elizabeth, 13. April, 1939.



● The Queen never gives private interviews — but she did to English storywriter Judith Campbell, who had asked if she could write about one of the Queen's greatest interests — her horses.



● Two horses sent as gifts from Russia were exercised by their Cossack grooms until they were presented to the royal family by Bulgandin and Kruschev during their tour of Britain in 1956. The horse at left is Mele-Kush, of the golden coat; at right, Zamen.



● The days of the royal tour of South Africa in 1947 were carefree ones for Princess Elizabeth (above, left) as she gallops along the sands at East London with Princess Margaret. They toured with their parents.



see, to smell, and just to touch them.

"Yet, for all my love of horses, I ride abominably.

"When I was 18 I was given 18 guineas, and I blew the lot on a hideous pony called Smith.

"I fell off Smith 127 times, but I loved him dearly, and tried so hard to ride well.

"You can imagine, when I married, what a trial Smith was to my poor husband who, like my family, was not a bit horse-minded.

"He had to take Smith on, too. Smith moved in even on our honeymoon.

"But his nose was out of joint when we started having daughters — and collecting ponies.

"We got up to four girls

column, 'Don't let your pony get fat.'

"But the Queen understood perfectly.

"Writing 'The Queen Rides' took me nearly eight hours a day. The Queen scanned the proofs, and I spent altogether 10 months at Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral, where her horses were stabled."

Judith Campbell says that though the Queen's knowledge of racehorses and their breeding is well known, she has just as much feeling for her riding horses, some of them gifts from heads of State.

"But some are of humble origin, like the mare Betsy which she rides herself."

The Queen delights in the

of Belgium was out on him every day during Ascot week last year.

"A charmer," she said of "Bussy."

The Queen's love of riding began when she was four, on a Shetland called Peggy.

Many ponies followed Peggy, and "The Queen Rides" tells how not all were paragons of good looks and breeding. Nor were they always perfectly behaved.

## George and Gem

George, a pit pony presented by Durham miners, was obstinate, wayward, and lacked character. Gem, who replaced him, was very well behaved, "but he had an iron mouth," the Queen said.

When the Queen and Princess Margaret were growing up, riding wasn't taught as it is now.

The Queen recalls that it wasn't until she was nearly 12 that she heard the term "correct aids," those signals of legs, seat, and fingers from riders to their mounts.

Owen, one of the royal grooms, had taught the Princesses. When they went to Mr. Horace Smith's riding school in London, they took his good horsemanship with them.

Princess Anne has been taught to ride on modern lines from the beginning. She is in a class at the riding school at Benenden.

She has her own horse, High Jinks, stabled near the school, and last year she was one of Benenden's team which won the Combined Training Cup.

Princess Anne, on High Jinks, is also beginning to do well in show jumping and hunter trials.

All the royal children begin riding at an early age.

Prince Charles and Princess Anne were first taught by their mother on a borrowed Shetland pony.

Then William became their much-loved pony. He is old now, and Judith Campbell saw him on an estate in Surrey, where, with tufts of grey hair dotting his strawberry-roan coat, he is spending the autumn of his life.

Prince Andrew rides a

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff.

and four ponies. The ponies had to earn their keep, and I started writing articles. It was during the war, and my husband was abroad.

"My first piece for 'Nursery World' earned me 10/6. Not enough to keep four ponies.

"So I started writing about my children's pets. My first efforts were rejected 12 times.

"Eventually, 'Four Ponies' was published. The ponies began to earn their keep.

## All on TV

"After that, I published its sequel, which was serialised, and wrote for a Sunday newspaper, mainly the children's pages.

"Then we had our big break. We all went on television, our daughters and our ponies, and I did the commentary.

"Two of our ponies were in a film, and Twala, the pony I have now, is a television and fashion model.

"Alas, she is getting a bit too fat for that.

"When I told the Queen this, she was very amused — and I felt ashamed, because I am always writing in my

characters, foibles, schooling, and breeding of all the royal family's horses — the carriage horses, Prince Philip's polo ponies, her own riding horses, the children's Shetland pony, the Highland and Fell ponies, and her string of racehorses — not forgetting the Russian Mele-Kush.

Mele had to be registered, and his color, the glinting yellow of an old sovereign, presented the Ministry of Agriculture with a problem. No horse of this color had crossed their path before.

They recorded him as "old gold."

Mele lives happily at Windsor, but he is a man's horse. He is ridden by the head groom or by the Queen's male guests at Ascot or other house parties.

"He is always good for a laugh," the Queen said.

"He will take hold of things with his teeth, and when the stud groom dismounts to open the park gates, Mele holds on to him by his shirtsleeves."

Another gift horse that quickly won all hearts is Bussaco, a chestnut given to the Queen by the President of Portugal in 1957.

The Queen rides "Bussy" at times, and Princess Paola

● The Royal Windsor Horse Show. At left, Princess Margaret drives Princess Elizabeth in the Wartime Utility Single Driving Class, which they won.

● Prince Charles, 6, at Balmoral with the favorite royal pony, William. The Queen looks on, Prince Philip keeps an eye on Anne holding Greensleeves.





# Queen's



● Her first appearance on horseback at an official ceremony. Princess Elizabeth, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, rode to a Trooping the Color with her father.

# horses

Shetland, Valkyrie, and has already learned grooming and stable routine from the stud groom.

He can bring his pony in on the lead after catching her, tie her, clean out her tiny hoofs, and knows what brushes to use for grooming.

His sister, Anne, says he has come a long way since, as a toddler, he said firmly, on seeing Valkyrie, "Don't like it! Take it away!"

Prince Andrew will soon out-grow Valkyrie, who will be passed on to Prince Edward. The Queen is looking for a suitable pony to take Valkyrie's place.

The Queen talks with enthusiasm about all horses.

There's Jock, now 27, still strong and always game for a gallop at Windsor.

The Queen told a tender story of Jock, who, in his old age, with both forelegs badly strained, couldn't be induced even to totter.

Then he heard the Queen's voice and was up and off.

"Anyone who has looked after a horse for as long as Princess Elizabeth looked after Jock will know they seldom forget a voice," says Judith Campbell.

Once the Queen was watching some exasperated men trying to catch Jock.

Then they heard her laugh. She was leaning on the paddock fence, went forward, and caught him.

## Royal album

In the book is a picture of Jock, with the Queen's caption: "Jock, who taught me more than any other horse."

Many of the book's pictures are from the Queen's own snapshot album, but other pictures of the royal family with their horses were taken by Godfrey Argent, once in the Household Brigade, now a professional photographer.

"We all worked very well together," Judith told me. "I knew nothing of Court etiquette, but I used my discretion, and the whole assignment was just heaven."

Once the era of ponies was past, the Queen rode horses such as the hunter Pussyfoot, who belonged to her cousin Gerald Lascelles, and Trustful, a mare belonging to Princess Alexandra.

A chestnut, Quicksilver, was too much of a handful for the Queen, so went to the mounted police.

Surprise, a grey gelding given to the Queen in Malta, lived up to his name.

The Queen, describing him as a "diabolical ride," said she had more fun mastering his whimsies than from any other horse.

Betsy, the 17-year-old mare that remains the Queen's favorite riding horse, has no pretensions to blue blood. The Queen bought her from a local farmer.

In Windsor Mews, Judith Campbell met Prince Andrew for the first time. After that, she saw him frequently there and at Sandringham and Balmoral.

Prince Charles would come down from the castle to collect San Quinina for polo practice, and Prince Andrew would be trundling under the archway on his tricycle, with a corgi or two yapping at the wheels.

His Shetland pony is stable next to Prince Philip's polo ponies and the placid Windsor greys that pull the royal carriage.

"It is a friendly working stable," Judith Campbell says, and pop music from transistors invades even the tack room, where saddles and equipment are kept.

"The Queen's saddle is quite beautiful and completely unadorned."

In the Windsor Mews the Queen pointed out many of the horses that were gifts, or kept for sentimental reasons and not trained for specific jobs.

Only Princess Anne's High Jinks is a jumper.

As one would expect in a royal stable, "the feed, kept in big wooden chests, is of high quality, be it corn or bran, chaff or carrots. The hay, too, is first class."

And with the same meticulous attention to detail, the writer records that the girl-grooms' headgear has often proved a problem.

"At one time," she says, "they wore berets, changed to bowlers — not always easy to get at the correct angle. They have recently been issued with black velvet hunting caps."

One of the girls is schooling a famous old horse, Agreement, who twice won the Doncaster Cup, the Chester Cup — and a big cheese — for the Queen.

She affectionately describes him as "rather a sad horse, with rather a sad history."

At the zenith of his career, Agreement broke down and never won again. He joined the other horses in the Mews as a hack.

## Irish colt

Even his arrival was something of a muddle. He and the colt Doutele came from Ireland unlabelled, and would never have been sorted out had the Queen not possessed a photograph showing Doutele as a foal.

Doutele was a very successful racehorse, and in 1959 the Queen reopened the stud at Sandringham for him. He was a valuable sire until his accidental death at the early age of eight.

And to this day the box of the ill-fated Doutele remains empty.

The reigning stallion at the royal stud is Colonel II, Sir Winston Churchill's great racehorse, a rough, tough old warrior, now 18.

It was at Balmoral that Judith Campbell had her happiest time with the royal family.

On the first morning, the Queen pointed out a little boy on a tricycle.

"You can surely see who that is," the Queen said, laughing. "He is so like his father."

"It was David, Lord Linley, Princess Margaret's son," says Judith.

"Prince Andrew has an enthusiastic playmate in all the games they get up to at Balmoral and Sandringham. They shovel manure, pull an enormous barrow around, and cadge rides in it.

"Lord Linley hadn't been long at Balmoral before Prince Andrew had him mounted on Valkyrie."

"But for morning rides, Prince Andrew takes the Shetland, while David keeps up on his tricycle, the corgis running around and begging for sticks from the Queen, who strolls behind."

"Balmoral is so peaceful, a perfect rest for the Queen," said Judith Campbell.

"There are few days in any of her country homes when she doesn't stroll down to see the horses, even if she isn't going out riding."

"And at Balmoral she has the added interest of her Highland Fell ponies."

These ponies, Queen Victoria wrote, are "so good at scrambling up over stones and everything, never making a false step."

● On the Metropolitan Police horse Imperial, the Queen leaves with Prince Philip for her official birthday ceremony of Trooping the Color: June, 1965.

● Princess Elizabeth, on the eve of her 20th birthday, April 21, 1946, leaves Windsor Castle for her usual morning ride. She had her first pony, Peggy, when she was four.



● The Queen (below) is obviously delighted with the baby Shetland mare Valkyrie, presented to her during a visit to the Shetlands.



● Royal Ascot sees the Queen in two aspects of horselover. Below, she flashes past the post during an informal race with friends. Then (right), as owner, talks with the Queen Mother as Doutele is unsaddled after a race.



● Prince Charles (above) plays polo whenever he can. Anne (right), 15 this month, goes over the sticks on Jester at a show-jumping competition with a Benenden school team last month.







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MRS. RON CLARKE SMOOTHS THE WAY

# Miracle runner's wife takes it all in her stride

By BERENICE CRAIG

● When he isn't adding to his astounding collection of world records, Australian athlete Ron Clarke is combing overseas toy-shops for gifts for his two children, Monique, aged five, and Marcus, four.



"It isn't that he buys so much, but he gets a tremendous kick out of choosing," explains his attractive brunette wife, Helen.

This time, after an eight-week round-the-world tour, shattering records as he went, it was a large, elegant French doll called Renee and a dashing pair of silver-colored six-shooters that were in the big, gift-wrapped parcels he brought off the aircraft in Melbourne.

These were received with shrieks of joy at the airport.

The contents of an exciting small jeweller's box with a Paris label brought a gleam to Helen's eyes, too.

This contained a beautiful antique ring, made early last century. A large oval aquamarine surrounded by diamonds, it is set in rose gold, which matches her broad wedding ring.

## Family first

Twenty-eight-year-old Ron Clarke, on a tour that took him to America, Canada, Germany, France, Finland, Norway, Sweden, and Britain, won 15 races in 49 days. He has beaten world records 19 times, and at present officially holds five world records.

He has been labelled the world's greatest running machine, the Rolls-Royce of athletes, and an elegant ambassador in the world of athletics.

He has come home to a blaze of deserved publicity and a civic reception, but will admit freely that his home and family mean far more to him than anything else.

According to Ron, honors are things you can take or leave, but "if my running ever interferes with my family life, or even with my business, then I stop running."

As it is now, family, business, and running all seem to fit happily into a schedule that suits all the Clarks.

Ron's normal day begins with a pre-breakfast training run of between four and five miles.



A company secretary, he is at his office at Ringwood, which is very close to his home suburb of Heathmont, outside Melbourne, at 9 a.m.

Another 45-minute training run is scheduled just after noon, before he has lunch at home.

Back at the office by 2 p.m., he takes off for Caulfield racecourse or a similar venue after 5 p.m. This time he runs 12 miles before going home to dinner.

If he isn't competing on Saturdays he lopes through a marathon training run in his own suburb. On Sunday mornings he covers 22 miles around the Dandenongs, which are quite near his home.

Slim, quietly spoken Helen Clarke takes all this in her own stride and gears the family days to fit in.

She organises Monique off to her nearby school and Marcus to kindergarten if Ron cannot drive him.

"Meals are easy, because Ron is one of those lucky

people who like what is good for them, so we can all eat the same things," she explained.

"We have steak, chops, roasts, and chicken, plenty of salads, fruit, and vegetables. Ron doesn't like spices or oil, so never minds doing without those."

"He is very fond of cake and has to have a certain amount of sugar to keep up his energy, so I do my own baking."

## Soothes nerves

Helen Clarke is convinced that her husband's training schedule also relaxes his nerves.

"He doesn't worry or fuss very much at all, but if he does get a bit nervous a training run always chases the problems away," she said.

In their six and a half years of marriage Helen has always had to fit Ron's training schedule into their family life, but has been happy to do so.

Her tall, handsome hus-

band is the first one to give her the laurels on this score.

"She has been wonderful. So encouraging and understanding, even in the days when I was a long way from breaking records," he said.

Both born in the Melbourne suburb of Essendon, Helen and Ron went to the high school there before Ron matriculated at Melbourne High. But in their schooldays they just knew each other to say "hello," until a later meeting at a local dance began their romance.

When they were first married they lived in the bayside suburb of Dromana, but bought their present delightful contemporary home at Heathmont five years ago.

Of an unusual split-level design, it is tucked away against a hillside with a beautiful view over the surrounding valleys.

"We like the trees and the fresh air and this is a wonderful part of the world for Ron to train in," said Helen.

WEARING A SWEATER he brought her from Sweden to match his own, Helen Clarke poses with famous husband, Ron, and children, Monique, five, and Marcus, four. AT LEFT is the nursery slide in the Clarks' home at Heathmont, outside Melbourne. As recently as July 15 Ron climaxed his record-breaking tour of athletics meetings in America and Europe with a dizzy 12min. 52.4sec. for three miles.

Ron's long, lean, loping figure is a familiar sight to their neighbors. Sometimes a small, sturdy pair of legs paces along in company, but, so far, only over short bursts.

These belong to Marcus, whose enthusiasm isn't matched by an ability to keep up with his famous Dad.

"But Ron always lets him go along if he wants to," said Helen.

When Ron wants to go and see his League footballer brother Jack play for their old home team, Essendon, he runs to the football ground, a cross-country distance of close to 22 miles. Helen and the children follow sedately in the family car.

No fitness fanatic, Helen believes that exercise is good for everyone and, although Ron has never urged this, works-out three times a week at a city gymnasium.

## Less shy now

Together, the Clarks like to play squash or go ten-pin bowling.

According to Helen, athletics have given both of them many things they could not have had otherwise and both are grateful.

"Quite apart from Ron's success, athletics have given him confidence and done a great deal to overcome the shyness he had when he was younger. Once the thought of being given a civic reception would have horrified him."

"Then there are the overseas tours. We would not have been able to travel like this until we were much older if it had not been for athletics."

Helen accompanied Ron to Tokyo for the Olympic Games and also for six of the eight weeks of this most recent tour.

She had to hurry home because of the illness of her mother, Mrs. O. Woolley, whose death, a week before Ron's return, clouded their happiness at his success.

Socially, the young Clarks get around quite a bit, in spite of Ron's strict training schedule.

There are parties with fellow members of the Glenhuntly Athletic Club, and their wives, and they have their own circle of friends at Heathmont.

But, if pressed, they'll tell you their favorite way of spending Saturday night is watching the football shows on TV by their own fireside.

Ron is very much in demand to address youth clubs and gatherings of young Melbourne boys and girls.

"I don't just stick to athletics when I talk to them, but try to explain my own philosophy which goes along with my running," he said.

"I try to get across to them that the most important thing is doing whatever you set out to do as well as you can. The result, as such, isn't really important."

"The only way to compete in everything is fairly and squarely. Of course, you want to win if you can. Everyone enjoys winning, but, if you don't, it doesn't matter provided you are still determined to do your best next time."

To illustrate this, Ron has paraphrased Rudyard Kipling's poem "If."

"If you can meet triumph and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same, then you are a man," he says.

And Ron, who has met with both those "imposters" in his own career, always adds the rider, "if I am chosen," when he looks forward to the next Olympic Games in Mexico.



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Provides essential elements needed for plant growth. This is a revolutionary advance in plant nutrition by a scientifically balanced fertilizer.

## Selleys 'LOVELY GARDEN' PRODUCTS



**Selleys "TWIN-PAK"**  
COMPLETE GARDEN SPRAY  
This gives a new, wide protection from insects and fungous diseases.



**Selleys PRE-PLANTING**  
FERTILIZER  
Gentle, safe and highly nutritious. Harmless to seeds and seedlings.



**Selleys GARDEN FUNGICIDE**  
Imparts a protective coating that kills existing fungous diseases and prevents new formation.

### REVOLUTIONARY NEW INSECTICIDE



**Selleys COMPLETE**  
GARDEN INSECTICIDE  
One ingredient gets into the sap line of plants and keeps on killing sucking and mining insects. Another ingredient kills biting insects by contact.

### KILLS ALL WEEDS AND GRASS



**Selleys "POLY-QUAT"**  
RAPID-ACTION WEED KILLER. A hard-hitting spray for preliminary clearing. Controls unwanted grass, oxalis and other weeds. Non-arsenical.

### NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR LAWN



**Selleys LAWNMASTER**  
ensures greener, faster-growing, weed-resistant lawns. Effect noticeable very quickly.

### FULL PROTECTION FOR FRUIT TREES



**Selleys FRUIT-TREE SPRAY**  
gets into sap line and temporarily penetrates fruit, killing eggs, maggots, adult fruit fly, codlin and other moths.

### SELECTIVE WEED CLEARANCE



**Selleys WEEDMASTER**  
is a selective weed killer that does not harm your lawn grass, but affects weeds only.

### THE NEW WONDER KILLER FOR SNAILS & SLUGS



**Selleys 'SNAIL-BAIT'**  
(POWDER OR PELLETS) sets a new standard in attracting and killing snails and slugs. It's a superlatively effective Metaldehyde killer.

# Selleys GARDEN CALENDAR



## AUGUST

PLANT	PROBLEM	SOLUTION
VEGETABLES FLOWERS	APHIS, THRIPS APHIS, THRIPS, LEAF MINERS	SELLEYS INSECTICIDE
LATE-STONE FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL PEACHES AND PLUMS	LEAF CURL	SELLEYS FUNGICIDE
CITRUS ROSES VEGETABLES & FLOWERS	COMPLETE FEEDING COMPLETE FEEDING AT PLANTING	SELLEYS GROWMASTER
LATE-STONE FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL PEACHES AND PLUMS	FOR GOOD SPRING GROWTH	SELLEYS NITROGEN
VINES STONE FRUIT	MOTH MOTH	SELLEYS FRUIT TREE SPRAY
WEEDS	TO KILL WEEDS UNSELECTIVELY	SELLEYS POLY-QUAT
LAWN WEEDS	TO KILL LAWN WEEDS SELECTIVELY	SELLEYS WEEDMASTER
ALL PLANTS	SNAILS AND SLUGS	SELLEYS SNAIL-BAIT
ALL PLANTS	INSECTS AND FUNGUS	SELLEYS TWIN-PAK

## SEPTEMBER

PLANT	PROBLEM	SOLUTION
VEGETABLES TOMATOES FRUIT TREES ROSES AND FLOWERS VINES	APHIS, THRIPS, BUGS APHIS, THRIPS, VEGETABLE BUG APHIS, THRIPS, BRONZE ORANGE BUG APHIS, THRIPS, LEAF MINER MEALY BUG	SELLEYS INSECTICIDE
ROSES FLOWERS TOMATOES VINES APPLES STONE FRUIT	BLACK SPOT, POWDERY MILDEW RUST, MILDEW, LEAF SPOTS BLIGHT, SEPTORIA SPOT MILDEW, BLACK SPOT POWDERY MILDEW BROWN ROT, SHOTHOLE, FRECKLE	SELLEYS FUNGICIDE
VEGETABLES & FLOWERS LAWNS, ROSES, SHRUBS STRAWBERRIES	AT PLANTING COMPLETE FEEDING SIDE DRESSING	SELLEYS GROWMASTER
VEGETABLES CITRUS	BOOST GROWTH ASSIST FRUIT SETTING	SELLEYS NITROGEN
LAWNS	PROMOTE VIGOROUS GROWTH	SELLEYS LAWNMASTER
STONE FRUIT CITRUS VINES	MOTH MOTH, TORTRIX, BRONZE BUG MOTH	SELLEYS FRUIT TREE SPRAY
WEEDS	TO KILL WEEDS UNSELECTIVELY	SELLEYS POLY-QUAT
LAWN WEEDS	TO KILL LAWN WEEDS SELECTIVELY	SELLEYS WEEDMASTER
ALL PLANTS	SNAILS AND SLUGS	SELLEYS SNAIL-BAIT
ALL PLANTS	INSECTS AND FUNGUS	SELLEYS TWIN-PAK

## OCTOBER

PLANT	PROBLEM	SOLUTION
VEGETABLES TOMATOES FRUIT TREES	APHIS, THRIPS, BUG, RED SPIDER APHIS, THRIPS, VEGETABLE BUG APHIS, THRIPS, BRONZE BUG WOOLY APHIS, RED SPIDER & MITE	SELLEYS INSECTICIDE
ROSES FLOWERS AZALEAS	APHIS, THRIPS, RED SPIDER & MITE LACE WING, RED SPIDER & MITE	SELLEYS INSECTICIDE
FRUIT TREES VEGETABLES TOMATOES ROSES LETTUCE FLOWERS PASSIONS	MILDEW, BROWN ROT, FRECKLE MILDEW, RUST, LEAF SPOTS BLIGHT, SEPTORIA SPOT POWDERY MILDEW, BLACK SPOT RUST, LEAF SPOT BROWN SPOT	SELLEYS FUNGICIDE
VEGETABLES & FLOWERS LAWNS, ROSES, SHRUBS ORCHIDS	PLANTING AND SIDE DRESSING COMPLETE FEEDING AS LIQUID APPLICATION	SELLEYS GROWMASTER
VEGETABLES	BOOST GROWTH	SELLEYS NITROGEN
LAWNS	BOOST GROWTH	SELLEYS LAWNMASTER
APPLE, PEACH AND STONE FRUIT VINES CITRUS	MOTH, RED SPIDER, MITE FRUIT FLY ON EARLY VARIETIES BRONZE BUG, FRUIT FLY, MOTH	SELLEYS FRUIT TREE SPRAY
WEEDS	TO KILL WEEDS UNSELECTIVELY	SELLEYS POLY-QUAT
LAWN WEEDS	TO KILL LAWN WEEDS SELECTIVELY	SELLEYS WEEDMASTER
ALL PLANTS	SNAILS AND SLUGS	SELLEYS SNAIL-BAIT
ALL PLANTS	INSECTS AND FUNGUS	SELLEYS TWIN-PAK

**TEAR OUT  
AND PIN UP FOR REFERENCE**

IMPORTANT: DETAILED DIRECTIONS PROVIDED ON ALL CONTAINERS. FOLLOW CAREFULLY

AND REMEMBER, **Selleys 'LOVELY GARDEN' PRODUCTS ARE SO EASY TO USE**



QUOTE: "I've seen things done that only a father would do—and some fathers wouldn't do."

By  
KAY KEAVNEY

THERE had been rumors, of course.

And some of the 470 men and women who worked in the 82-year-old store at the wrong end of town had seen the writing on the wall months before.

But for most of the staff of Marcus Clark's, "up by Central Station," in the City of Sydney, it came as a stunning shock. They arrived at work in the normal way on that morning of July 14 and were told the news.

Within hours it was on the streets, cried by the posters and the newsboys.

"Marcus Clark's Closing Down." "Another Old Sydney Store Closing."

Pretty soon people would be writing letters to the papers suggesting ways and means of stopping the rot at the southern end of town, once so buoyant, now heavy with decay.

But within the big store itself, bright with new paint which proclaimed its brave efforts to create a new, young image, the shock was a personal thing.

"It was like," a woman who has worked there for 25 years told me, groping for the right words, "like a death in the family."

"Like the breaking-up of a home," said another.

And there were some with 30, 40, 50 years' service who were still too distressed to talk to me at all.

Yes, it was a personal thing. It went deeper, especially with these long-term employees, than a mere cessation of employment.

Bill McKeown, who went to the firm as a traveller back in the Depression years, came closest to explaining why.

### "Everything"

"The company has been everything to me," he said. "Back in those days, when things were so tough, I was travelling in the Broken Hill area. My wife got very sick."

"The Firm chartered a Flying Doctor plane to bring her to Sydney. And they gave me a job back here so I could visit her."

He paused and thought, and I waited.

"The Depression. Young people falling behind in their payments for furniture, unable to pay at all. The Firm stored the stuff for them and restored it to them when they found themselves able to pay."

"Most of them went on to become staunch customers when things boomed again."

"And just last year, last July, I had a stroke. As it turned out, I was back here, using a stick, eight weeks later. But I got full pay all that time and I'd have got it a lot longer if I'd needed it."

Another long pause.



● At the "wrong end of town"—but the last days are so busy there's not too much time for the staff to think . . .

## DEATH OF A STORE

"I've seen things done that only a father would do—and some fathers wouldn't do. When this place goes, a piece of me will go."

Miss Lilian Benham, mail supervisor, came 20-odd years ago from the country.

Since long before, practically the first thing anyone arriving in Sydney by train would see was Marcus Clark's.

Miss Benham was young and lonely. The Firm was and is her family. Her work brought her in constant touch with the Clarks themselves, whom she calls, as do all the employees, not Mr. Clark, but Mr. Timothy, Mr. George . . .

"There's something I call 'the M.C. spirit,'" Miss Benham said slowly. "Something homely and friendly. Like a family."

It was good to hear that she is one of the minority who will be absorbed into other branches of the Firm's activities, which, as many reminded me with a family's defensive pride, are still functioning buoyantly.

For some of the staff the next few months will be busier than ever, as they are retained for "mopping-up operations."

"Busy!" said Miss Norma Curtis of the Pay Office, a 25-year-old veteran. "We'll be flat out. It will be like Christmas. Only sadder."



● Mr. Sam Robinson

She told me of the "amazing number of firms" who have phoned through with offers of employment for members of the staff. The Marcus Clark people, it seems, have a name for being well-trained, and now it stands them in good stead.

The Commonwealth Employment Service had set up a small office in the building.

And young general manager, "Mr. Timothy" Marcus Clark, and the other directors have used their personal contacts to the limit to place those the Firm cannot absorb.

I was going quietly from table to table during afternoon tea-break one wet day less than a week after the news had broken. I'd asked

group after group if I might join them, hear what the news had meant to them, what they were going to do.

The young ones were uniformly cheerful. "No trouble at all. Leaving tonight and starting work elsewhere tomorrow."

The over-40s were less forthcoming.

"Is it true that to many firms one is too old at 40?" I asked again and again.

"If someone young is behind the personnel office, yes," said one woman bluntly.

Mr. Masters, the personnel officer at Marcus Clark's, would have none of it.

"There's always a demand for well-trained, experienced personnel," he said.

A little later I asked permission to join a small group of men, middle-aged to elderly. The eldest said: "I don't want to talk about it."

They sat tight-lipped.

I had been told that employees close to retirement would speed up their retirement.

And I heard about the superannuation scheme and long-service scheme which this family firm had instituted far back in 1917, many years before they were legally obliged to.

Under the superannuation

scheme, retirement age for women was fixed at 50, for men, 60. Employees could claim a lump sum at this age, whether or not they stayed with the company.

Now the manner in which the scheme could be applied was under executive discussion.

Employees I talked to seemed confident it would be done in a manner consistent with the generosity shown over 82 eventful years.

One who was absolutely sure of it was little, bright-eyed Sam Robinson, in his 56th year with "the Firm" and 72 years young.

In his workroom, surrounded by beautiful examples of his craft (almost his art), french-polishing, he took me all the way back to 1910, when he joined the Firm.

### Wartime aid

"When I enlisted," Sam told me, "they made up my pay right through. And don't run away with the idea that was usual in World War I."

"In fact, there were some firms that objected to the inconvenience when their blokes enlisted!"

"Mind you, practically all the Clarks were soldiers themselves. They knew."

"Well then, after I got back I had to go out to Randwick twice a week for

treatment. Never docked me a brass razor."

"When I was 60 I 'retired'—meaning took out my superannuation. I was wanting to help out my son. Here I am still at it, though, and meant to keep on till Christmas."

"Now—well, it'll be a bit sooner."

I asked him if he'd guessed, if he'd known what was going to happen. His lip trembled.

"Never. Never. Down here, well, it's a world apart. No, I never guessed. Never. And I still can't believe it. It's like parting from a family," said old Sam.

And as I was leaving: "That's what we've been, their family. They treat you like one of their own."

It was late afternoon. I walked through the store on the way to the outside world, where rain drove against the big bright windows festooned with "Closing Down Sale" posters.

The store was full to bursting. All manner of men and women, some who perhaps had never before set foot in Marcus Clark's, milled about on the hunt for bargains.

The staff served them all briskly and with dignity.

Nowhere here, in the appointments, the fine stock, the manner of the salesfolk was there anything that hinted of defeat or decay.

The old Firm had adjusted to the changing times, without too great a loss of its ancient virtues. It was geography that had beaten it. It was, quite simply, at the wrong end of town.





# SNOW! It brought drama



● Mrs. Rita King, of Northmead, her daughter Robyn and son Darryl have a wonderful time building their first outside snowman in Katoomba Street, Katoomba, when New South Wales shivered under a record weekend of snow that experts said was phenomenal.



● Phenomenal was the description weather experts gave to the most blizzardly, snowbound two days New South Wales ever experienced; the falls setting a record.

Snow covered areas of Quirindi, Coonabarabran, Muswellbrook, and Cessnock; fell in Sydney suburbs for the first time in 129 years; even dumbfounded the rest of Australia when it was reported above the Tropic of Capricorn in Queensland.

The heaviest falls reported were in the Blue Mountains, where these pictures were taken. Mt. Victoria was isolated when telephone lines came down, the Great Western Highway was blocked in at least three places, and the only vehicles that could move were heavy graders, snow ploughs, bulldozers, and four-wheel drives.

For some it had a lighter side. When the roads were cleared, many parents made the long trek from Sydney to give their children their first look at the world of snow, the fun of building a snowman, and the exhilarating experience of a snowball fight.



● Wading through 2ft. of snow (above) to take in the washing is an exciting experience for Leigh Langens, of Leura, but his mother, Mrs. Pat Langens, wonders how to get the clothes dry.

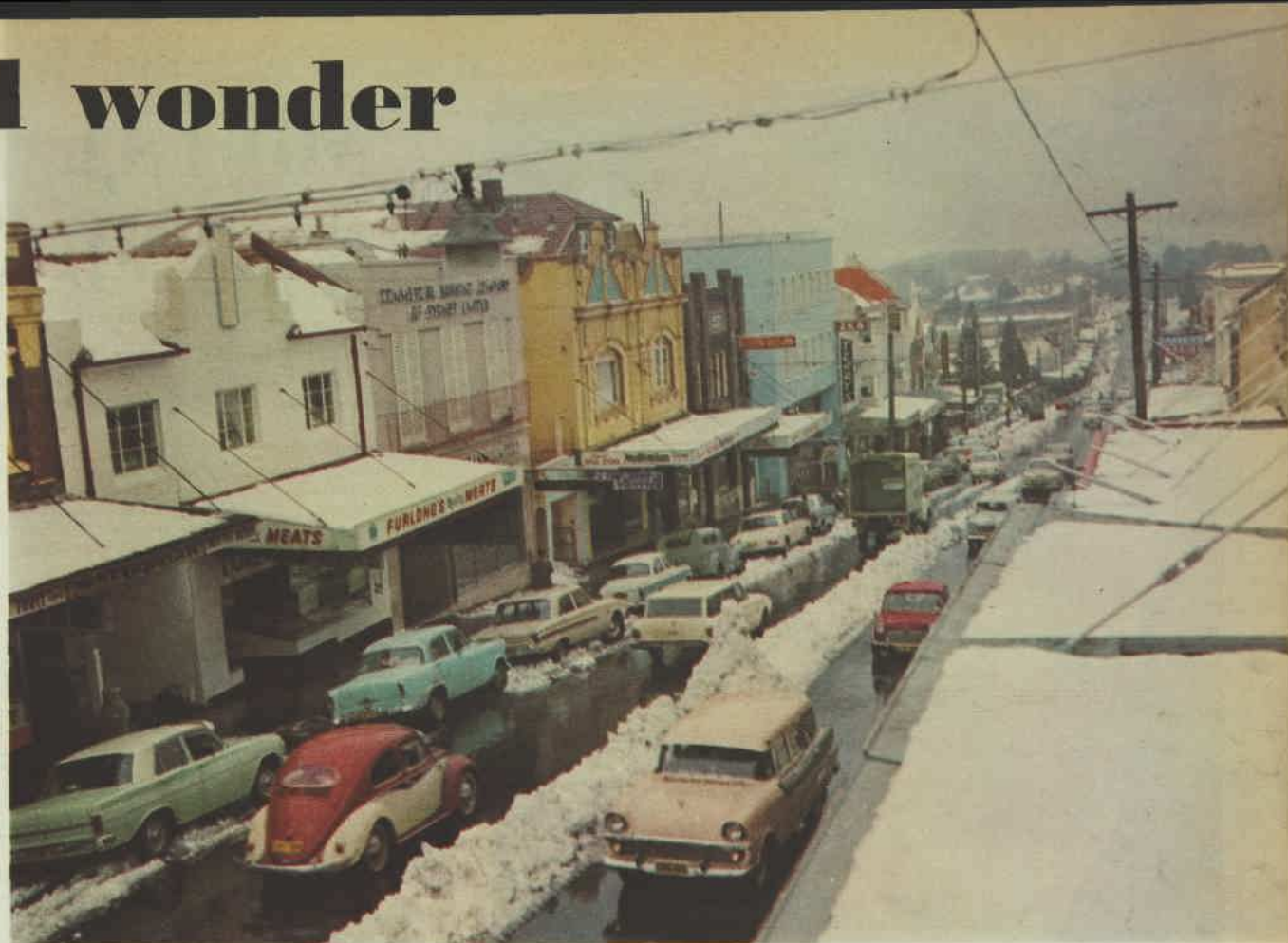
● Snowball fight (left) between Leura and Wentworth Falls: Mr. Tony Jeske, of Blacktown, and his children, Julie and Stephen, against Mrs. H. Hemsworth, of Wentworthville, and son Alan.



# - and wonder

● Traffic (right) starts to flow freely through Katoomba after the snow is cleared by heavy machinery from the Blue Mountains City Council and the Main Roads Department.

● Below: Peppirinke —Peppy to his mistress, Mrs. Colanne Buchanan, of Katoomba—protects his paws from the icy cold by hopping on the bumper-bar of the nearest car he can see.



—Pictures by staff photographers Keith Barlow and Ernie Nutt.



● The milkman always gets through, and Ron Duncan, of Leura, is no exception. Abandoning his snowbound truck, he trudges through the narrow clear path on North Mall to deliver the day's milk supply.





**You're his wife...**  
*Who's his girlfriend?*

**...You** because you shampoo away grey the Polycolor way. It's so natural — your husband wonders why you look younger. The secret of youth? Young hair. So if you've a sprinkling of grey, shampoo it away with internationally sensational Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel. So quick, so easy — all you do is shampoo with this rich cream that doesn't drip. Your own hair color can appear unchanged if you wish — yet you've lost the grey! □ Polycolor colors, conditions and cleans as it shampoos — a beauty treatment that lasts a month or more and brings the prettiest tones back to your hair. (For predominantly grey hair, Polycolor Cream Hair Dye is recommended.) □ 20 wonderful natural and high fashion shades. Hair beauty consultants at chemists and department stores will be pleased to advise you. 10/6 tube.

INTERNATIONALLY  
SENSATIONAL  
**POLY  
COLOR**  
CREAM SHAMPOO PASTEL  
HAIR COLOR



# SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By **Mollie Lyons**

**A** SMALL group of Sydney's legal wives has joined the ranks of "working wives" for the ten weeks preceding the Third Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference which starts on August 25.

Members of the women's committee, they're working on one or two days of each week in the library and boardroom of Wentworth Chambers in Phillip Street, coping with the one-hundred-and-one inquiries arriving from the 2000 delegates to the conference, who'll come from Canada, Jamaica, Sierra Leone, Britain, New Zealand, and Pakistan.

The group comprises Mrs. John Kerr (whose husband is president of the Law Council of Australia which is arranging the conference), Mrs. Kenneth Smithers, and Mrs. Paul Toose (whose husbands head the organising committee), Mrs. Raymond Reynolds, Mrs. Kenneth Cohen, Mrs. Marcus Einfield, Mrs. John Maddison, and Mrs. Russell Fox.

President of the committee is Lady Barwick.

Among the inquiries to which they've had to find answers was one from a delegate who wanted to go gliding and one from a 72-year-old woman judge who wanted to water-ski in mid-winter August.

Many of the delegates are bringing their wives and children, and the women's committee has arranged accommodation and a social program, which includes a luncheon, a ball, a banquet, and private entertainment.

**DATE** for your diary . . . the Pied Piper Committee's fashion parade and luncheon at the Chevron Hotel on August 4 to aid the Spastic Centre.

**I** RANG Mrs. Katie Galbraith for news of her daughter, Gayl, and it sounds as if she is having a marvellous time. At present Gayl is studying Italian, French, and Ancient History at the University of Perugia while she is "living in" with Signor and Signorina Vanina Savino, in Perugia. In October, after she has completed her studies, she will tour Greece.

**LEAVING** on August 3 for Brisbane in time for Exhibition Week are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Parry-Okeden, of Moore Park. They will stay at Lennox Hotel and plan to visit Mr. Parry-Okeden's parents, the C. F. Parry-Okedens, at Redcliffe.

**A** CHARTREUSE color scheme has been chosen by Ann Bolger-Colvin for her marriage to Taree solicitor Peter Carney at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, on September 30. After the ceremony Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. George Colvin will receive guests at a reception at the Australia Hotel.

**IT** was a delight on one of the wettest, dreariest mornings of the week to spot two of our prettiest young matrons shopping in town together looking so smart. Mrs. Roger Dunlop's brown-and-cream tweed jacket dress had plaited leather buttons and was complemented by a beaver pill-box; Mrs. Malcolm Fuller's slim tailored caramel alpaca suit was worn with a chiffon scarf hat exactly the same color.

**NEWS** of four new babies this week — the first — a boy — was born to Mr. and Mrs. Erroll Hay, of Macknade, North Queensland, at the Mater Hospital on July 16. The family is still debating whether the new arrival is to be called Peter Michael or Michael Peter.

**THE** Hon. Mrs. Horton and Mr. Gerard Horton chose the Church of St. Phillip Neri, at Northbridge, for the christening of their new daughter, Emily. Godparents were Mrs. Daniel Horton and Mr. Simon Nurick, of England, who had Mr. Daniel Horton acting as his proxy. Among those at the ceremony was Mrs. Horton's mother, Lady Donovan, who is spending four months in Australia.

**AND** the anniversary of their wedding — August 19 — has been set as the date for the christening of Paul Norman, first child of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Mainwaring. Mrs. Mainwaring was the former Fruzsina Teleki, daughter of Countess Yolande Teleki de Szek, of Pott's Point, and of Count Geza Teleki de Szek, of Washington, D.C. The baby, who was born on July 19 at King George V Hospital, will be christened at St. Paul's College Chapel, where the Mainwarings were married last year.

**THE** fourth baby — a girl called Ricarda Margarethe — is the second daughter for Dr. and Mrs. Bodo Schlosshan (the former Pat Smithurst, of Gunnedah), and was born in New York soon after their return from Paris, where they have lived for the past two and a half years.

**I** HEAR that Susan Bray, who weds Hugh Ross at St. Phillip's Church, Church Hill, on August 9, is having a busy time. She flew down to Melbourne for a pre-wedding party, and in Sydney Mary-Anne Firth and Judy Lane have also arranged parties for her. After their marriage she and Hugh will live on a property at Healesville in Victoria with the quaint name "Eyton-on-Yarra."



**GRADUATION CEREMONY.** Midshipman Geoffrey Bairnsfather with his sister, Miss Susan Bairnsfather, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bairnsfather, at the passing-out parade at the R.A.N. College at HMAS Creswell, Jervis Bay, when 33 cadets graduated as midshipmen. The Minister for the Navy, Mr. F. Chaney, presented the prizes and took the official salute from the honor guard made up of graduating midshipmen.





**FRENCH SKI TEAM.** Members of the touring French Olympic ski team, Mr. Leo Lacroix (left) and Mr. Jean Claude Killy, with Miss Terry Prendergast (left) and Miss Susan Hancox at the cocktail party given by the Commercial Counsellor for France, Mr. Roger Levy, Mr. J. V. Thoridnet, and Mr. A. Riette at the French Tavern. **AT RIGHT:** Also at the cocktail party to welcome the team of French skiers to Australia were foursome (left to right) Miss Wendy Dagger, Miss Deidre Gonner, Mr. Sven Coomer, and Mr. Greg McDonagh.



**AT LEFT:** Commander and Mrs. Peter Sayer beside Charles Blackman's painting "Girls Playing" at the opening of an exhibition of a Panel of Australian Paintings at the Barry Stern Galleries.



**ABOVE:** Milliner Mr. Ronald Bernarde, of Melbourne, with Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan (at right) and Mrs. Robert Mansfield at the luncheon and hat parade held at Caprice Restaurant, Rose Bay, by the Australian Auditions Committee for the Metropolitan Opera, New York. Mrs. Macfarlan was one of eight committee members who paraded hats.



**AT LEFT:** The Canadian Trade Commissioner, Mr. R. L. Richardson, and Mrs. Richardson (at left) with the Consul-General of Honduras, Mr. K. H. Goddard, and Mrs. Goddard at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by the Consul-General of Poland, Mr. Benedykt Polak, and Mrs. Polak to mark the twenty-first anniversary of the liberation of Poland.

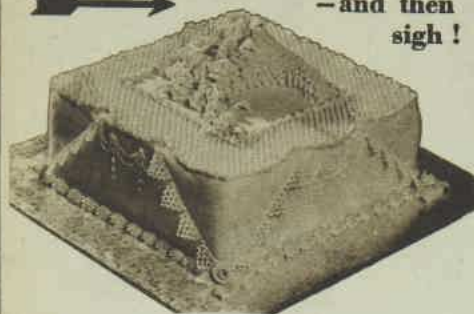


## NEXT WEEK

No — please! Don't just look at the cake here



— and then sigh!



Because YOU could decorate a cake — just as beautifully — with some practice, and the help of our 16-page lift-out:

## CAKE DECORATING

The first book in our comprehensive two-part cake decorating course lists essential equipment, gives recipes for icings and suitable cakes, and takes you step-by-step with pictures through all stages of cake decoration.

**And:**

What it takes to become...



## ...a WOMAN DOCTOR

What's the difference between the romantic dream of a career — and reality? An Adelaide woman doctor describes her life: from the time she left school through the years of study until she finally took up a medical practice of her own.

**And:**

## A PREVIEW OF SUMMER FASHIONS — in WOOL



Here's wool in a different role: filmy and exotic; new, new, NEW.

# When you 'haven't a thing to wear'...

● Liane Keen, author of "I Haven't a Thing To Wear" (a condensation of which appears in this issue), first had the idea for the book when a teenager.

"THAT was years ago," she said. "I first thought of it when I started helping my friends choose what to wear—but the book remained just a vague idea until two years ago, when I decided to put the idea on paper."

Miss Keen sold the book (her first) to a London publisher on the first five chapters. "I was thrilled they accepted it before seeing the completed book," she said. "But it really meant I had to work."

"I had to finish the book — nine more chapters — within four months. I spent those four months with my head down."

### How to dress

Last May, Miss Keen flew to London for her book's publication.

"I think there is a great need for this kind of book," Miss Keen said.

"Many women complain that they have 'nothing to wear.' Their fault is that they cannot plan a

basic wardrobe — they have wardrobes filled with 'bits,' but nothing basic they can wear anywhere.

"My book gives advice on wardrobe planning and illustrates the importance of dressing to suit your figure type. 'Knowing how to dress' is the theme. I do not advise on fashion — following fashion does not necessarily mean a woman dresses well."

Although Miss Keen does not stress fashion in the book, she is quite an authority on the subject.

She was formerly fashion adviser to a beauty school in Sydney, and two years ago won the award for leisure wear in the Gown of the Year competition.

She has also done some fashion modelling, as well as designing and selling clothes she has made.

In her spare time Miss Keen relaxes by swimming, playing the piano, writing "just for fun," or walking her seven-year-old red dachshund, Eliza Doolittle.

"Whether I'm working, having my hair done,



● Sydney author Liane Keen.

watching television, or even swimming, Eliza Doolittle — Liza for short — comes, too," she said.

Liza also accompanies her mistress to her office at the Children's Medical Research Foundation, Sydney, where she lies sleepily under the desk, occasionally pok-

ing out an inquisitive nose to see who has come in.

"She is very good — she has to be," Miss Keen said. "Liza knows that if she weren't she would have to stay at home."

Miss Keen is planning a second book — "Maybe I'll try fiction next time."

## INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK:  
Canned fish

By MARY BROKER

● With so much emphasis now being placed on the increased price of food for the housewife as a result of the drought, I thought it a good idea to look over some of the food stocks spoken of in the past, and see how they have been faring since they were last discussed.

MEAT in particular shows every likelihood of taking up a large proportion of the weekly budget than ever, and concern is being expressed that it may be up to five years before Australia once again catches up with stocks.

So many young animals are now being slaughtered in an effort to supply market demand!

Fish, however, is quite a good substitute for meat, and I rather feel that in more and more homes fish will become a more frequent part of the weekly menu than it has been for some years.

This, of course, bodes well for the fresh fish suppliers, and also for the suppliers of canned fish such as salmon, tuna, and sardines.

There are two companies listed on the Stock Exchange engaged in this industry, Captain Products Limited and Seakist Foods Limited. Captain Products is the heavyweight of the two.

Operations began in 1927,

but it was not until 30 years later that shares were listed. Since then, ordinary capital has remained constant at £464,000, but reserves have been built up tremendously, mainly from surplus profits.

Over the past five years, for instance, reserves have risen from £98,000 to £708,000, and £323,000 of this has come from excess profits!

Captain market their products under the "Captain" brand.

The company distributes itself in New South Wales, through a subsidiary in South Australia, and through agencies in the other States.

Another subsidiary is engaged in trawling, and in addition has developed a provisioning business for frozen foodstuffs.

During 1961/62, the company became even more firmly entrenched within the industry when Japanese suppliers appointed it one of their major distributors in Australia.

When I last wrote of this excellent company, results

for the last financial year to June 30, 1964, were not out. As it happened, that year was a record.

Net profit rose from £130,000 to £160,000, or by more than 23 percent, while earning rate was up from 28.1 to 34.8 percent.

Results for the year just ended will not be out until November, but the interim report late in February was most encouraging. Sales and earnings were again higher, and orders in hand were said to be "satisfactory."

Another increase in profit appears likely — if so, this will be the seventh successive profit rise.

The 20/- shares now stand at around 66/6 to yield 2.4 percent from the 8 percent dividend. They have been pushed down slightly in the market uncertainty about low-yielding stocks, but now seem to be better buying than ever.

One hundred will cost £332/10/- and dividend return will be £8 per year.

Seakist was listed just over two years ago, and has

rapidly gained in market favor.

The company's business involves importing and distributing canned fish under the "Seakist" and "Alli" brand names. It also holds exclusive selling rights for a number of other fish and grocery lines. You may have seen Lancer smoked oysters and salmon on your local supermarket shelves, for instance.

In its first full year as a listed company, Seakist did extremely well to increase profit by close to 75 percent, up from £17,000 to £29,000. Earning rate on the small capital of £109,000 rose from 15.5 to 27 percent.

For the half year to December 31 last, directors reported satisfactory trading conditions and a rise both in sales and net profit.

The 5/- shares are currently priced around 12/3 to give a fairly good yield of 4.1 from the 10 percent dividend.

One hundred would cost £61/5/- for a dividend return of £2/10/- a year.



Tragedy struck — and missed its mark

# SUN SHINES AGAIN ON THE RIVERSIDE

● Soda is a small tan-and-white "suburban terrier" with a bend in one ear and huge brown eyes. His best friends are rosy-cheeked three-year-old Craig Burton and Craig's 61-year-old great-grandmother, Mrs. Marjorie White.

The three have always been great mates, but recently a near tragedy made an even stronger bond. The little dog and Mrs. White saved Craig from drowning.



ABOVE: Great-grandmother Mrs. Marjorie White shares a joke with her year-old pup Soda while three-year-old Craig Burton, after giving Nana a "big kiss," turns shyly away. Mrs. White and Soda saved his life when the little boy fell into the Hawkesbury River.

"CRAIG often comes up from Sydney to stay with us," said Mrs. White, who lives with Soda on a quiet stretch of the Hawkesbury River at Gunderman, N.S.W.

"He loves coming up and spends all day running round the lawn with Soda or sitting in an old rowing-boat under the house 'bailing out' and 'rowing' furiously.

"He never goes near the river normally, as he is terrified the 'stingerators' — a combination, I suppose, of stingray and alligator — will get him. Any stick floating down the river is a 'stingerator' to Craig."

By  
**JENNY IRVINE**

However, one Wednesday recently Craig's curiosity got the better of him. He forgot about the "stingerators" as he became absorbed watching two shags swimming on the river in front of the house.

"After lunch he kept running in to see me," Mrs. White said, "to tell me about the two 'ducks' on the river."

"At 3 p.m. I left him playing on the lawn while I went into the house. I couldn't have been gone more than five minutes when Soda rushed inside barking at me. He kept rubbing himself against my legs — he was wet. My first thought was Craig."

Mrs. White dashed down to the water's edge.

"Craig was lying in the water floating on his face," she said. "He looked just like a little rag doll that had been dropped there."

"I walked out on to the neighbor's pontoon and leaned over and pulled him out of the water by the elastic of his trousers. His face was blue. He wasn't breathing."

"I rolled him over and started to blow into his mouth. As soon as he began to make strangled noises I screamed for help and then kept on giving him breath."

Seventy-four-year-old Mr. Steve Woodhouse, who lives



AT LEFT: The house where Craig stays on his visits to his great-grandmother. The lawn leading down to the river's edge can be seen, and under the house the old rowing-boat where Craig plays "sailor" is visible. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

next door, heard Mrs. White's cries and came running.

"Steve just picked Craig up and ran up the bank into the house. I didn't stop to think how little I knew about mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. I stripped the child of his wet clothes, put on two heaters, wrapped him in a blanket, and went on trying to revive him."

## Ambulance had engine trouble

While Mrs. White leant over the small boy with Soda sitting quietly at her feet, Steve Woodhouse ran to another neighbor, Mr. Reg Healey, who called an ambulance. Steve Woodhouse then returned to Mrs. White, carrying with him a calendar with instructions on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

"I didn't think I knew anything about resuscitation, but apparently the only thing

we did wrong was to lie Craig on his right side instead of his left side," Mrs. White said.

She continued to give Craig resuscitation for an hour until the ambulance arrived. "When he was quiet I would give him a few more breaths — each time I thought he had died," she said.

Craig was given oxygen in the ambulance, but engine trouble obliged the driver, Len Richards, to look round for another vehicle when they reached Spencer, seven miles away.

Postmaster Les Freedwell offered to take them all to Gosford in his station wagon.

"Len Richards drove while Les Freedwell gave Craig oxygen," Mrs. White said.

"The drive to Gosford was nerve-racking — first the bad road over the hills from Spencer, then the 90-

mile-an-hour dash along the highway to Gosford District Hospital."

Soon after he was admitted to hospital Craig regained consciousness, and his first words were, "I want a drink of water, please."

A surprised doctor replied, "I think you've had enough water for one day, Craig."

The following day Craig was running round the ward, talking excitedly about the 'possum painted on the wall above his bed, and asking, "Can we go home now, Nana?"

He left the hospital on Thursday night with Mrs. White, and I met them and the dog the next day.

It was hard to believe that Craig had been near death two days earlier or that any one of the three had been connected with Wednesday's drama.

Craig was in and out of

the house firing a blue plastic gun at us. "Bang — bang — you're dead," he'd cry.

Soda was wagging his tail as hard as he could and licking Craig's hand or neck as the little boy ran on ahead.

## Baby sister for Craig

Mrs. White was bustling round the kitchen making cups of tea for her daughter, Mrs. A. Randell, of Annandale, N.S.W., and Steve Woodhouse.

The conversation drifted from Mrs. White's recent retirement from her job as cook at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children to Craig's new baby sister, and the little jumpers Mrs. White was knitting for Craig and his younger brothers, Ripp and Dale.

The accident was hardly mentioned. "I drove up to

Gunderman to be with Mum as soon as I could," Mrs. Randell said. "I'm Craig's great-aunt and his mother has been in hospital for the past few days having a baby — Rachael Anne."

Craig's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burton, live in Annandale, and at the time of the river drama his mother was in hospital and his two younger brothers were staying with relations.

Mrs. White could not understand what all the fuss was about. "I did nothing wonderful at all," she said. "I mean, anyone else in my place would have done the same thing, wouldn't they?"

And Craig, what did he think about it all?

"Sody and I went for a swim," he said and then ran off, chuckling — "Bang, bang, you're dead" — as Soda followed in hot pursuit, licking his friend whenever he could.





Evaluation trials for the Admiral's Cup Team  
—Sydney Harbour.



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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Tuckshop — what's to be done?

I AM sure "Teacher-to-be" has never served in a tuckshop. I do so one day a week. We tried selling fruit and cutting down on sweets etc. — with the result that the children bought their supply of sweets on the way to school or on the way home. Tuckshop takings went down, so we have to give the children what they want, not what is good for them, if we are to help supply the extras the school so badly needs.

£1/1/- to "Tuckshop Mum" (name supplied), Miranda, N.S.W.

IN health lessons I have taught food values and correct diets for sound health, hoping the children will learn and follow them. However, tuckshops have for sale sweets, cordials, and pies. Children have sufficient of these away from school. It seems so wrong to display to children a stall full of overflowing with harmful and unnecessary foods. I'm sure dentists would wholeheartedly agree.

£1/1/- to "Teacher Also" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

EACH Monday at our school finds five mothers preparing lunches from 9 till 12.30, and just managing to have them organised, without setting out salads. Soup for two to three hundred is out of the question, as it couldn't be served till the last minute. By the time half the children had theirs, it would be time to go back to classes.

£1/1/- to "Canteen Blues" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

I STATE the sad fact that if children are confronted with food guaranteed to give them toothache and spotty complexions, or food guaranteeing good health, they will invariably choose toothache. I know one youngster who was ostracised at lunchtime because she had brown-bread sandwiches while the rest had white. Nine people out of ten are frightened of what's good for them.

£1/1/- to "Teacher-that-is" (name supplied), Victor Harbour, S.A.

COULD it be that school tuckshops are overdue? Mothers could spend the time at home, and send their children to school with a well-balanced lunch, or, where possible, have them home at midday. I agree that tuckshop fare is not always healthful. Money for school amenities should be raised by school sports and entertainments with help from parents.

£1/1/- to "Abolish" (name supplied), Albury, N.S.W.

### Wanted: A name

HOMEMAKERS of Australia, please help! We are trying to find a "different" name for our farm, and would like readers to write to us with suggestions — amusing, charming, or whatever. I can keep those who do so posted by way of Letter Box. A pen-pal in Proserpine, Queensland, sends me The Australian Women's Weekly, and I really enjoy finding out how much we are alike in some ways and so different in others.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Della L. Willis, RFD 3 Box 48, Chestertown, Maryland, U.S.A.

### Corks for cramps?

MANY years ago an elderly friend told me that a little bag of corks kept in the foot of the bed was a sure cure for cramps in the legs and feet. At the time I thought this reeked of black magic, but recently have tried it, with good results. Has anyone else heard of this?

£1/1/- to "Cramp-free" (name supplied), Brisbane.

### Being his age

MY grandfather, who will be 93 this year, is a very energetic man and loves carpentering. On the farm, a large sawyard had just been completed. Grandfather asked could he build the gates. A relative visiting a few days later inquired, "Is it true you built five gates for the sawyards?" "Oh, no!" was the reply. "I built three yesterday and finished the other two only today." Later, grandfather turned to Mum, saying, "How could anyone believe that a man of my age could possibly build five gates in one day?"

£1/1/- to Miss H. Cumberland, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

### Robbie the wrecker

MUM was shocked to realise one day how much she had been blaming her four-year-old son, Rob, for everything. This was brought to her attention when her two-year-old saw a half moon for the first time and said: "Robbie broke it!"

£1/1/- to Mandy Day, Nedlands, W.A.

### Home-made product

A FRIEND was telling me about the day she bought a new pram. She placed her baby in it with the new blankets she had brought along, and then decided to go to the city. While shopping she wondered why people kept smiling and whispering as they walked past her, but it wasn't until she arrived home that she found this sign on the front of the pram: "Best in the world—our own make!"

£1/1/- to M. Lacey, East Bentleigh, Vic.



### Snap, crackle, and pop

• Eugene Victor Klein, chairman of the second biggest American theatre chain, has transformed his company's three-million-dollar loss into a six-million profit by encouraging moviegoers to eat more sweets, popcorn, nuts, and ice-cream.

Some men have vision that's denied to others,  
In sharp, electric flashes that elude  
Their duller, less imaginative brothers  
Whose lives are circumscribed, by bills pursued.  
These gifted few who build their rat-traps better  
Are often simple souls and scorned in youth,  
Are labelled "money-grubber" and "go-getter,"  
Yet find some unperceived and shining truth,  
The sort of truth that's missed by one who flinches  
To hear, at picture shows when action lags,  
While glazed eyes stare at technicolor clinches,  
Those champing jaws and rustling paper bags.  
Our man, unmoved by petty irritation,  
Alert, observant in his theatre seat,  
Is fired by rich, dramatic inspiration —  
The simple thought that humans love to eat.

— Dorothy Drain

### "Sitting-breeches" on

IF people outstayed their welcome, my 90-year-old grandmother used to say, "They've got their sitting-breeches on."

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Knowles, Bayswater, W.A.

### Unimpressed

I SPENT nearly the whole of one afternoon making an array of sweets. My family was delighted and I received so many compliments I was wondering idly if I had missed my vocation! Later, my eight-year-old son brought home a friend. "Would you like a piece of toffee?" I asked. "Yes, please," he replied. As he took it I added proudly, "It's home-made." "That's all right," he said very politely. "I don't mind."

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. B. Lawrie, Redcliffe, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

A TEACHER I know was talking about her girl pupils' names.

She has taught in several parts of Sydney.

"In Hurstville they were all Dianas," she said. "But they're all Robins at Turramurra."

This teacher was drawing attention to an interesting fact. Different places specialise in different names for girls.

The district where I live, for example, is Susan-prone. There is a local kindergarten full of Susies.

Yet I heard of a ballet class three miles away made up entirely of Debbiees.

It is not the same with boys. Any new names for them tend to go in waves over the whole country.

The Waynes and Garys have just subsided, and the Andrews are now having a good run (under royal patronage).

Anyway, the old standards like John and Peter and Michael are still in the lead. They are all names

### WHAT'S-HER-NAME

of saints, though to see some of the boys who have them you wouldn't think so.

Girls' names are more varied and adventurous. Anyone who is a keen



reader of birth notices will tell you that.

Parents are unwilling to fasten a fancy name on a boy, like Peregrine or Anatole. They think he might be picked on at school. But for a girl they are quite ready to have a flutter with a Jacinta or Yasmin.

In recent years double names for

girls have been very much the thing. I don't know why. In my youth you wouldn't have run into an Amber-Mae or Elizabeth-Ann in a day's walk. We had to make do with plain Marys and Bettyes.

But I was talking about the way girls' names are connected with geography. On this subject I lately had a bright idea.

It is this: To prepare a map of Australia, showing the name that is most common in each region.

A learned lady, Dr. Amberine McDilly, kindly volunteered to do the research.

It is a big task, and the mapping of Melbourne alone is keeping her busy. She has found a high density of Christines in Camberwell, a crop of Gails in Elsternwick, and a pocket of Julie Annes in Essendon.

What is the use of the scheme, you ask? Simply to help travellers find their way about.

Say a man is lost on the north side of Sydney. He stops a girl and asks her name. When she replies: "Vickie," he will know at once he is in Castlecrag. See?

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... Margaret Merril.



# TV science-fiction goes undersea

● "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," TV's new underwater science-fiction adventure series, introduces a new Admiral Nelson to the English-speaking world — not Horatio, Harriman. Admiral Harriman Nelson is U.S.N. (Ret.), but is active as Director of Research for the U.S. Department of Marine Science. His base is the submarine Seaview, the time, the 1970s, when she is the mightiest weapon afloat. The 600ft. TV sub cost £A200,000.

## Television

RIGHT: TV's Admiral Harriman Nelson, played by auburn-haired film veteran Richard Basehart.



LEFT: Inside the Seaview, a nuclear-powered job with a transparent glass nose. With Nelson (above) is Commander Lee Crane (David Hedison), of Seaview. Hedison served in the U.S. Navy, where in real life he was Seaman 2nd Class. "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" may be seen on TCN9 Sydney and QTQ9 Brisbane, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.; GTV9 Melbourne, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.; NWS Adelaide, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.



# The new look of ABC-TV

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A dramatic postponement of the start of ABC-TV's Australian serial "My Brother Jack" is the latest move in an ABC bid to compete with commercial TV channels.

ABC-TV's "My Brother Jack" will now be shown at the prime time of 8.30 p.m. on Saturdays instead of on Sunday evenings at 7.30, and will start on August 21 instead of August 1.

Ever since they began the bold experiment of presenting an annual Australian TV serial, the ABC have telecast it at 7.30 p.m. on Sundays, straight after the news.

Regarded as a prestige hour by the ABC-TV powers, 7.30 p.m. is, in fact, as rating services show, one of the deadest hours for ABC audiences. The competition on commercial channels at that time kills them.

For the past two years, for instance, the Australian ABC serial has had to compete on TGN9 with "McHale's Navy," proved by ratings to be compulsive viewing for most Australians.

This break with the eight-year-old Sunday-night serial tradition is the most radical move the ABC have made since they moved into the commercial belt on July 4.

On that date, the ABC's new general manager, Mr. Talbot Duckmanton, showed his TV hand for the first time since he took over from Sir Charles Moses and authorised sweeping changes. First intimation of the

ABC's move was a rearrangement of programs from July 4, when, in line with the commercial channels, ABC-TV prime-time viewing was strictly entertainment, straight.

Until this date, as a general rule, ABC-TV had always alternated entertainment with education, information, or minority culture programs.

From July 4, too, most of those familiar old "interludes" disappeared from the ABC. ("Interludes" were



stop-gap films to fill the space in programs generally taken up on other channels by commercials.)

ABC-TV has always suffered from these awkward gaps, guaranteed to decimate audiences unwilling to wait for the next program by taking another film trip down the Hawkesbury, or seeing kittens, swans, or babies at play.

The place of the interlude today is taken by smart, commercial-type advertisements of coming programs.

Another most un-ABC step was the introduction of two new movie shows on Thursdays and Fridays.

Previously, the ABC had never admitted the power of the old movie. They had stuck religiously to one old movie, generally vintage English, coyly called "Saturday Screenplay." Nowadays, except for Saturdays, there are MOVIES on the ABC.

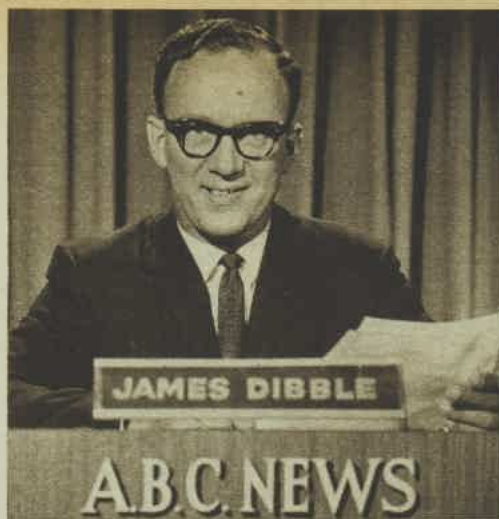
## New faces

Next thing to come was a new look on the news, with background pictures behind the reader from time to time, headline news, as on the commercials, at 8.30 p.m., and new, younger announcers.

This probably has been the most noticeable change to viewers. Old faces have disappeared and strangers have appeared in the living-room.

The strangers, Ross Symonds and David Hawkes, are two new newsreaders, both from Brisbane ABC-TV.

Symonds is only 23, Hawkes 27, both of a different generation from those old family friends, Messrs.



BACHELOR eligibles on ABC-TV's newsreading strength: Left, James Dibble, the virtuoso; right, newcomer to Sydney TV, Ross Symonds, 23.

Dibble, Maclay, Royal, and Chance.

There is a story current in TV trade circles that the ABC is promoting a new, young TV image to compete with the younger men who read the news on the commercial channels. I'm not sure that this is true.

Seen on TV lately, newsreading, are Jim Dibble, a newsreading virtuoso, and Messrs. Hawkes and Symonds. Not seen so much are Messrs. Chance, Royal, and Maclay.

Dibble, at present on holidays, doesn't go with the story about the new "young image." He is over 40.

Going over everything, I find that the new team at the ABC is now neatly divided into two: bachelor eligibles, Dibble, Symonds, and Hawkes, and married men, Royal, Chance, and Maclay.

## Still on sound

It is the married men we will see less of, I hear.

Viewers who have grown accustomed to those married faces will be happy to know they will be seen from time to time, and if they can't be seen they can certainly be heard.

They will be heard on what the ABC refers to as "sound radio" — 2FC, 2BL, in special presentations or as "voice over" in weekend and news magazines.

"Voice over" always sounds rather space-age and supernatural, but it is simply the voice without a face narrating a script for a film, documentary, or some such. It is a highly skilled art at which those old TV friends are heard.

Getting back to the strangers in the living-room, young Mr. Symonds, a good reader, is here to stay, but Mr. Hawkes has returned to Brisbane, at least for the present.

I am sorry about Mr. Hawkes. He has an interesting face and the distinction of being the first real blond newsreader on TV.

Mr. Symonds also has an interesting face, which I am sure is more durable on TV than one that is symmetrically good-looking.

Not that his face is all that unsymmetrical. He has a big nose, deep-set blue eyes,

a big mouth and chin, and dark brown hair with a wave that sits neatly on his head.

Have a look at Mr. Symonds for yourself on your screen. Now I will give you the shock I got when I met him in the flesh. He stands 6ft. 6in. tall.

Notice his hands as he reads the news and you will get an idea of his size. They are big, well-shaped, like his size-11 shoe feet.

Symonds is Sydney-born, went to Brisbane with his parents when he was ten, and was educated there at St. Laurence's Christian Brothers' College. He began his career as a bank clerk.

Two years later, when he was 20, he joined the ABC in Brisbane, and left to come to Sydney as a TV newsreader, presentation officer, and compere.

He is delighted to be in Sydney, which he thinks is "terrific." He is living at home again (his family returned to Sydney three years ago).

He suffers from the special problems of tall people. He has to have all his clothes made to order, or else his trousers are pedal-pushers, his shirts and coats have half-mast sleeves. He has trouble standing in public transport.

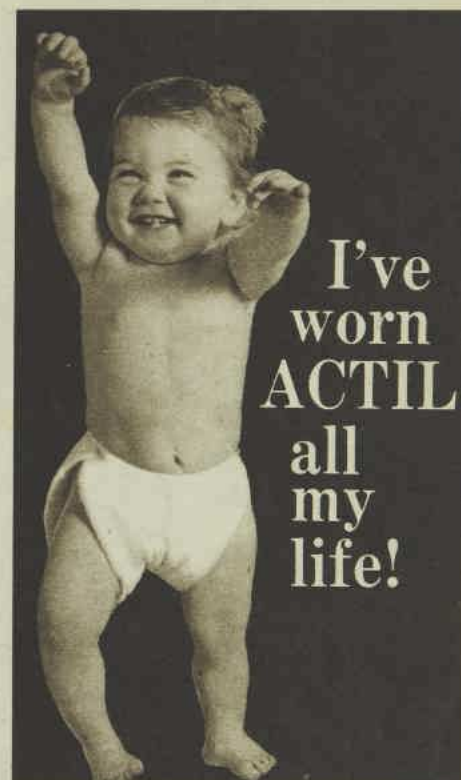
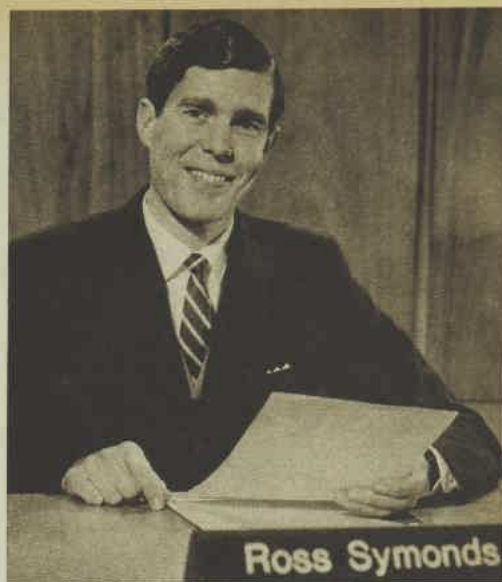
Mr. Symonds likes golf, striped ties, the Windsor knot, girls, his job with the ABC—but not necessarily in that order. He is leaving his future to itself. As he said, at 23 he has time on his side. As a viewer I welcome Mr. Symonds, and Mr. Hawkes, too. It is interesting to have an enlarged circle of TV friends, and as a viewer I dote on the ABC's moves to be more like the commercial channels.

It means better TV, new programs as channel executives on all channels court the custom of the VIPs—the viewers.

★ ★ ★

BEST TV line of the week came from "The Dick Van Dyke Show." Ed Begley, playing a judge in a lower court, was patient with Dick, who, conducting his own case, out-Perried Perry Mason.

Finally he brought the court to order: "There is too much TV," he said shortly. "You think you're a lawyer, I think I'm a doctor."



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## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Mamma once said — after I had been working in my cousin's petrol station to help him out — "Well, my dear, how do you feel?" I said, "I scrubbed the grease pits, mopped floors, and worked from 7 a.m. until 7 p.m. I don't want any dinner. All I want to do is fall into bed. There's not one bone in my body that doesn't ache. I suppose you have a moral for this, too?" And, sure enough, she did . . .

Mamma's moral: If every bone in your body aches, just thank the good Lord you're not a fish.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 4, 1965

Page 19





**DELICIOUSLY** young party dress in deep pink organza, inspired by St. Laurent. Eye-catching feature is that fetching froth of frill right down the back of the slit skirt and round the hemline.



**ROMANTIC** cocktail ensemble, inspired by Gres—a lace dress, deeply flounced, with organza float cape.



**DELICATE** satin-backed pure silk in a cocktail dress, inspired by Patou. The strapless top shows off tanned bare shoulders nicely, is jewel trimmed.

Fashions on this page from Farmer & Co., Sydney.



**PARIS PERSONIFIED**, and seen in all the spring showings—the navy suit with ease in the jacket and a skirt that moves. This three-piece (inspired by Patou) in fine navy worsted crepe with pleated skirt, white pique vest, and matched camellia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 4, 1965



# SPRING FASHIONS in the BOUTIQUES

● The chic and elegant spring fashions shown here and overleaf are all models from top Sydney and Melbourne boutiques. The designs illustrate the newest trends in all fields of fashion from easy, mobile suits for daytime to glamorous evening wear. Color and fabrics are the last word in charm.

*DELICATELY* flattering, this blue re-embroidered chantilly lace dinner dress (left), from La Petite, Melbourne, has a wide decolletage finished with a rose. Hemline and sleeves are edged with a bolster of fine pleated tulle.

*SHARP* new citrus shades in an elegant Chanel suit of foulard-printed surah bound to match the blouse of Siamese silk. Gently overlapping skirt — a new line this season — is wonderfully practical for race wear. (By Magg, of Melbourne.)

*EMPIRE* evening dress (left) of pale pink French satin (from Le Louvre, Melbourne) has a bolero-style bodice heavily embroidered with pearls, crystals, and diamante. The slink of skirt flares slightly from just below the bustline.





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**SPRING  
FASHIONS  
in the  
BOUTIQUES**  
*Continued*



**SMOOTH** lightweight wool suit reverses fully from pale blue to white. The overlapped skirt is slim and easy; the jacket features small revers, flapped pockets. Breton hat has buttoned brim.

**DE LUXE** look in rainwear (left) that glistens in the rain or dazzles in the sun. Muted printed organza makes the shaft of dress; matching proofed raincoat is slit, half-belted at back.

**FINE** white French lace makes this gorgeous dress (right) with separate pleated overskirt and soft waist-tie, and its own white silk slip. Chic wisp of a hat in white organza is backed with green poppies.

**SIMPLE** pleated chiffon dress (left) in a sleeveless tunic style that flutes at the hemline over a small fine crinoline hoop.

Fashions featured on this page from Henriette Lamotte, Sydney.





## HELPFUL ADVICE ON PUBLIC SPEAKING FROM AN EXPERT

TO speak well, an intimate association of mind, voice, and imagination is required. This is not a gift, but must be learned.

The world generally accepts you at your own valuation, and you are judged on first meeting by the way you speak. If you are hesitant, fearful, or indecisive in your speech, it is often assumed that you are a hesitant, fearful, and indecisive individual.

The development of self-confidence is not difficult, but it requires first of all a desire to be self-confident, then patience and intelligent effort.

There is probably nothing so important in this development as the habit of easy, steady, deep breathing.

*Relax. Stand with your feet apart. Let your arms and hands hang loosely in front of you. Now raise your arms in an arc until the fingertips touch above your head, breathing in easily all the while. Hold that breath for a moment and then let the arms and hands descend in a graceful arc, breathing out slowly.*

Do this a few times in a relaxed way and you will find the exercise wonderfully refreshing and stimulating.

The successful and confident man is the easy man—the man who acts swiftly and speaks quietly and is natural because he breathes easily.

Above all he is a man who has experienced failure. And everybody experiences failure at some time. Failure is good for you—if you will extract the lesson to be learned, retain the lesson, and then forget the failure.

Everybody experiences success, too, at some time; count your successes and your blessings in a relaxed way, consolidate them, and feel how you are growing in self-confidence.

To speak well is not only a matter of training the voice to enunciate accurately and melodiously. It also requires an educated mind and imagination.

*Read widely to enrich your thinking and your personal life. This is important for leadership in management or public speaking. If you have a disadvantage, look for the compensating advantage.*

If you have lacked self-confidence in the past, stop thinking of the things you have failed to do, think of the things you can do.

*Try this exercise. Shout aloud four times, "HO! HO! HO! HO!"*

You may feel embarrassed at first shouting "HO!"; if so, whisper it.

Did it do anything to you? When you shout you expel air

from your lungs, then immediately take a deep breath, and that breath is the life force within you—it inflates you and you feel confident.

If you didn't shout but only whispered the word, that is good, too. Whispering is the remedy for lip laziness. You can't make people understand you in a whisper unless you open your mouth, extend your lips, and keep your tongue moving actively.

If you read a few lines aloud in a whisper you will get the feel of your lips and your tongue movement. You can't speak well with a stiff upper lip and a lazy tongue.

Here is another exercise in breathing:

- (1) Stand up.
- (2) Place your hands at your sides.
- (3) Close your eyes and mouth.
- (4) Take a breath through the nose while you mentally count to FOUR, and, as you do, raise the arms from the sides until they are level with the shoulders. Make the accompanying arm action a habit.
- (5) Hold the breath and keep the arms raised while you mentally count to FOUR.
- (6) Exhale the breath through the mouth while you mentally count

air is filtered, moistened, and warmed to the temperature of the body, while the mouth and throat remain moist.

It is difficult to speak when the throat is dry, so avoid as much as possible any mouth breathing.

Practise the habit of easy, steady, deep breathing with the direct intention of enhancing the quality of your voice. *Practise speaking aloud to something—an ornament on the table, a chair, a picture on the wall.*

Anything will do provided you get a sense of direction into your talk and you are not speaking to empty air. You want your voice to be sympathetic, not impersonal.

Whenever I am speaking from a public platform, I select one person near to the rear of the hall and I speak to that person. This, I believe, avoids the take-it-or-leave-it voice heard so often from the rostrum.

When you get on the platform, act confidently and your confidence will increase.

Stand erect. Don't hide behind a table or chair. Don't slump or start to rearrange your clothes. Look at the audience with friendly warmth and don't forget to smile. Concentrate on what you have to say and you will forget yourself. Some

speech in full. You can have supreme confidence if you know exactly what you are going to say and how you will say it.

When you have a feeling of nervousness, a sinking feeling in the stomach, and knees that knock together, it is because you have been taking short, nervous breaths, and the sinking feeling you experience is due to lack of air in the lungs and diaphragm. You can recover immediately by taking in one long, deep breath, filling your lungs and diaphragm so that you feel wonderful, confident, and successful.

### How to prepare your speech

It is bad manners to undertake to deliver a speech and then not prepare it. The result is usually verbosity and dullness.

Learn all you can about the subject. Read books and articles on it, steep yourself in it, take it to bed with you at night and dream about it.

Gradually the points that are important will emerge in your mind. If you are to deliver a ten-minute address, then obviously the maximum number of points you can develop would be five, with two minutes for each. Dis-

agones of fear at the idea even of asking a straightforward question at a meeting or responding to a friendly toast. In this article condensed from his book "Speak Up With Confidence," W. R. Gresham, a businessman who is a prac-

# Stand up! Speak up!

By W. R. GRESHAM

an ending, so with speech composition.

### Introduction:

The first 20 words used by a public speaker are the most important, as in them he must gain and hold the attention of his audience. Most good speakers will memorise the first and last sentences of their speech.

*"Start low and speak slow."* If you start with a low voice your audience must give you their full attention to hear what you are talking about; but be sure that what you have to say is worth listening to.

Open your speech in the way best calculated to capture the attention of your audience. You owe it to them to be interesting and provocative. With a good opening you have your audience with you and are well on the way to developing the main body of your address.

### Development:

Here you start answering questions—the unspoken questions of your audience. As you prepare your address, ask yourself what it is that your hearers will want to know about this topic. So you develop a theme.

Each main heading of your address must follow logically the one preceding and contribute to the development of the theme. This gives your talk coherence and presents a logical flow of thought.

If I were a beginner in public speaking, I would sit down and write the speech out in full, developing interest, style, and meaning. Then I would practise the speech, timing it.

I would not, however, memorise any but the first and last lines of my address. Only a really competent actor can hold audience interest with a memorised speech.

Do not make a habit of reading your address. If you must use notes—and they are essential if you have to quote figures—make them as small as possible on cards that can be concealed in the palm of your hand. In this way the notes will not distract the audience from what you have to say.

While you are looking at your notes do not say "er" or "ah." To err is human, to forgive divine—but erring is not good public speaking.

### Conclusion:

Most conclusions are in three classes: those that summarise the ideas; those that apply them; and those that move the audience to action.

If your talk can move the hearers to action, then use a climactic conclusion. In this type of ending the whole talk rises to the highest point of persuasive force and then concludes.

What is said last is likely to be remembered longest, so carefully choose your conclusion, memorise it, and then say it with all the sincerity you can command.

### The speaking voice

Have you listened carefully to your own speaking voice as others hear it? The best way is to record your voice on tape and then play it back. What a surprise many of us get!

The trouble is that we are so used to hearing ourselves talk that, at an early age, we develop a deafness to our own speech faults.

If your voice sounds flat—the most common speech fault—practise raising or lowering your tones, but never force your voice. Never stay with any tone that produces strain.

Don't be afraid to move your jaws up and down. This is a must. Watch your vowels. A's, E's, and O's require your mouth to be open as an oblong. I's and U's take the same formation you use when saying "prunes."

When practising in front of a mirror, exaggerate the lip movements. Don't be lip-lazy.

We hear most of what we say through our head bones, not our ears. If you want to test yourself, here is an easy way. Bend one ear over and forward, holding it tight against your head and you will hear yourself exactly as others hear you.

Bend your ear and read the next few paragraphs aloud. This is an old trick among singers and public speakers. Some radio announcers keep one ear "bent" while reading over the air. The immediate result is a lowering of the voice to a more agreeable pitch.

**"Frequently it is more difficult to deliver a ten-minute address than a 30-minute speech . . . no one has ever criticised a speech for being too short"**

another FOUR and at the same time lower your arms.

Next time you have the opportunity to listen to a competent speaker on the platform or on TV, watch him carefully. You will notice that he is sitting completely relaxed waiting his turn to speak. As he rises you will notice that he takes a very deep breath.

If you will give ten minutes morning and evening to breathing exercises you can become, like him, a first-rate speaker. You will gain in self-confidence and establish co-ordination between the muscles and vocal cords.

Should you have difficulty with your breathing, ask your doctor for the name of a good physiotherapist who will teach you the correct way to breathe. It is important to inhale through the nose. The

nervousness is good, as it will add emotion to your words and even excitement. Above all, be natural.

Take every worthwhile opportunity to get up and practise before an audience, and the more critical the audience the faster you will develop.

The short rules of public speaking are: "Stand up! Speak up! Shut up!"

It is always a good practice when you are asked to speak to inquire how much time you will be allowed. You don't want to prepare a half-hour address for a five-minute talk, although that is better than preparing a five-minute talk for a half-hour address.

Later you will note only the headings under which you intend to speak, but in the early stages of public speaking you should write out your

card the other points and elaborate your five important ones.

As you develop you may find that point number one will need at least three minutes, so you again examine your headings, for if the speech is to be delivered in ten minutes the maximum number of points you can use is four.

Frequently it is more difficult to deliver a ten-minute address than a 30-minute speech. In the longer time allowed to you it is possible to fit in a few good stories and take a more leisurely pace, but in a ten-minute talk every second counts; not a word can be wasted. No one has ever criticised a speech for being too short.

Just as a short story has a beginning, a middle, and



tised speaker, gives hints on public speaking. He writes, encouragingly, "Fear of the audience is for most people the main difficulty. Fear of what people will say, fear of failure, fear of ridicule, and fear itself. Why? If you can

express yourself effectively to a second person, why should you be tongue-tied saying the same thing to two or three, a dozen, or a hundred people? The larger the audience, the greater should be your inspiration."

# Then shut up!

The first thing to learn to do is to use the voice without strain. The throat should have free play, and all the effort should be made by the abdominal muscles. The tone should be low rather than high, and soft rather than loud.

Have you noticed how Sir Robert Menzies opens his mouth when speaking? I would think that a speaker of his calibre could, if necessary, speak for four or five hours without undue strain. Sir Robert opens his mouth wide.

The result of a nearly closed mouth and of a rigid jaw (both of which are bad habits and must be overcome) is either a forced tone squeezed through the teeth or a muffled and indistinct tone. All these faults stem from the one major fault of tenseness.

Relax. In a clear, easy tone, say "Hallelujah." Say it easily two or three times as if you were calling a greeting to someone at the other end of the room. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Notice now how you are practically singing those four syllables; you are starting to get rhythm into your voice.

Resonance gives the voice dignity. Resonance represents the perfectly correct use of the nasal cavities. Its dictionary definition is: "Capable of returning sounds; resounding; full of sounds; showing vibrations in response to a sound."

The problem is not to speak with resonance—you have spoken with resonance all your life, for without resonance you could not be heard ten feet away. The task is to speak with increased resonance. How do you do it?

One method is by humming tunes. But humming is of no benefit until you relax the facial muscles.

Loosen up the entire body before starting humming exercises. The lips should be only lightly held together. The jaw, throat, and lips must not be rigid. Relax! A relaxed body is vital for the production of good resonance.

Practise resonance by repeating words, dwelling with prolonged resonance on the *ng*, *m*, *n*, and *l* sounds. Let the words ring like a bell in the nasal cavity. Practise reading aloud for a few minutes daily.

Strive for a more deliberate, low-pitched speaking voice. Rapid speech and high pitch are wearing alike to speaker and hearer. It is said that the whisper of William Pitt the Younger could be heard in the remotest parts of the House of Commons.

Look into a mirror when you speak. You'll probably notice that there is not much movement of your jaw and lips. Now talk again, but this time open your mouth wide and move your lips out vigorously. You will hear a deep, richer voice—stronger and more resonant.

Keep your voice low and slow, mellow like a cello. This is the speaking voice you will develop.

## Pronunciation:

Australians should model vowel sounds on those uttered by good speakers using standard Australian pronunciation. Practise before a mirror and exaggerate as much as possible when practising. Every phrase uttered should be said slowly and distinctly.

It is a national fault that we neither open our mouths sufficiently nor use our lips adequately, with the result that we mumble our words, and this defect can only be overcome with conscious effort.

The pronunciation dictionary is the speaker's best friend.

You may feel that you know the correct pronunciation of a word, but in the use of even the most common words many pitfalls occur. For example, is it preferable or preferable? formidable or formidable? By examining such words and learning their entire meaning you will become familiar enough with them to use them correctly.

Become conscious of words and that consciousness will help you to correct pronunciation.

There are many verse-speaking records on sale. I know of no better way to gain an appreciation of words than verse reading. Give yourself plenty of time to enjoy the sound of the words and to appreciate the ideas they convey. If you memorise the poems while you practise, so much the better.

## Gestures:

All effective speaking is supported by some gesture,

from which it gains both force and expression.

The late Frank Barnes, MLA, Queensland's "Bundaberg Bombshell," was a master of gesture, but it was completely unconscious on his part.

Once I attended a meeting he addressed in Bundaberg. A newspaper had printed a comment that displeased him. He proceeded to read the comment and grew angrier every second. When he finished the article in a high-pitched voice he involuntarily ripped the newspaper in two and then proceeded to make confetti of it.

It was a hot night and on the platform a powerful electric fan was in operation. As Frank Barnes made confetti, it was picked up and blown to the ceiling and then rained down on his audience.

That audience rose to its feet and cheered.

## "Your mind should remain open to those flashes of inspiration, but do not use them unless you know definitely they will contribute to your argument"

The secret of this success was "spontaneity," it could never have been rehearsed.

With the hands, a good speaker can plead, summon, dismiss, threaten, display grief or joy, act the penitent, ask, deny, or defy, express love, hatred, fear.

Be careful, however, to discriminate between gesture and gesticulation.

Gesticulation is meaningless and is a distraction which irritates an audience. Gesture is of the mind and the imagination, but the body muscles must harmonise and react to the suggestion of the imagination to produce an expressive gesture.

## Importance of deportment

The dictionary defines deportment as "bearing, demeanor, manner." In the wider scene it means the whole man, the whole personality. And the most important factor in personality is mental attitude.

Be frank in your manner and speech. Men of sound character always have the courage to deal directly and openly with others.

When you approach the speaker's dais, enter with a swift, energetic stride. Such alertness on the part of the speaker is always reflected in the audience, awakening their interest and anticipation.

While you are walking to, or standing on, the platform everyone is watching you. It is desirable to create a favorable impression even before you start to speak.

If you are not being called on to speak immediately and you are seated on the platform, relax and sit still, making sure that you are not taking the "wind" out of yourself by shallow breathing. Keep your hands as quiet as possible, and do not move papers around unless it is part of your duty, or make any other unnecessary movements.

If you are being introduced by a chairman, the

to it gradually, gaining audience acceptance step by step.

An audience who feel that you are a man with an axe to grind may decide that they don't want to be your grinding-stone. To interest them you must motivate them to think and feel with you.

Enthusiasm helps. It gives a pleasing, convincing "color" to the tone of your voice. It adds to the attractiveness of your personality. It inspires confidence and generates enthusiasm in your audience. Enthusiasm is as contagious as measles.

Let us assume that you have transferred your enthusiasm to your audience. Now this could be temporary. It is necessary that you convince your audience so that conviction will remain when the sound of your voice has died away.

To achieve this you must appeal to the intelligence of

## "SO ACT ENTHUSIASTIC"

I ONCE came second in a public-speaking contest on the topic, "The Happy Man" (Mr. Gresham writes). One of the adjudicators told me I might have won the trophy but for the fact I had looked so unhappy on the platform.

Imagine talking about happiness and the happy man with a lugubrious and doleful expression! That is what I did.

You may ask how can you seem happy if you are not happy in yourself.

Professor William James says, "If you want an emotion, act as if you already have it, and acting as if you have it will actually cause you to have it. If you want to be happy, act happy. If you want to be miserable, act miserable. If you want to be enthusiastic, act enthusiastic."

If you fully understand this principle, you will always be master of your own destiny. You can tell your own fortune.

Fifth, avoid empty words and phrases that have no meaning.

Sixth, remember your job is to communicate and make yourself understood. Talk at your listeners' mental speed. If you have a highly intelligent audience you will not labor points, but will speak rapidly and convincingly. If you have a not highly intelligent audience, speak slowly.

Seventh, build word pictures. Illustrate your address with anecdotes and parables. Use gesture to explain your meaning.

Eighth, plan your speech and adhere to your plan. Memorise the opening and the concluding sentence.

"Stick to your subject" has always been the advice of the experienced speaker. When you are on the platform your level of inspiration will be raised and you will receive flashes of new ideas. Your mind should remain open to those flashes of inspiration, but do not use them unless you know definitely they will contribute to your argument.

Conclude on your prearranged program and at the prearranged time. It is better that the audience should want more than have a feeling of surfeit.

If you have a chairman, and questions are invited at the end of your address, it is wise to have the chairman repeat the question aloud before you answer it. There are two good reasons for this: first, people at the rear of the hall may not have heard the question as it was put; second, while the chairman is restating it you have a moment or two to think of your reply.

Remember that the audience is not just listening to you, but also watching you. Good grooming is a small price to pay for the confidence it engenders.

I've never forgotten the minister who delivered his sermon in socks, but with no shoes, and that was years ago. I can't recall one word of his address; in fact, I doubt if I listened, as my imagination was working overtime trying to solve the problem of no shoes. I still don't know the answer.

your audience. It is a good thing to rouse the emotions, to generate enthusiasm, but to gain conviction you must have your arguments marshalled to appeal to intelligence. By this means you carry the audience with you.

Even in a short talk you will have introduced a number of points, so that toward the end of your speech your audience may have lost the thread of your argument. In creating conviction you summarise, restating briefly the main points you have submitted. It helps to count them off on your fingers.

Here are eight helpful rules for gaining conviction: First, have something worthwhile to say.

Second, say it simply and forcefully.

Third, bring your hearers into the picture; secure audience participation if possible by giving them an opportunity to clap or show their approval.

Fourth, repeat what you have said in other words. Words mean different things to different people. By repeating your statements in different words you give your audience a second chance to approve of what you have to say.

Condensed from the book "Speak Up With Confidence," by W. R. Gresham, published by the K. G. Murray Publishing Company.





## It all depends on Dad

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A259



# THE SILVER CUPID

By SUE RUSSELL



Kay realised Jennifer and Tony were deeply in love.

**W**AITING impatiently for Jennie Town to return, Kay thought, "Romance is great! Great for other people, that is."

Kay had never known how much her friendship with Jennifer had meant to her. They had been friends for years, and now that Jennifer had fallen in love things had changed.

Since they had met at high school, Jennie and Kay had been firm friends, doing everything together but never becoming so inseparable that their personalities had merged.

That was what had made their friendship so special. They experienced the usual schoolgirl crushes, and when they started work their romantic associations had never interfered with their friendship. Nothing had ever come between them like this romance of Jennie's with Tony Thackery.

When Jennie told Kay that she was to spend the weekend with old friends of the family they had both groaned and painted vivid pictures of what the weekend would yield.

"Mother hasn't seen these people since I was born! I don't see why I must go. I couldn't possibly remember them, yet mother is so eager about the visit. Oh, well, I don't often go out with the family."

Kay was sympathetic.

"I hope it's not too boring. I know what old friends of the family can be like. You are forced to sit round while your parents relive the first twenty years of their lives!"

Jennie laughed.

"As an added inducement, mother informed me in a very confidential and persuasive tone that they have a 25-year-old son! I'm absolutely dreading it. He probably won't give me a moment's peace!"

Kay laughed in agreement, and by the time they parted Tony Thackery had been reduced to a boring nondescript.

They couldn't have been more wrong in their estimate. Tony was tall, blond, with an athletic tan and merry blue eyes. And he had fallen impetuously in love with Jennie.

Jennie's eyes shone as she recalled the two days they had spent together.

"Kay, it was like a dream. We arrived at the Thackerays' home late Saturday. Tony and I were introduced, and we just clicked! I don't know how else to describe it. Everything happened so naturally—as if we'd known each other for years. I just can't believe it."

"That's wonderful." And Kay meant it. It was wonderful to see Jennie so radiant. Tony had certainly made an impression on her.

Yes, things had turned out well for Jennie, Kay mused, telling herself not to be unreasonable. Jennie had been out with Tony almost every night, and when Kay jokingly said they'd be married by the end of the month Jennie had blushed and laughed. But she hadn't denied the possibility of it.

When Kay met the fabled Tony she was completely charmed by his friendly, natural manner, and his obvious affection for Jennie. Tony was spending the evening at Jennie's home, and Jennie excused herself to make some coffee. Kay rose from her chair.

"I'll give you a hand."

Once in the kitchen together, Jennie spoke expectantly to Kay.

"Well? What do you think?" she asked.

"He's charming! You're so lucky, meeting him so unexpectedly, and falling into an immediate understanding."

"Then you really do like him? I was frightened you wouldn't. Your opinion is so important. I'd hate to think my best friend didn't like someone I'm attracted to."

But Kay saw that it wasn't merely a casual attraction. She said as much to Jennie, who admitted that things had become serious between her and Tony.

"He wants to marry me, Kay."

The words brought an abrupt awakening to Kay. She had never associated marriage with either Jennie or herself. It had always seemed so remote from them both, but now it was thrust immediately before her.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed Kay.

"I hardly know. Tony and I have only known each other for such a short time. I can't be sure that what I feel for him will endure a lifetime. Tony says he has no doubts, because he has had more experience and knows what he wants."

"Meaning you?"

"Yes. And I could so easily marry him. But nothing as sudden as this has ever happened to me, and I can't decide whether I really love him or if it's only a whirlwind attraction that may fade at any moment."

"How are you going to wait until you know you are sure?"

"I've been offered a job in Adelaide. My boss is assuming management of our South Australian office and he wants me to go with him. It would mean a considerable rise in pay, but there's a bond to be signed which means I'd be away for a year. That should give me time to discover if it's only infatuation."

"It does seem like an act of Fate. But it won't be the same without you."

"I'm leaving in a week's time, and I'll be in such a whirl packing and making arrangements that I won't have much time to say goodbye to everyone. We're going out on Saturday, and Tony's staying the night. He'll be gone on Sunday morning and we can have the day together."

"I'll look forward to it," Kay said warmly.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning, Kay took the brisk walk to her friend's home. She strolled casually into the kitchen, calling out to Jennie. Jennie's mother answered.

"Is that you, Kay? Come through, I'm in the boys' room."

Kay walked through the cosy house to the bedrooms.

"Where's Jennie, Mrs. Town? She asked me to come over and have morning tea."

"Oh." Mrs. Town looked a little embarrassed. "She and Tony went out together. They left quite early. Jennie didn't say anything to me about your coming over. Sit down and wait if you want, but I don't know how long they'll be."

"Yes, I'll wait if you don't mind, Mrs. Town." Kay was deflated. She had been looking forward to this final get-together and couldn't conceal her disappointment.

She felt like crying. Imagine Jennie inviting her to have a cosy day with her, then traipsing off with her boyfriend. How inconsiderate! Kay's dejectedness had turned to righteous anger.

To page 28



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HES3



## Reflections . . .

*Floors clean enough to eat off  
Show the proud housewife's powers.  
My floors are clean enough to walk on:  
We don't eat off ours.*

— MARIE PEZET

*A fig, I say, for axioms and fables:  
The only people among my friends  
Who burn their candles at both ends  
Have long, rectangular dinner tables.*

— IAN HEALY

Continued from page 27

"I'll tell her what I think!" thought Kay. "After all, I've been her friend for ten years. He's only known her a few weeks. Men! They'll always take first place. It's just rudeness to behave like this, Jennifer Town! You invited me personally, and it's only common courtesy you should be here to receive me!"

Never had Kay realised how much she resented Tony, his influence over Jennie, and Jennie's feeling for him. Their friendship had never been threatened like this, and Kay was taken completely unawares. Pausing to think, her anger cooled, and she reasoned with herself.

"Of course, it's natural that a man should come first. She may

spend the rest of her life with him. I can't expect it to be any other way."

This sane conclusion was cold comfort, but she felt calmer. It didn't alter the fact, however, that Jennie had been rude in forgetting their appointment. Surely she had some sense of obligation?

An hour later, during which Kay's feelings alternated between indignation and resignation, the front door banged and Jennie and Tony entered. Jennie grinned rather shamefacedly at her friend, who had decided to say nothing of her indignation.

"I'm sorry I wasn't here when you arrived."

"That's all right," said Kay with a forced smile.

"I thought you'd be fuming," Jennie ventured hesitantly.

"Oh, no," said Kay nonchalantly.

"We went for a drive." Tony volunteered the information.

"Close your eyes!" Jennie burst out.

Kay was confused, but did as she was told. When she opened her eyes she saw a tiny parcel, wrapped and beribboned.

"Take it," Jennie said. "It's for you."

"Me? But why?"

"I want you to have something to remember me by."

"Do you really think I could forget you? You're only going for a year, not forever!"

"I know," smiled Jennie, "but I felt so sentimental when I realised it was our last day together. So I asked Tony if we could look for something suitable, and we found a little kiosk at a tourist lookout. Hurry up and open it!"

Kay needed no further insistence. She took the wrappings from the gift and opened the grey box inside. Shining up at her expectant face was a mischievous little silver cupid. His bow and arrow were raised impudently toward her.

"Do you like it?" inquired Jennie. "When I saw it, I just had to get it. That little fellow has done so much for me in the past few weeks, I thought he may do the same for you."

"It's delightful! And you both went to so much trouble to get it. If only you knew what I've been thinking. How unselfish of you, Tony, to drive all over the country, just for me!"

All resentment for Tony had melted, and it would have been unkind to tell Jennie of her former feelings.

Tony left for home, and the two girls spent the afternoon reminiscing about the past and planning for the future. They parted the best of friends, and as Kay glanced down at the little silver brooch pinned to her dress she knew they always would be.

(Copyright)

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



Marmie says:

If Junior is a finick fad  
About the food he eats

If you woo him (when you shouldn't)  
With chocolate, cream, and sweets.

If he won't eat vegetables

Then young Marmie's tip you try  
Marmite topped with celery

Sends young appetites sky high!

(Marmite spreads, nourishes, satisfies. To say nothing of how beautifully peaceful it makes meal times)



**Young lions roar for Marmite, the appetite builder**

MH - 5



# FEELING THE PINCH

By JOHN  
VALENTINE

He was caught in an  
unsuspected trap . . .  
a short short story



I WAS glad to see Georgie. It was comforting to think I wasn't the only one to have to climb those steps.

They led from the cells up to the courtroom . . . and that wooden rail, where you stand facing a grim-faced gent—with the glaring light making your eyes blink.

When I was in trouble last the grim-faced gent promised that if he ever saw my ugly mug again he would put me away for a very long time.

So I wasn't looking forward to meeting him, I can tell you.

Georgie was just what I needed to take my mind off the one-sided tete-a-tete promised upstairs.

"Hello, Georgie boy," I said as he was pushed into the cell with me. "How come you got done. I thought you were going to approach crime all scientific like?"

"I did," he said.

"Then how come you're in here?"

"Lockhart," he said, as if the name would explain everything.

"And who's he when he's out?" I asked chuckling—already beginning to enjoy myself as much as was possible in the circumstances.

Georgie looked amazed. "You don't know who Lockhart is? You're joking—everybody knows Superintendent Lockhart."

"What, the Superintendent Lockhart?"

"Yes. That's him."

"But he's only a telly tec. He ain't a real copper."

"Who said he was?" Georgie asked, sniffing so indignantly that the tip of his hooked nose almost touched his lower lip.

"Go on, Georgie," I said. "I'll buy it."

"Well," Georgie said, taking out the makings of a cigarette. "It all started when I watched one of those beat-the-burglar bits on telly, telling people to lock up their doors before settling down to a night's viewing."

"That gave me the idea. So I picked out this big detached house in a nice quiet street."

"It was pretty dark, which meant there wasn't much chance of anyone seeing me creep up the drive and round to the back."

"And what do you know?"—Georgie's face brightened—"when I peeped through a back window I could see a bloke and his old woman with their chairs drawn up beside the fire. Sure enough, they were watching telly—and they were practically hypnotised."

"They were really asking for trouble, too, because they had a lot of fruit trees in the garden. And they had left a ladder propped up against one. This was a stroke of luck I just couldn't believe would happen to me."

"What's more, the house had those steel-frame sort of windows that open outward. And they had left one of the bedroom ones wide open."

"It was only a matter of seconds before I had the ladder against the wall and was going up it two rungs at a time."

"I had a spooky-like feeling for a couple of minutes standing there in the bedroom. I mean, the telly sounded so near and so loud."

"Then I told myself: 'All the better, it will drown any noise.' I'd just got up enough nerve to switch my torch

on when I heard this horrible thud in the garden. 'Whatever could it be?' I thought."

"I scuttled over to the window and looked out. Somehow, the ladder had fallen and was lying on the ground. I got ready to jump out of the window after it. The people in the house couldn't help hearing it, surely. It was loud enough to be heard above the noise of the telly."

The thought of it made him cringe now as he described what happened.

"I stood by that window, ready to jump, for ages, but nothing happened. Nobody came outside to see what was going on," he said.

"The telly went on blaring and I thought to myself: 'If that didn't disturb them, nothing will.' All I had to do was help myself to what was going, then creep downstairs and out of the front door."

"The lady of the house was one of those very neat, everything-in-its-proper-place sort of people. A proper house-proud type, I remember thinking."

"Her jewellery was in a box on the dressing-table. I emptied it into a pocket."

"She had her husband well trained, too. He had his gold watch and a wad of notes in a bedside drawer. I shovelled that lot into another pocket."

"There was a suitcase on top of the gent's wardrobe. So I had that down and loaded it with milady's furs. Then I prepared to make my exit in as quick a way as possible and as quietly as I could."

"I began creeping downstairs. And I got about halfway down when I heard some precocious kid on telly going on about her mother's soft hands."

"It was the commercials!"

Sighing, Georgie went on: "You can guess how I felt, I mean, that's when people start hopping about, isn't it? While the adverts are on, people start to put the kettle on, throw the cat out, or whatever it is they want to do. I knew I would have to be careful of my next move."

"Then music, real music, sounded in my ears. I heard the theme tune of 'No Hiding Place.' I thought to myself: 'Just the job. They'll soon be lost in that. By the time Part One is over I'll be sitting at home reckoning up the loot.'"

"I waited a few minutes, then started inching my way downstairs again. I was almost at the front door when I heard the woman say: 'What a filthy habit. Fancy showing it on television. It's disgusting. I'm not going to sit and watch that.'"

"Before I knew what had happened she had flung the door open and was staring into my face . . . screaming. Next thing I know I'm having my collar felt by a copper."

"Yes," I said. "But what's all this got to do with Lockhart?"

Georgie looked hurt. "It's got everything to do with Lockhart, ain't it? It was his filthy habit the woman objected to."

"If he had smoked a pipe like Sherlock Holmes instead of taking snuff she wouldn't have got up. And I wouldn't have been pinched, would I?"

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another revolution!



GiGi perfume, 7/6, 13/6

GiGi skin perfume, 7/6, 11/6

GiGi talcum, 6/6



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# THE DARK PHASE

ILLUSTRATED  
BY BOOTHROYD

Sorrow must surely fade—a short story

By GLYNN CROUDACE

**A**FTER ten days the gale blew itself out. Gillian awoke to the stillness. The wet sand of the estuary was silver in the dawnlight. A heron walked fastidiously among the flotsam of bladder wrack and sea bamboo, and another bird, big and dark, but too far off to identify, stood forlornly at the water's edge. Listlessly and without foreboding, Gillian looked at this bird for a long time.

Finally, she rose and went into the bathroom. As she towelled herself dry after her shower, the long mirror revealed the extreme youthfulness of her body, but there was something tragically grown-up about her face. The eyes, of an intense hazel, were large and serious; crescent shadows darkened the tender skin beneath. Shining black hair, wet and smooth, framed her uneasy brow and hollowed cheeks. There was a sad, sweet line to her mouth. "You're twenty-three," she told her reflection, "and now that your father is dead you are alone in the world."

Involuntarily, she closed her eyes as the pain swept over her. For a moment she stood still, tensing her slight body as if to withstand the shock of the Atlantic rollers that tore up the estuary. Then she opened her eyes again and made an effort to take stock of the things she had. A Bachelor of Arts degree and enough money to let me do what Daddy always wanted me to do, and that is: write.

Wrapping the towel around her, she went back into her bedroom. Nellie, the housekeeper, had just arrived with the tea.

"Miss Yillian's up early this morning."

"Yes, Nellie; I thought I'd go for a walk along the beach."

The old woman nodded approvingly.

"You do that. Come back hungry; eat something for once."

Her soft, brown eyes rested on the towel-wrapped form.

"Miss Yillian still brooding. Still much too thin."

Gillian smiled wanly at the old woman's concern for her and poured a cup of tea.

Afterward in a dark blue jersey and rolled-up jeans, Gillian walked barefoot along the wet, shelving sands of the river. Once she paused to look back at the cottage, the smoke from the kitchen chimney rising straight into the windless air. Her father had built the place as a holiday home just after the war, but had settled down in it permanently after his wife's death.

It was a long way from civilisation, being at the mouth of the Sweet River, some fifteen miles east of Cape Agulhas, most southerly point of the African continent.

After graduation, Gillian had calmly announced that she was going to stay with him there.

"I won't let you do it," he had protested. "You'll be burying yourself alive, cutting yourself off from all your friends."

And she, aghast at the way he had aged during the winter, and full of tenderness toward him, had said: "There are two things in the world I want, Daddy: the one is to become a writer, and the other—the more important one—is to be with you."

So they had spent a wonderful year together, all the more wonderful because his doctor had told both of them, separately and secretly, that it was to be his last. During that time she had been drawn close, terribly close, to the sensitive, scholarly marine biologist whose world, once the vast oceans that froze against the rim of the Antarctic, shrank finally to the view from his cottage window.

After his death she had stayed on, drained of all feeling, dry and hollow as the little seavarkie, the desiccated boxfish that, hanging from a string on the stoep, swung round to the coming of rain.

As she walked toward the sea, the sun came up, turning the silver sand to rose and gold. Mechanically, she avoided the delicate stinging threads of the bluebottles left by the receding tide, ignoring the fan of scarlet coral and the brittle pansy-shell she would have once collected. She walked on, her mind a hermit crab scuttling into the shell of remembered security and affection.

To page 36



Gillian watched the giant petrel shake its huge wings and fly away.



Read this true story:



**"my 'nerves' were even affecting my health..."**

"About 8 months ago I started to feel very nervy and run-down. Everything was too much trouble and even trifles upset me. In the end, my 'nerves' were even affecting my health. My husband and I both knew about Sanatogen, so we decided the sooner I got started on it the better. After even a few weeks of Sanatogen I began to feel a lot better. Then after a full course I felt 100% fit again, and still do. It's certainly a wonderful product."

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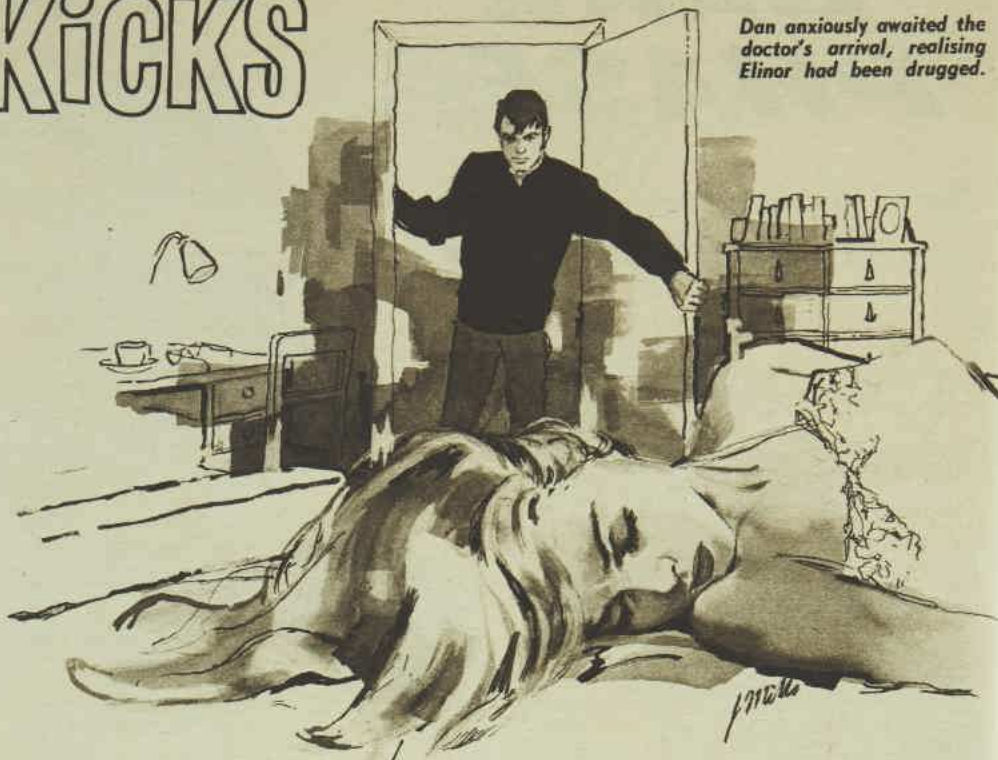
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"THE DOSE THAT DOES!"

# FOR Kicks

Concluding instalment of our serial

By **DICK FRANCIS**



Dan anxiously awaited the doctor's arrival, realising Elinor had been drugged.

WHILE visiting Australia on private business, THE EARL OF OCTOBER, a steward for the National Hunt racing in England, persuades a young stud-farm owner DANIEL ROKE to go to England and pose as a stable lad. The Earl and other stewards have suspected some of the steeplechase winners have been doped, but have been unable to prove this.

At first Dan works for INSKIP, who trains the Earl's horses and others. Dan reports his progress to October at a secluded spot not far from Inskip's, although he often sees him at the morning gallops with his two daughters, ELINOR and PATTY.

Dan realises he needs to move into another stable where there is a chance of making closer contact with the people involved in the crime. Wanting to appear an undesirable type, Dan is able to leave in disgrace when he repels the advances of the headstrong and unprincipled Patty, who is attracted to him. The Earl believes the lies Patty tells about him, and

Dan agrees not to see October again, but to post his reports in future.

He contrives to get a job with HEDLEY HUMBER, a trainer whose name, along with PAUL ADAMS, an owner, has appeared most in the histories of the horses suspected of having been doped. None of the men working there stay long, as Humber and Adams drive them so hard and treat them so cruelly. Dan searches the office and Humber's private home, but cannot find any definite proof of doping, although some office books show a profit on certain horses Dan has been investigating.

Receiving a letter from Elinor, Dan visits her at her university address and she apologises for her sister's behaviour, as Patty has told her the truth. While there he notices a whistle she uses for training dogs, and realises he has seen another one when he has been cleaning Humber's car. Borrowing Elinor's whistle, he starts back to Humber's stables. NOW READ ON:

I STOPPED in Posset on the way back from seeing Elinor to see if there were any comment from October on the theory I had sent him the previous week, but there was no letter for me at all.

Although I was already late for evening stables, I stopped longer to write to him. I couldn't get Tommy Stapleton out of my head: he had died without passing on what he knew. I didn't want to make the same mistake. Or to die, either, if it came to that.

"I think the trigger is a silent whistle, the sort used for dogs. Humber keeps one in the drinks compartment of his car. Remember Old Etonian? They hold hound trails at Cartmel on the morning of the races."

Having posted that, I bought a large slab of chocolate for food, and also Jerry's comic, and slid as quietly as I could back into the yard. Cass caught me, however, and said sourly that I'd be lucky to get Saturday off next week as he would be reporting me to Humber.

But there was a difference now. The whistle lay like a bomb in my money belt. A death sentence, if they found me with it. Or so I believed. There remained the matter of making sure that I had not leaped to the wrong conclusion.

Tommy Stapleton had probably suspected what was going on and had walked straight into Humber's yard to tax him with it. He couldn't have known that the men he was dealing with were prepared to kill. But, because he had died, I did know. I had lived under their noses for seven weeks, and I had been careful: and because I intended to remain undetected to the end I spent a long time on Sunday wondering how I could conduct my experiment and get away with it.

On Sunday evening, at about five o'clock, Adams drove into the yard. As usual, at the sight of him, my heart sank. He walked round the yard with Humber and stopped

for a long time looking over the door at Mickey. Neither he nor Humber came in. Humber had been into Mickey's box several times since the day he helped me take in the first lot of drugged water, but Adams had not been in at all.

Adams said, "What do you think, Hedley?"

Humber shrugged, "There's no change."

"Write him off?"

"I suppose so." Humber sounded depressed.

"It's useless, I can see that. Give him the chop, then."

Humber turned away and said, "Right, I'll get it done tomorrow."

Their footsteps moved off to the next box. I made Mickey comfortable for his last night and evaded yet another slash from his teeth. The fact that he was to be put down the next day meant that I would have to perform my experiment without delay.

When I took the bucket to the office door in the morning for Mickey's last dose of phenobarbitone, there was only a little left in the jar. Cass tipped the glass container upside down and tapped it on the bucket so that the last grains of white powder should not be wasted.

I turned away, went along to the tap, splashed in a little water, swilled round in it the instantly dissolved phenobarbitone, and poured it away down the drain. Then I filled the bucket with clean water and took it along for Mickey to drink.

He was dying on his feet. The bones stuck out more sharply under his skin, and his head hung down below his shoulders. There was still a disorientated wildness in his eye, but he was going downhill so fast that he had little strength left for attacking anyone. For once he made no attempt to bite me when I put the bucket down at his head, but lowered his mouth into it and took a few half-hearted swallows.

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# Dedicated to MUM the family's dietitian



## Whether I cook with it...

From cakes, scones, pancakes to vegetables — everything tastes better cooked with Meadow-Lea poly-unsaturated Table Margarine. Meadow-Lea made with Safflower Oil is low in salt content, rich in poly-unsaturates, high in linoleic content with lecithin added. Tonight, toss vegetables or whip mash potatoes in Meadow-Lea; garnish meat or make a white sauce with Meadow-Lea. When friends drop in, a savoury dip made with Meadow-Lea is always a winner. For pan frying, deep frying and salad dressings, use poly-unsaturated Meadow-Lea Safflower Oil or Meadow-Lea Maize Oil in the new easy-grip bottle.



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As a spread on sandwiches, for school or work lunches or on toast or biscuits, poly-unsaturated Meadow-Lea Table Margarine is so much better-tasting! And most important, Meadow-Lea effectively cuts down saturated fats in your family's diet. Surely your family deserves the very best. As an added bonus, smooth, soft Meadow-Lea straight from the refrigerator spreads easily, even on soft, fresh bread. To keep Meadow-Lea at its peak of freshness and tasty goodness, Meadow-Lea is double-packed first in foil, then in its protective outer carton. Look for Meadow-Lea Table Margarine in the big, flat, golden pack.

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*How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more*

**"Now I feel like a new personality"**

Young mother Mrs. Fay Eisenhower is a picture of health — with a clear, glowing complexion, sparkling eyes and a bright, bubbly personality! Yet only six months ago she had all the symptoms of irregularity. "My skin was dull and drab", Fay said. "There were dark smudges under my eyes... even my hair was out of condition." That's when she switched to All-Bran for breakfast.

Renewed verve and energy. "I had read in advertisements how All-Bran helps you feel better all round while it maintains regularity," she explained. "But I was still amazed when in a matter of days I began to get back my

old verve and energy... and at the end of a fortnight my skin had cleared up completely! All-Bran is such a delicious way to get bulk and nourishment — no wonder I wouldn't have anything else."

**How All-Bran helps you!** All-Bran isn't a medicine or drug. It's a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital bulk your system must have to gently, naturally maintain regularity. When you enjoy All-Bran each morning, you're helping yourself to new health and vitality, a new enjoyment of life! Prove it for yourself! Put All-Bran on your shopping list now.



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# LIVING IN



CITADEL in Ulu, Ankara.

## Turkish women are but their infants are

● Marketing became a daily adventure for a Melbourne housewife, Mrs. Ann Cannon, when she spent a year in Turkey with her husband and three small children, Susie, Jeff, and baby Mary. She writes . . .

**FRIENDS** were alarmed when they heard that my husband had been invited to work for a year with the United Nations in Ankara.

There had just been an attempted coup in Turkey, and we were planning to take our three children, aged from four months to four years.

However, we felt that the opportunity was unlikely to occur again, and as the children were still young their schooling would not be interrupted.

Reassured by the fact that no foreigners had been harmed during the uprising, we set forth.

Ankara, the capital of

Turkey since 1923, is situated on the Anatolian Plateau at an altitude of 2800ft.

The climate ranges from ice and snow in winter to an average summer temperature of 74 degrees, with cool nights.

The mudbrick houses of the old city huddle round the citadel hill guarding the valley pass, but the modern buildings spread more spaciouly up the sides of the valley. The city is very clean, and the green of trees and gardens contrasts with the dry surrounding plateau.

When we arrived all the best hotels with good rooms and Western food were booked out, so we had to stay at a third-rate establishment where there were

cockroaches in the bathroom and the food was mediocre.

However, the staff was helpful, and served us eggs for breakfast in addition to the usual thin jam, white goat cheese, and olives with bread.

Turkish is a phonetic language and the people do try to understand what is wanted, so with the help of a dictionary I found that shopping and asking the way about were not too difficult, but I never mastered any grammar.

A number of French and American words have been incorporated into the language. A hairdresser is "kuafor," for example, and a service station "petrol ofisi."

### Finding a flat

We quickly found an apartment with the help of UN car driver Nazim, who spoke some English, and moved in after only five days in the hotel.

Unfurnished flats were really bare (often having no bath, cooker, or light fittings) and many "furnished" places contained little more than one bed, chair, and table.

The third-floor apartment we took was worth the £75 rent per month as it was well furnished and equipped with gas cooker and hot-water service, electric refrigerator, and even a telephone. Garage rental and our share of the caretaker's and nightwatchman's wages were additional expenses.

**LEFT:** Coppersmiths' street in ancient Ulu, Ankara. **RIGHT:** Modern Ankara from the balcony of the Cannons' flat.





# TURKEY



## no longer in purdah, completely swaddled

The bathroom contained a Western W.C., handbasin, shower, and bath. The latter was movable, as the taps were on the wall and the water ran down an open drain unless this blocked, in which case a pool formed under our bed!

The two bedrooms had one pillow, blanket, and mattress per bed and black goatskin rugs on the polished concrete floors.

Although officially out of purdah, Turkish women still entertain separately from the men, so most flats have two reception rooms, as did ours, with the dining suite at one end of the larger room.

The balcony was a pleasant place from which to see the world go by — laden street vendors on foot or donkey-back, peasant women in ankle-length cotton dresses or trousers with babies slung on their backs, men in Western dress and cloth caps. Wealthy women wore expensive modern Western clothes and shoes, and those in the small but growing middle class wore a mixture of styles.

We persuaded the keeper of the children's playground over the road that we could watch our children from the

apartment, as officially those under seven should be with an adult. There was no grass there as it was difficult to grow in the dry or cold weather, and in the few parks with lawns the keeper chased off anyone who dared set foot upon the sward, although the Turkish children were rarely disciplined.

Our two older children settled down well, and they played happily with children from other countries despite the language difficulty. Our baby attracted attention, as

Thanks to night school Behlul could read the shopping list, write down the prices, and understand a very little English. We were unable to say goodbye to him when we left as he had rushed to his home village after news that his in-laws were selling some of his precious animals.

Shopping was not too difficult once I was used to buying in kilos and grammes with Turkish lire and kuruş. Prices quoted in hundreds of kuruş sounded frighteningly

By ANN CANNON

peasant infants are completely swaddled, and the rich keep their children indoors until they are about two years old. Also our family had lighter hair and skin than the Turks.

The kapici, or caretaker, of our building was a cheerful Turk named Behlul. He watered the garden, stoked the furnace for the hot-water radiator system, and went shopping. He was able to buy pasteurised cow's milk at the grocers except on Sundays, and I was pleased not to need goat's milk from an old man on donkeyback.

high, but, in fact, food cost only a little more than in Australia.

One lire, or 100 kuruş, was equal in value to one Australian shilling, which made price comparison easy.

Bread was delicious when fresh, but it soon went stale, so it was baked several times daily. A loaf cost 6d, but laborers' wages were so low that they often bought a quarter loaf to eat with fruit or raw onions for lunch.

Fruit and vegetables were very good and cheap in season, but in winter supplies dwindled to oranges,



BABIES are usually swaddled or kept indoors in Turkey, so eight-month-old Mary Cannon (shown at right with her sister Susie and Mrs. Cannon) attracted attention, as did all the children because of their fair coloring, compared with the darker Turkish complexion.

apples, pumpkin, cabbage, and leaf plants regarded in Australia as weeds. There were no cold stores, and fruit canning was only recently introduced.

The grocer had a fair range, but breakfast cereals, vegetable extract, treacle, canned meat, instant coffee, good detergents, and water softeners were not available. Large open drums of mothballs kept in the shops all summer tainted the butter (unsalted), cheeses, and biscuits, so although we could manage on the local market we welcomed the chance to use import privileges given to UN staff.

The tempo of life was leisurely, and buying the meat was a morning's expedition. The day's prices, the same for all cuts of each type of meat, were written on a blackboard, and nothing was prepared in advance. A side of lamb was a skinny 9-11lb., the chops became meat crisps, and the shoulders were bony, but legs were usually good.

### Mustafa

Beef buying was an affair of chance. Mustafa, the butcher, took a carcass from the fridge and carved a chunk from here to stew or there to roast. The only cut for steaks was bone fillet, and this involved dissecting out the long muscle, and discussing the number and thickness of slices which were weighed, pounded with a flat weight, and arranged carefully on the paper before wrapping.

Brains, lamb's fry, and kidneys had to be snapped up when they were available.

In winter the cattle got so tough searching for food that all beef had to be minced, with pauses to adjust the fanbelt on the old mincing machine. Mustafa was willing to cut up meat for kebabs or stews, chatting and gesticulating to everyone meanwhile.

Poultry could be quite tender and, although Muslims do not celebrate Christmas,

the Turks were happy to profit by fattening turkeys for foreigners. Our oven was small and everyone joined the fun when I took along my baking tin and persuaded Mustafa to find a turkey which fitted in without chopping off its legs!

### A girl!

With shopping taking so long and the doorbell constantly being rung by people wanting to sell something or to clean our shoes or car, when friends sent round a maid I was glad to give her a trial.

Fatima was an illiterate peasant who had never worked for anyone before, but she tried hard, and we had many laughs together over my Turkish augmented with mime. On one occasion I thought she was telling me about her family until in desperation she removed our baby's nappy and said, "Ah, kiz!" — a girl!

When friends left we were glad to take their maid in-

stead of Fatima. Emina had worked for foreigners for several years and understood some English. She was literate and intelligent, and the children were happy to be left with her, although she would say "no" when necessary.

For five days' work and one evening baby-sitting a week she received a monthly wage of £20. Her husband earned only £15 monthly as a clerk in the Turkish Foreign Office, so Emina was prepared to work until their two sons were well educated. Their married daughter, born when Emina was 15, was a dressmaker.

Although we quickly made friends from many parts of the world, unfortunately our language problems were too great to meet more than a few English-speaking Turks. We found our stay most interesting but too short to see more than a little of this ancient Eastern country which is progressing toward modern Western democracy.



MR. CANNON, who worked with the United Nations in Turkey, with Mary and Jeff.





The big bird she had seen from her bedroom window had gone, but it meant nothing to her and she barely recorded its disappearance. The only sound was the distant murmur of the surf, punctuated by the crying of gulls and the snapping of the bladder wrack beneath her feet.

Presently, she reached the river mouth. It is dominated by a pinnacle of rock as high as a ten-storey building rising some seventy yards from the shore. "Sweet River Rock," the Admiralty charts call it, but, because its crest is frosted with the droppings of sea birds, it is known as "Witkop" to the fishermen of the coast.

I climbed to the top of that last summer, Gillian was thinking. It was quite an effort. I imagined I was the first person ever to set

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foot on the summit, and then I found two empty beer bottles.

She almost smiled at the memory. As she turned away from the rock, she saw the big, dark bird of the early morning for the second time. It was almost at her feet, a giant petrel that ranged the southern skies, seldom venturing as far north as the Cape.

"Poor thing," she murmured, seeing that the bird was exhausted. It was balancing itself on webbed feet with the aid of the tips of its outflung wings. "You really are a giant, aren't you?" she said, for it had a wing span of nearly seven feet.

The bird fixed her with its piercing eyes (the iris, she noticed, was

a jewelled hazel) and uttered a low croaking note. The pale green beak opened feebly.

Gillian remembered that she had seen a mackerel, possibly dropped by some frightened sea bird, on the sand, and she went back and picked it up. The petrel gulped it down at once.

"No more," she said, shooing it away. She shrank from the responsibility of looking after it; yet she knew that it could not look after itself. Exhausted by the storm, it had taken refuge in the estuary, only to be trapped by the flat calm.

The giant petrel needed a strong wind beneath its pinions before it could take off; either a strong wind or the launching action of a heavy

sea. "All right, Giant," Gillian promised. "I'll see what I can do."

After breakfast, she collected her rod and tackle from the stoep.

The prawn digger, a steel cylinder closed at its upper end and attached to a spade handle, was rusty from disuse. She had not bothered to go fishing since her father's death. Now she took the digger and jabbed it among the many holes in the wet sand, the air pressure forcing the mud prawns to the surface.

Before his illness, she remembered, her father could strike so hard with the digger that the prawns jumped three feet into the air. Everything I do, she thought, reminds me of Daddy.

She anchored the dinghy opposite

Witkop, baited her hook, and felt a touch of the old elation as she stood upright. But the feeling died like a quenched spark as her eyes fell on a sleeve of her father's old windbreaker trailing from a box under the stern seat.

Grimly, she cast far out into the tide.

In the space of an hour she caught seven small white steenbras and the giant petrel gulped the lot.

"No more," Gillian said as the bird looked at her with its jewelled eyes. It was hot by this time and he had abandoned her jersey in the boat. Now she pulled her skirt away from her skin and dragged her forearm across her brow.

Close at hand was the cove in which she always used to swim. Hesitantly, she stripped herself naked and plunged into the cold water. Habit took command, and she swam down to a garden of sea anemones, a palette of delicate color in the filtered light. Her breath spent, she shot to the surface again.

"Oh, no," she murmured incredulously, for the giant petrel had joined her in the water. It floated within arm's distance of her head as serenely as a swan, following her obediently when she moved. Its bold friendliness fascinated her and she braced herself to withstand the shock.

It was at this point, when she was caught between the brightness of the moment and the bitterness of memory, that the second petrel entered her life.

It caught her by surprise, passing within yards of her, tossing her in the turbulence of its wake. It was a small yacht, chugging along under auxiliary power, its masts bare, some of its rigging swept away.

GILLIAN saw the young man at the tiller raise a surprised hand in greeting before she ducked beneath the waves. She stayed down as long as she could, swimming underwater to the sheltering rocks. When she surfaced again the yacht was moving slowly up the river.

She stared at the misty-blue hull, recalling with startling clarity not only the name "Blue Petrel" on the stern but the face of the young man at the tiller: a face haggard and unshaven, tired unto death.

A low croak from the giant petrel attracted her attention.

"First, you," she said, aloud, frustrated by the bird's dependence upon her, longing to retreat once more into her loneliness, into the drifting dream state that seemed to bring her peace, "and now—"  
She frowned at the distant yacht. As she had feared, it had dropped anchor in the stream, right opposite the cottage.

Gillian Ward dressed and climbed back into the dinghy. She gave the offending yacht a wide berth, relieved to see that the deck was deserted as she reached her home pier.

If Daddy were alive, she thought, he would offer that young man a bed, but I don't even want to speak to him.

Hurriedly, she tied up the dinghy and disappeared into the cottage. Nellie beamed at her from the kitchen doorway.

"You see we got company, Miss Yillian? Such a nice-looking young man with brown curly hair."

"How d'you know he's nice looking, Nellie?"

The woman pointed to the binoculars on the window-sill. "I peek at him through the master's verkykers."

"Where is he now?"  
"Sleeping, mebbe. You going to ask him to supper?"

"I don't think so, Nellie."

There was no sign of the young man all that afternoon or all the next day.

"Mebbe he's lying there sick," Nellie said, her voice thick with reproach. "Somebody should call on him."

Her rebuke haunted Gillian all day. Late that afternoon, coming back from catching fish for the giant petrel, she decided that she could no longer ignore the stranger at her gate. Perhaps he is ill, she brooded, cutting the outboard engine and gliding upstream with just enough leeway to bring her to a halt under the yacht's counter.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 4, 1965

## FAMILY FARE OR HOSTESS SPECIAL - SERVE THIS DELICIOUS

# TWO-COURSE MEAL

QUICK AND EASY TO PREPARE - AND SO VERY ECONOMICAL, TOO!



*Spiced Lamb Fricassee*

(serves 4-6)

**INGREDIENTS:** 6 large forequarter chops, 1 tablespoon Kream Cornflour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon powdered thyme, ½ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cloves garlic finely chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup vinegar (white), 1 cup boiling water.

**METHOD:** Trim fat from chops. Combine Kream Cornflour, pepper, salt and spices, rub into chops then place in saucepan with vinegar, water, garlic and parsley. Bring to the boil and simmer for 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove chops and place in oven proof dish, keep hot. Strain liquid in which chops were cooked and make up to one pint with milk, use this to make the fricassee sauce.

**FRICASSEE SAUCE:** 1 bunch spring onions chopped (use some of the green tops) or 1 white onion chopped finely, 1 pint of milk and chop liquid, 1 oz. butter, 3 level tablespoons Kream Cornflour.

**METHOD:** Melt butter in saucepan and saute onions until transparent. Mix the Kream Cornflour with a little of the milk liquid, add the remainder of the milk liquid to the onions in saucepan, bring to the boil. Remove from heat and thicken with the cornflour mixture, return to heat and simmer for a few minutes, add more pepper and salt if needed. Spoon over chops in casserole and top with buttered crumbs. Heat through in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley sprigs or green peas and diced carrots.

**BUTTERED CRUMBS:** Melt 1 oz. butter in saucepan, add 1 cup fine white or brown crumbs, stir over gentle heat until crumbs are coated with butter and are a golden brown. Sprinkle over fricassee. These crumbs may be prepared ahead of time.

What a wonderful way to feed a family or to entertain guests. Two scrumptious courses you can prepare in advance and serve when you wish - appetising and wholesome and so very convenient.



**INGREDIENTS:** ½ lb. apricot jam roll (or plain sponge), extra apricot jam, ½ cup sweet sherry or apricot juice (or use half and half), a few chopped nuts or crushed macaroons, 1 pint Cameo Custard, 1 can drained apricot halves, 1 cup jelly, ½ pint whipped sweetened cream.

**METHOD:** Make jelly as directed and allow to set. Cut jam roll into ½ inch slices and spread with apricot jam, cut each slice into 4 and arrange in serving bowl, sprinkle over sherry or apricot juice and the chopped nuts or macaroons. (At this stage a few chopped maraschino cherries may be added.) Make Cameo Custard as directed, allow to cool a little and pour over sponge. Pierce with a knife in several places to allow the custard to seep through the sponge. Allow to become quite cold then cover the top with whipped cream. Arrange drained apricot halves, cut side down, around the edge of the bowl alternately with rosettes of cream. Fork the jelly finely and arrange in centre of bowl.

Good cooks, good hostesses always insist on

**KREAM CORN FLOUR**

**CAMEO CUSTARD POWDER**

ASK FOR THE NEW KREAM-CAMEO RECIPE FOLDER FOR MANY OTHER TIMESAVING ECONOMICAL DISHES.



## THE DARK PHASE

She was reaching up to grab the rail when she heard his voice. It annoyed her; it was as if he had brought her there under false pretences. He was singing to himself in the gathering dusk. His voice was light and gay and very young. It sounded so confident, so full of life.

She winced from it. It was a voice without a care in the world and its contrast with her own state of mind made her want to weep.

Slowly, she sank back on to her seat. Without starting the engine again, she paddled quietly back to the pier.

Nellie greeted her on the stoep. "How's that young man, Miss Yillian? I see you coming from his boat."

"There's nothing the matter with him, Nellie, nothing at all."

The woman cocked her head to one side.

"Miss Yillian all right? Like some tea, perhaps, or a little of the master's brandy-wine?"

Gillian put a hand wearily to her clammy brow. "I'm all right, Nellie. A little too much sun, I suppose. I think I'll go straight to bed."

She lay on her bed watching the patterns on the ceiling made by the reflected light from the river. A skein of geese honked on its way upstream. The light drained from the sky and in the still twilight she heard the soft splash of oars. A man's unhurried footsteps crossed the length of rickety pier. Gillian closed her eyes, turning on her side, bringing her knees up under her chin.

**N**ELLIE came in and shook her gently.

"Wake up, Miss Yillian." There was an urgency, a quality of suppressed excitement, in the woman's voice. "He's here."

A yawn, a stretch, a pretence at waking. "Who is, Nellie?"

"The young man. Says he's sorry he didn't call before—wanted to apologise, he says, for interrupting your swim, but he slept the clock round and more. He was so tired, you see, from the storm."

Gillian lay quite still. "Tell him," she said at last, "that there's nothing to apologise for. Tell him I'm sorry but I've got a headache and I've gone to bed."

"Oh, and Nellie, if there's anything he wants from the larder let him have it."

Nellie stood there, dark against the fading light, concerned yet truculent. "You sure, Miss Yillian, you won't come out and have supper with him?"

"I can't, Nellie, I can't."

At breakfast next morning Nellie said with an elaborate show of unconcern, "Such a nice young man came last night. Shame you missed him, Miss Yillian."

"Was it, Nellie?"

"Wicked shame. Such a nice young man. A lieutenant in the Royal Navy, do you know that? Sailing all alone to the West Indies."

"What for?"

"That's what I asked him. Says he's just going for the ride."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"Of course." Nellie bristled. She looked at Gillian suspiciously under her brows. "Why do you want to know?"

"I don't particularly."

"Well, I'll tell you: it's Tom Rodney, and I hope you ask him to lunch."

"Not today, Nellie."

The woman stumped off into the kitchen, muttering beneath her breath.

Gillian put down her coffee-cup, crossed to the window, and picked up the binoculars. Tom Rodney was already at work repairing the storm damage to his yacht. He was splicing an eye into a wire stay and she could see the concentration upon his brow. He had good shoulders and a well-shaped head. His hands, she thought, were curiously like her father's: lean, long-fingered hands with small wrists.

When he moved on to the other side of the yacht and the cabin top hid him from sight, she ran down to the dinghy, hoping to get away unobserved. He hailed her as she

started the engine. Immediately, she opened the throttle, pretending not to hear, and was soon on her way downstream.

The giant petrel was waiting for her. As long as it could not take off, it seemed content to paddle among the rocks, relying upon her for its food. She spent most of the morning catching fish for it. After lunch, she tried to read but could not concentrate.

Finally, she closed her eyes and yielded, as she always did in the end, to the soft insistent clamor of the past.

The past was a crystal ball, imprisoning all her happiness. She spent most of her waking hours gazing into it. Here were the

golden days of her girlhood, the glowing warmth of family life.

It was nearly dark when she returned home. There was a light in the cabin of the yacht and she had a feeling that the young man was watching her.

Nellie, her hands on her hips, was waiting for her on the stoep.

"Where you been, Miss Yillian? You never came home to lunch."

"I took something with me, Nellie."

"You never stayed away all day before; not since your daddy died. You frightened of that young Engelsman or something?"

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## LULUBELLE



"I want something light, but gay and provocative . . . to wear to a barbecue."

## CURRY IN INDIA



Here is a recipe from the North of India, the New Delhi region, called Murgh Korma: Spiced Chicken in Yoghurt and Sauce. Try it. You can grind the spices yourself if you wish to do it in the Indian manner, or you can use 3 dessertspoons of Keen's Curry Powder; Keen's is a blend of many herbs and spices.

2-2½ lbs. chicken pieces — breast and legs  
1 cup yoghurt, 3 level teaspoons salt  
2 onions — finely chopped  
1 clove garlic — crushed  
½ cup ghee or clarified fat  
2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup tomato puree  
¼ cup chicken stock or water  
4 whole cardamoms — cracked  
6 peppercorns, 6 whole cloves  
1 cinnamon stick — 2" long, 2 bay leaves  
1 level teaspoon turmeric  
1 level tablespoon coriander  
1 level teaspoon ground cummin seeds  
½ level teaspoon ground chilli pepper  
½ level teaspoon ground ginger

**NOTE:** Three level dessertspoons Keen's Curry Powder replaces the 10 curry spices. Just add it to the onion and cook a few minutes before adding the chicken.

Mix the chicken pieces with the yoghurt and the salt in a basin and set aside for 1 hour. Lightly fry the onion and garlic in the heated ghee or clarified fat until well softened. Tie the cracked cardamoms, peppercorns, cloves, cinnamon stick and crushed bay leaves in a cotton bag and place into the onions with the turmeric, coriander, cummin seeds, chilli pepper and ginger. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add the chicken and cook a further 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Cover tightly and simmer for 40-45 minutes or until the chicken is tender. Add the lemon juice, tomato puree and stock or water and cook a further 10 minutes. Remove the cotton bag. Serve curry hot with boiled rice. Serves 6 — or halve the ingredients to serve 3.

For more recipes write to:  
Keen's Curry, Box 80, West Ryde, N.S.W.

**KEEN'S**  
  
**CURRY**  
FINEST QUALITY CURRY POWDER

To the Indian housewife, "curry" means a richly spiced sauce. It can be thick or thin. Indian housewives grind their own "curry powder". Indian tradition demands that the cook grind or bruise whole spices as they are needed in the day's cooking. Turmeric, for instance, is used in almost everything. It helps to preserve food and gives it a pleasant yellow colour. Chillies are whole, green dry, red or powdered. Ginger is considered good for digestion, and many people eat it not only in food but in crystallised form — after a meal.

Mustard, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, Cloves, Poppy and Caraway seeds are all familiar to you. Coriander seeds or leaves are used in practically every Indian dish, probably because they are supposed to have a cooling effect on the body. Cardamoms are strong and sweet and used in almost every Indian dessert, and in some of the richer meat dishes. Saffron is delicate and costly. But it doesn't need much to give its pale yellow tint and subtle fragrance to rice or curries.

Indians curry anything: meat, fish, fowl, eggs or vegetables. They are always fried in ghee (pure clarified butter), or a vegetable fat; they are always more or less spiced according to the cook's fancy and they are always served with rice.



WHAT A RELIEF!

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the most  
UNOBTUSIVE way

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**Scholl**  
SOFT GRIP  
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NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 294.—GIRL'S FROCK

This pretty little girl's frock is available cut out to make in royal-blue, gold, brown, and wine silk-finished corduroy. Sizes 2 and 4 years, £1/13/6; 6 and 8 years, £1/15/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

### No. 295.—SET OF THREE DOILIES

This set of three doilies is available cut out to embroider on pink, blue, or green pure Irish linen. Price is 6/9 for set, plus 9d. postage and dispatch.

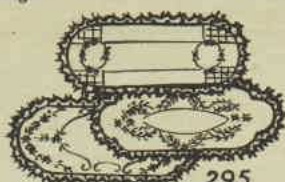
### No. 296.—TEENAGE SHIFT

This smart teenage shift is available cut out to make in powerhouse-pink, white, and brown pure wool frocking. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, £3/4/-; 34 and 36in. bust, £3/6/-. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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## THE DARK PHASE

Continued from page 37

"I'm not frightened of him, Nellie."

Nellie's voice was soft with concern. "If you ask me, Miss Yillian, you frightened of life."

Gillian ignored the accusation, so gently made and gently meant, but in bed that night she could not get it out of her mind. It's true, she brooded; I'm living too much in the past. I must make an effort to meet people again and live a normal life.

She tried to visualise her father's face, but the outline was blurred and fluctuating. And, when a face did swim into focus, it was not her father's face after all, but that of the young man on the yacht.

When she awoke next morning, she immediately thought of this young man. I'll ask him to lunch, she decided, bracing herself against the prospect of the ordeal. That's what I'll do. I can't go on running away from strangers for ever.

Now that she had made the decision she felt a tremor of excitement running through her. This day was something special; it meant something. She lay back on her pillow, planning what she would wear: the yellow cotton, perhaps, that went so well with her black hair and hazel eyes. Afterwards, they might even go water-skiing.

Gaily, she threw back the covers and swung her slender suntanned legs out of bed. At the window she paused: the same old heron strutted among the ribbony leaves of kelp; a jellyfish like an opalescent rose bubble lay stranded on the sand; the surface of the river was black and gold, only the banks were mirrored in it. The little yacht had gone.

"What does Miss Yillian expect?" Nellie demanded when she brought in the tea. "A man knows when he's not welcome; besides, he's sailing to the West Indies. I told you." She shook her head.

"The good Lord sends you a nice young man like that and you throw him away."

There was no sign of the "Blue Petrel" when Gillian went down to the river mouth that morning. A light breeze had sprung up, strong enough to fill the sails of a yacht but not strong enough to launch the giant petrel into the air.

The big bird was quite tame by this time. Gillian stroked its dark feathers, glad of its company.

"The other one's gone," she told it, "and I think it's time you went, too."

She went back to the cottage for lunch, put on some rope-soled shoes, collected her rucksack and some old nylon stockings, and returned to the cove in the lee of Sweet River Rock. The giant petrel came waddling toward her.

"Don't be afraid," she murmured, winding a stocking around the strong beak. Blindfolding the bird, she tied its legs together and managed to stow the body into the rucksack, leaving the great dark wings to hang down on either side.

All this time, the bird struggled very little. It's almost as if he trusts me, Gillian thought. She slung the heavy rucksack on her shoulders, leaning forward slightly under its weight. Then she waded through the shallows to the base of the rock.

Slowly, she began to climb, selecting the route she had taken the previous

summer. Sometimes, the decaying granite crumbled beneath her weight, and once she was left suspended by her fingertips, the bird fluttering uneasily upon her back.

(Later, a vagrant, taking a short cut along the coast, was to tell Mr. Stoffel van Vuuren, a Bredasdorp farmer, of an angel he had seen climbing Witkop: an angel with the body of a young girl and dark wings folded back from her shoulders, her ankles brushed by their feathery tips.)

Gillian climbed in the fierce sunlight, shirt clinging to her body, shoulders cut by the rucksack straps. Sea birds swarmed around her with thin cries of alarm at this invasion of their lofty perch.

The rock slanted to a rounded point, the acrid fish fumes of the guano stinging her eyes. The beer bottles were still there. Thankfully, she put down her load.

She unpacked the giant petrel and removed its bonds. It immediately craned its neck and looked down at the green water creaming over the rocks far below. Gillian could see the glint of one jewelled eye; it suddenly blazed at her as she blinked away a tear. The bird shook out its magnificent, chocolate-colored wings, flapped them experimentally, and launched itself into space.

## FEARFULLY,

Gillian watched it go, gliding down almost to sea level before its beating wings brought it back almost to the height of Witkop again. Burnished by the afternoon sun, it flew boldly into the southern skies.

The bird was in its dark phase; later its plumage would change to a shining white.

The dark phase—Gillian turned the description over in her mind. She, too, had been through the dark phase and, in some strange way, the giant petrel had helped her to break away from it.

Gillian Ward stood proudly on top of Witkop, eyes sweeping the vast panorama of sea and sky. And then she saw it: the merest speck in the distance. She watched it for a long time, waiting for it to disappear, but it seemed to be growing larger.

Finally, when she knew without doubt that it was coming back, she climbed down to the beach and waited at the point where the river runs into the sea.

Just before sunset, the "Blue Petrel" with Tom Rodney at the helm sailed past her on the way to its old anchorage.

And, this time, it was Gillian who waved.

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One thing she'll never outgrow: Johnson's Baby Shampoo



Johnson's removes jam and plasticine and all the other things children collect in their hair. But it's specially made not to sting or burn the eyes. It takes the tears out of shampoo time, puts a fresh young lustre

back into hair. (Along with a pleasant, natural smell that seems to whisper: Cleannnnnn).

**Johnson's BABY SHAMPOO**  
for the special care of growing hair





*Don't discard the man younger than yourself when you're looking for an ideal husband, writes Elizabeth Quastel, a happy Australian housewife who followed her heart and ignored hurtful remarks about "cradle-snatching."*

# 'They said I'd be crazy to marry him'

● They said I'd be crazy to marry him, even though he was everything I wanted in a husband, because he was nine years younger than I.

**GIRLFRIENDS** warned: "It isn't now that matters—it's in a few years' time. You'll be nearly 40 while he's still in his 20s."

If I'd listened to them I would have denied myself some of the happiest years of my life and, perhaps, like some of them, would still be searching for "Mr. Right."

It was a difficult decision to make and one I had to make alone. (My mother, fortunately, withheld her opinion, feeling I was of an age to know my own mind.)

After waiting four years to be free of one disastrous marriage I wasn't anxious to make a similar mistake.

My first husband had been many years older, so I knew the pitfalls of vast age differences.

I met my present husband at a social evening. We liked each other immediately and surprised each other by discovering just how much we had in common.

It seemed only natural that he would drive me home and that we would see one another again.

It may seem strange, but the subject of age didn't come up. We simply enjoyed each other's company. We went to the theatre, we discussed books we had read.

I still remember the night I found out his age — 21. I didn't believe him. He looked older and mentally he seemed much more mature. He assured me he wasn't joking. I didn't tell him my age.

Later, after he'd gone, I was disturbed by my feelings of disappointment. I hadn't realised how important he had become to me. For the first time in years I had started to enjoy life.

## Just plain miserable

I admitted to myself that I had, in fact, been considering how it would be not to have to part each evening, to spend our lives together. Now I realised this was impossible.

How could I expect a young man of 21 to marry me? I was 30 and had already been married. That night I cried myself to sleep.

Nevertheless, we continued to see each other. I consoled myself with the thought "After all, why shouldn't we be friends?"

Then, when I found he was getting serious, I thought it wise for his sake to see him less often. He was puzzled, I knew, and I was just plain miserable. Finally I decided to finish it. A clean break seemed best.

I told him how old I was. He was surprised, but said it made no difference. He was eager for us to get married. I said I'd have to think about it.

At 30 one's matrimonial chances are considerably less than they are at, say, 22. True, there had been offers of marriage these past years, but I wasn't interested in marriage just for the sake of marriage.

I didn't like living alone, but I had many interests and I'd become philosophical about it. To me loneliness was better than an unhappy marriage.

But always I longed for the fulfilment of marriage with someone I cared about. And I longed for a child.

Soon I got round to asking myself what was there to think about really. After all, I had found the man I wanted to marry and he wanted to marry me.

It was as simple as that.

All that stood in our way was conventional thought. What would other people think when I married someone so much younger? I decided it didn't matter what they thought. It was my life.

But then there was George to consider. How would he feel in ten years' time? Would I be a burden to him? Would he later regret giving up his freedom and wish he'd married a younger girl? Time alone would tell.

I had very little money of my own. A trip abroad had helped heal my spirit after my broken marriage, but it hadn't added to my bank balance — and so, a mere £100, a full bookcase, and some well-patched household linen made up my dowry.

George, being of a saving disposition, had £500 and a tired old car. His job paid little and was none too secure.

It wasn't much to start on. If we were ever to own our own home I would have to work five years at least. That would make me 35 before I could start a family.

This was a sad thought for me, because I felt I had already wasted too many years, but I was determined to pull my weight in this marriage.

We talked it all out and we decided to take our chances! We heard of an old weekend cottage several miles from Sydney that was becoming vacant in a fortnight. It was a ramshackle old place with an outside toilet and a primitive shower under the house.

At £7/15/- a week it was the cheapest home we could find, and we hoped while there to be able to save something each week toward a deposit on a house nearer the city.

We had a simple registry-office wedding. No honeymoon, we decided — we couldn't afford one.

Relatives barely concealed their disapproval and friends made dire predictions. All were waiting to say: "I told you so."

Since we wanted only positive thoughts in this marriage and refused to let ourselves be weighed down with this avalanche of gloomy forebodings, we kept very much to ourselves. I retained a few "real" friends who were genuinely glad to see me happy and honestly wished us well.

The first years were not easy. We had all the struggles of any young couple saving for a home. As with any marriage, we had our adjustment difficulties at first.

We weathered that first difficult year but saved nothing. Anything we might have saved went into repairs to keep the car going. And this was necessary, because, living so far out, we'd have been stranded without it.

Next we decided to shift nearer town into something less spacious and really save. It meant giving up our precious privacy for a while, but in a bed-sitter we saved on rent and car expenses and our bank balance started to grow.

We had one ruling, an important one especially for us, that no matter how much I managed to earn we would live only on George's salary. (My earnings all went into the house fund.)

Sometimes I had to use my imagination and do miracles with rice or spaghetti, but we stuck to this pact.

It wasn't always happiness sublime, but, then, is any marriage?

## Don't make yourself at home!

● "Make yourself at home," you said when your house-guests arrived. But did you really mean it?

**L**ET'S face it, few of us behave as well at home as we do when we're "out." The old expression "street angel, house devil" applies to most of us, unfortunately.

I, for one, don't want my guests to make themselves at home, if that means behaving at their abominable worst. I want them to remember their party manners.

I want them to be on time for meals, to let the water out of the bath or wash-basin when they've finished using it; to close doors and gates when they go out (if there are young children around); and most of all, to conceal their likes and dislikes in the matter of food.

Maybe I'm a fanatic on this point, but I well recall my own childhood. My mother was the gentlest soul ever born and made few hard-and-fast rules for my sister and me.

But on one point she was adamant: "You may eat what you like at home, but when you go out, you eat what is put in front of you."

And we did. Many is the plate of rhubarb I've ploughed through when visiting, though I hate the stuff. To this day, I'm still

allowances for people who would suffer considerable discomfort if they ate a particular food to which they are allergic.

My criticism is levelled at people who have no such excuse, who simply refuse, or allow their children to refuse, to eat something just

has just been left on a table doesn't appeal too much.

Maybe at home this sort of guest would turn up the radio or TV to full strength, and no one would object. But when he or she is at my home, I prefer that the regulating of this be left to me.

And I don't appreciate being asked to switch from one program to another because "we always watch (or listen to) this at home."

I expect my guests to lend a hand with the tea-towel from time to time, or to offer to cut up the salad if I'm flat but doing something else.

And, so help me, if another child runs with bare, dirty feet over a floor I've just washed, I'll take a stick to him or her and to the casually-watching parents, too.

Do I sound like the world's most disagreeable hostess? Or do others agree with me?

**A READER'S STORY**  
(The writer supplied her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous.)

shocked when I hear guests tell their hostess they "don't like" a dish she has served.

Children offend most in this regard, but the worst offender, in my opinion, is the parent who sits calmly by while young Susie or Sam announces blandly that he or she "doesn't like" what has just been put in front of him or her.

Any reasonable hostess would, of course, make

because they don't like the taste of it.

Another "hate" of mine is guests who "make themselves at home" to the extent of going to the refrigerator for food and drinks whenever they feel like it.

That part isn't so bad if they take the trouble to put things back when they have satisfied their wants, but cleaning up the soggy mess of an ice-cream block that

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

The hardest thing to bear was waiting for a child. At no time did this heartache lessen, but I kept it to myself and we were happy, just the two of us.

And the heartache did spur my efforts to get our house paid off sooner.

As things worked out, I started to earn considerably more than George. My work was specialised and George was able to help me a lot with the arduous work I had to bring home.

This way our income went up and we were able to cut off five months from the five years I planned to work.

## Child makes difference

As soon as our home was within three months of being paid off we started a family and our little daughter was born just two months before my 36th birthday. I worked all the time until she arrived.

It's strange the difference a child makes. My husband's relatives had been sceptical about our marriage, but when the baby arrived all doubts were swept away in rejoicing.

Friends (my real ones) say I look younger now than I did five years ago. New friends we have made do not suspect any age difference. Our happy years together have cancelled them out.

Our fifth anniversary is coming up and I have never enjoyed life more. George, I think, can say the same.

What of the future? This is something nobody can predict with any certainty. I only know I would not exchange the past five years for anything.

Even looking on the dark side, which doesn't hurt at times, if my husband did become attracted to someone younger, I would still have had some wonderful years.

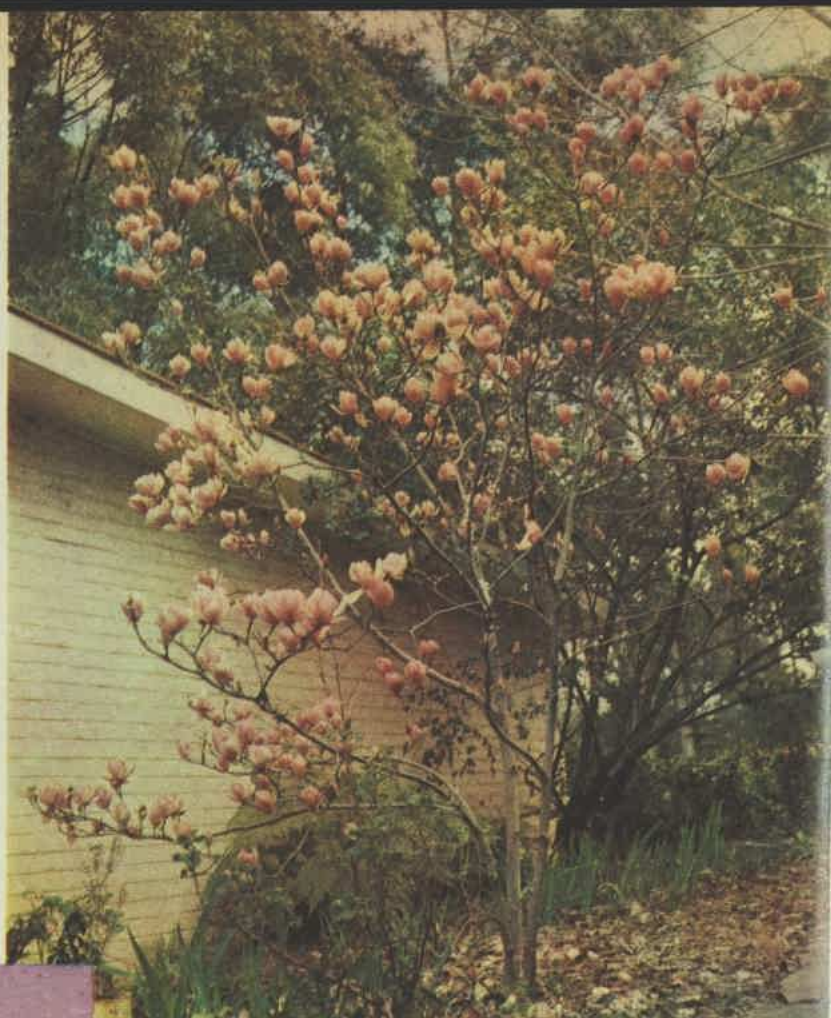
Had I listened to other folk I would have denied myself a loving husband, a lovely baby, and the five best years of my life.

So, girls, when searching for your ideal mate, don't discard the man younger than yourself. You could be throwing away a wonderful husband and a lot of happiness.





*MAGNOLIA LILIFLORA* var. *nigra* has flowers deep purple on the outside and pink or whitish within.



ABOVE: *Magnolia soulangeana*, in the garden of Miss C. G. Bayliss, Turramurra, N.S.W.

BELOW: *Magnolia grandiflora* is a native of southern U.S.A., where it is often known as the Bull Bay.

## MAGNOLIAS

# BEAUTY IN DIVERSITY



*MAGNOLIA DENUDATA* (*M. conspicua*) grows up to 30ft. This bloom came from Mrs. Arthur Davis' garden at Cammeray, N.S.W.

AT RIGHT: *Michelia figo* ("Port Wine Magnolia") is closely related to magnolias, differing mainly in the flowers being borne in the leaf axils.





# Those generous magnolias

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Magnolias — the name has a touch of poetry in it — are fairly easily grown and generous in their offerings of flowers and foliage.

**F**EW garden scenes are more delightful than a flowering magnolia with a background of greenery or set in a lawn with the fallen petals carpeting the grass.

The deciduous species flower usually in spring, but sometimes they wait a little for the elegant background of their own soft, green leaves.

In winter the large buds appear at the ends of branchlets and often have a covering of brown or greyish hairs, giving interest to the garden. The flowers are large (usually chalice-shaped or like a tulip), have lovely restrained colors in white, pink, or purples, and are usually fragrant.

These are followed by large handsome leaves. Although rather slow growing they compensate by coming into flower while still small.

They prefer a deep, moist soil rich in humus, in cool and temperate climates, and with slight shade, although doing quite well in full sun if not grilled. Most dislike lime and need protection from wind.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 207

Magnolias are not the easiest of plants to propagate. The deciduous ones are mostly layered; select low branches close to the ground, using healthy growth of the previous season, in spring or autumn.

Some growers are successful with cuttings in early summer, using rather short, half-ripened wood of the current year's growth.

There are many species of magnolia, but the ones in cultivation can be divided into two groups: those from North America, Mexico, and Costa Rica, and a larger group from China, Japan, Malaya, and the Philippines.

The majority grown are deciduous plants, but several are evergreen. The genus was named after the Frenchman Pierre Magnol, director of the Botanic Gardens at Montpellier in the late 17th century.

Many species are now in cultivation. But those most commonly available include these deciduous types:

**MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA** originated as a garden hybrid near Paris over 140 years ago and retains its popularity as a free-flowering and beautiful plant. In spring it is covered with tulip-like flowers, up to 6in. across. Grows up to 12ft.; comes into flower at an early age. The variety *lancei* has larger flowers and leaves, and the flowers are a rich rosy purple on the outside. The variety *alba superba* has white flowers, freely produced.

**M. LILIFLORA**, a native of China (often wrongly known as *M. obovata*), forms a several-stemmed shrub up to 10ft. high with flowers wine-purple on the outside and almost white within, followed by dark green leaves up to 6in. long. Needs protection from wind. In the variety *nigra* the flowers are deep purple on the outside and pink or whitish within. It is sometimes listed by nurserymen as *M. soulangeana* var. *nigra*.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 208

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Adequate moisture, especially in summer, is essential and good drainage is important. They are not hard to grow and need little if any shaping. Most seem to place their branches with careful artistry.

Their weakness is their rooting system, which is intolerant of disturbance. The fleshy roots are easily broken and deteriorate rapidly if injured.

When planting young stock take great care of the roots, even the tiny ones. They can be transplanted if it is done carefully, preferably when the young growth is starting. Shifting, however, should be avoided as much as possible, so choose the site as a permanent one.

Don't plant close to other shrubs or trees if this means much competition. The flowers are fairly easily damaged by wind, and in some cases by frost, so let them have a protected site.

Some birds, including the bulbul, are fond of the buds and petals and may destroy their beauty.

If possible mulch the ground well with rotted manure, leaves, or compost. Fertilisers can be used in the spring.

**M. DENUDATA (M. CONSPICUA)**, sometimes known as the Yulan Magnolia, is another Chinese plant, growing up to 30ft. but often smaller. The white tulip-like flowers have a delicate fragrance. In winter the large grey hairy buds draw attention.

**M. STELLATA**, from Japan, is a lovely shrub, growing to 8ft. or more, often with several stems. Has white fragrant flowers in spring, consisting of many narrow petals. It comes into flower at an early age.

**M. CAMPBELLII**, a native of the Himalayas, is one of the finest flowering trees, but requires a fairly large garden, as it grows to 30ft. or more. The large fragrant flowers, up to 10in. across are pale pink inside and deep rose on the outside. Does best in moist, temperate climates.

**M. SIEBOLDII**, from Japan and Korea, forms a bushy shrub up to 10ft. high, with fragrant white flowers, highlighted by a cluster of red stamens in the centre. The flowers appear with the young leaves in late spring or early summer.

Two evergreen species are commonly grown:

**M. GRANDIFLORA**, a native of southern U.S.A., where it is often known as Bull Bay. This forms a magnificent tree under the right conditions, and will grow up to 50ft., although usually smaller. Creamy-white fragrant flowers, up to 9in. across, are produced freely during the summer. A cool, temperate climate is best, but it stands conditions other than very cold or tropical districts.

**MICHELIA FIGO** ("Port Wine Magnolia") is often listed as *Magnolia fusata* and is very closely related to magnolias. It is a very attractive evergreen shrub, up to 10ft. high, with small purplish flowers often somewhat hidden by the leaves but strongly perfumed. One plant can add fragrance to the whole garden.

Continued from page 32

FOR KICKS

Leaving him, I went along to the tack room and took a new head collar out of the basket of stores. This was strictly against the rules: only Cass was supposed to issue new tack. I took the head collar along to Mickey's box and fitted it on to him, removing the one he had weakened by constant fretting during his fortnight's illness and hiding it under a pile of straw. I unclipped the tethering chain from the old collar and clipped it on to the ring of the new one. I patted Mickey's neck, which he didn't like, walked out of his box, and shut and bolted only the bottom half of the door.

We rode out the first lot and the second lot; and by then, I judged, Mickey's brain, without its morning dose, would be coming out of its sedation.

Leading Dobbin, the horse I had just returned on, I went to look at Mickey over the stable door. His head was weaving weakly from side to side, and he seemed very restless. Poor creature, I thought. Poor creature. And for a few seconds I was going to make him suffer more.

Humber stood at his office door talking to Cass. The lads were bustling in and out looking after their horses, buckets were clattering, voices calling to each other: routine stable noise. I was never going to have a better opportunity.

I began to lead Dobbin across the yard to his box. Half-way there I took the whistle out of my belt and pulled off its cap: then, looking round to make sure that no one was watching, I turned my head over my shoulder, put the tiny mouthpiece to my lips, and blew hard. Only a thread of sound came out, so high that I could hardly hear it above the clatter of Dobbin's feet on the ground.

The result was instantaneous and hideous.

Mickey screamed with terror. His hoofs threshed wildly against the floor and walls, and the chain which held him rattled as he jerked against it.

**I** WALKED Dobbin quickly the few remaining yards into his stall, clipped his chain on, zipped the whistle back into my belt, and ran across toward Mickey's box. Everyone else was doing the same. Humber was limping swiftly down the yard.

Mickey was still screaming and crashing his hoofs against the wall as I looked into his box over the shoulders of Cecil and Lenny. The poor animal was on his hind legs, seemingly trying to beat his way through the bricks in front of him. Then suddenly, with all his ebbing strength, he dropped his forelegs to the ground and charged backwards.

"Look out," shouted Cecil, instinctively retreating from the frantically bunching hind-quarters, although he was safely outside a solid door.

Mickey's tethering chain was not very long. There was a sickening snap as he reached the end of it and his backwards momentum was joltingly, appallingly stopped. His hind legs slid forward and he fell with a crash on to his side. His legs jerked stiffly. His head, still secured in the strong new head collar, was held awkwardly off the ground by the taut chain, and by its unnatural angle

told its own tale. He had broken his neck. As indeed, to put him quickly out of his frenzy, I had hoped he might.

Everyone in the yard had gathered outside Mickey's box. Humber, having glanced perfunctorily over the door at the dead horse, turned and looked broodingly at his six ragged stable lads. The narrow-eyed harshness of his expression stopped anyone asking him questions. There was a short silence.

"Stand in a line," he said suddenly. "Turn out your pockets."

Mystified, the lads obeyed. Cass went down the line, looking at what was produced and pulling the pockets out like wings to make sure they were empty. When he came to me I showed him a dirty handkerchief, a penknife, a few coins, and pulled my pockets inside out. He took the handkerchief from my hand, shook it out, and gave it back. The whistle at my waist was only an inch from his fingers.

"Back pocket?" asked Cass.



"Nothing in it," I said casually, turning half round to show him.

"All right. Now you, Kenneth."

Humber watched and waited until Kenneth's pockets had been innocently emptied: then he looked at Cass and jerked his head toward the loose-boxes. Cass rooted around in the boxes of the horses we had just exercised. He finished the last, came back, and shook his head. Humber pointed silently toward the garage which sheltered his Bentley. Cass disappeared, reappeared, and again unexcitedly shook his head. In silence Humber limped away to his office, leaning on his heavy stick.

He couldn't have heard the whistle, and he didn't suspect that any of us had blown one for the sole purpose of watching its effect on Mickey, because if he had he would have had us stripped and searched from head to foot. He was still thinking along the lines of Mickey's death being an accident; and having found no whistle in any of the lads' pockets or in their horses' boxes he would conclude, I hoped, that it was none of that downtrodden bunch who had caused Mickey's brain-storm. If only Adams would agree with him, I was clear.

It was my afternoon for washing the car. Humber's own whistle was still there, tucked neatly into a leather retaining strap between a corkscrew and a pair of ice tongs. I looked, and left it where it was.

Adams came the next day. Mickey had gone to the dog-meat man, who had grumbled about his thinness,

and I had unobtrusively returned the new head collar to the store basket, leaving the old one dangling as usual from the tethering chain.

Even Cass had not noticed the substitution.

Adams and Humber strolled along to Mickey's empty box and leaned on the half door talking. Jerry poked his head out of the box next door, saw them standing there, and hurriedly disappeared again. I went normally about my business, fetching hay and water for Dobbin and carting away the muck sack.

"Roke," shouted Humber, "come here. At the double."

I hurried over. "Sir?"

"You haven't cleaned out this box."

"I'm sorry, sir. I'll do it this afternoon."

"You will do it," he said deliberately, "before you have your dinner."

"For a start," said Adams, "you can fetch out that bucket and put it away."

I opened the door, walked over, picked it up, turned round to go back, and stopped dead.

Adams had come into the box after me. He held Humber's walking-stick in his hand and he was smiling.

I dropped the bucket and backed into a corner. He laughed.

"No tranquillisers today, eh, Roke?"

I didn't answer.

He swung his arm and the knobbed end of the stick landed on my ribs. It was hard enough, in all conscience. When he lifted his arm again I ducked under it and bolted out through the door. His roar of laughter floated after me.

I tried to decide what was best to do. To go at once, resigned to the fact that I couldn't finish the job, or to stay the few days I safely could without arousing Adams' suspicions. But what, I depressedly wondered, could I discover in three or four days that I had been unable to discover in eight weeks.

It was Jerry, of all people, who decided for me. After supper we sat at the table with Jerry's comic spread open.

"Dan?" he asked. "Did Mr. Adams bash you?"

"Yes."

I suddenly remembered his having looked out of the box next to Mickey's before Adams and Humber had called me over.

"Jerry," I said slowly, "did you hear Mr. Adams and Mr. Humber talking while you were in the box with Mr. Adams' black hunter?"

"Yes," he said, without looking up.

"What did they say?"

"When you ran away Mr. Adams laughed and told the boss you wouldn't stand it long."

"Did you hear what they said before that? When they first got there and you looked out and saw them?"

"They were cross about Mickey. They said they would get on with the next one at once. Mr. Adams said you had been with Mickey too long, and the boss said yes, it was a bad ... oh, yes ... risk, and you had better leave, and Mr. Adams said yes, get on with that as quick as you can and we'll do the next one as soon as he's gone."

I said, "Jerry, I'm leaving here. You can't stay when Mr. Adams starts bashing you, can you? So I'll have to go."

Operation Eviction continued as much as expected the next day.

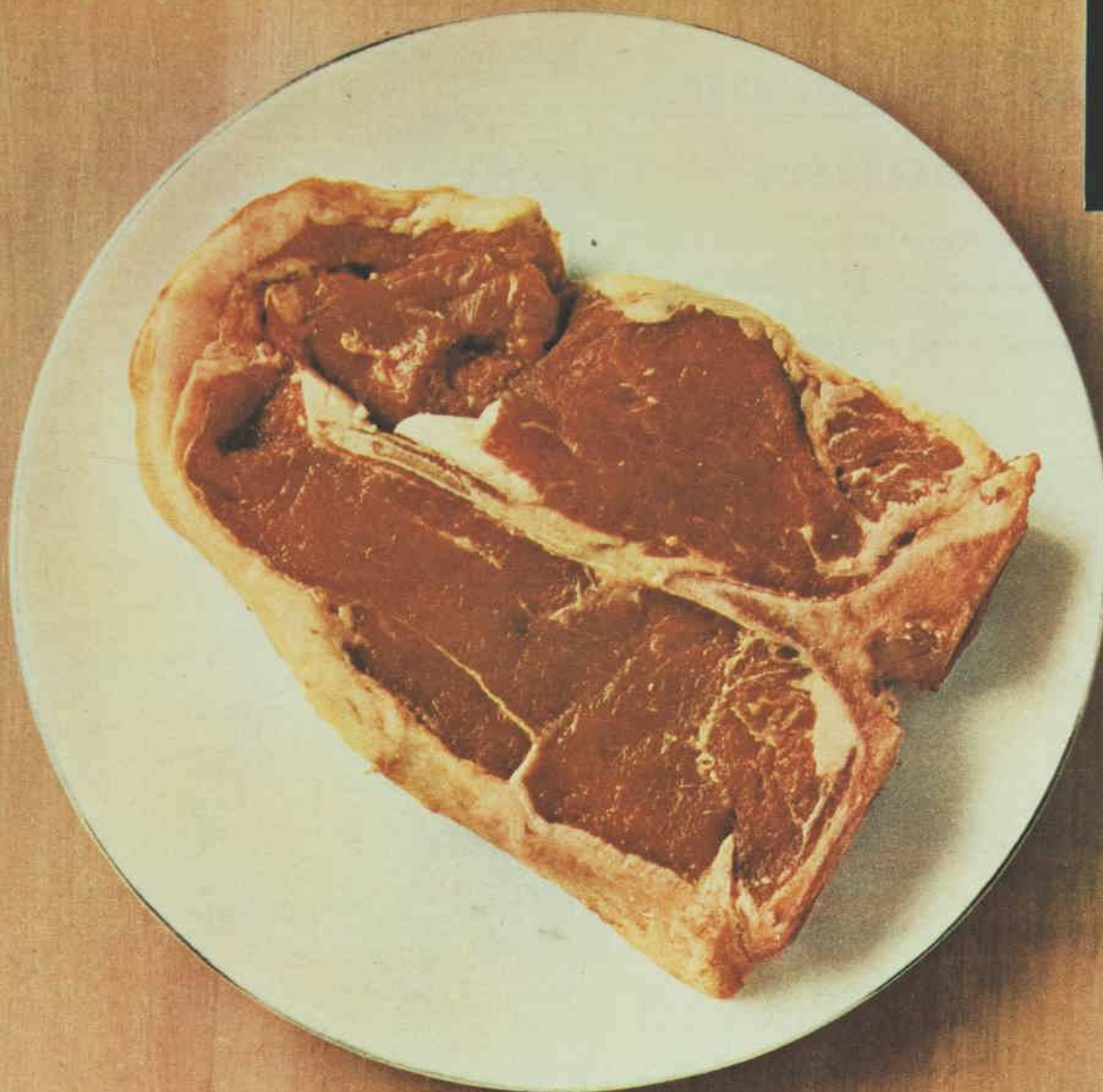
When I was busy unsaddling Dobbin after the second

To page 44

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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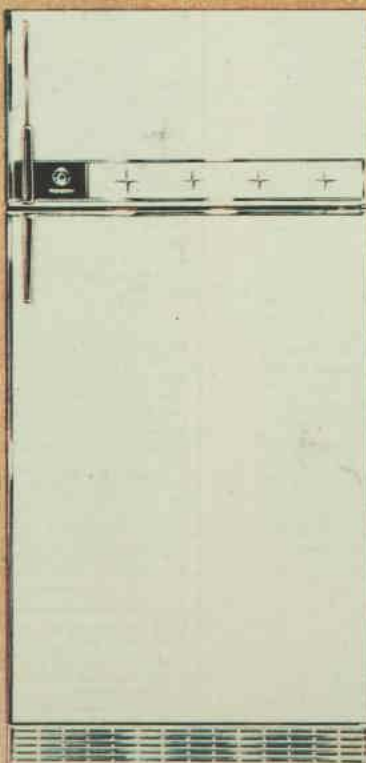
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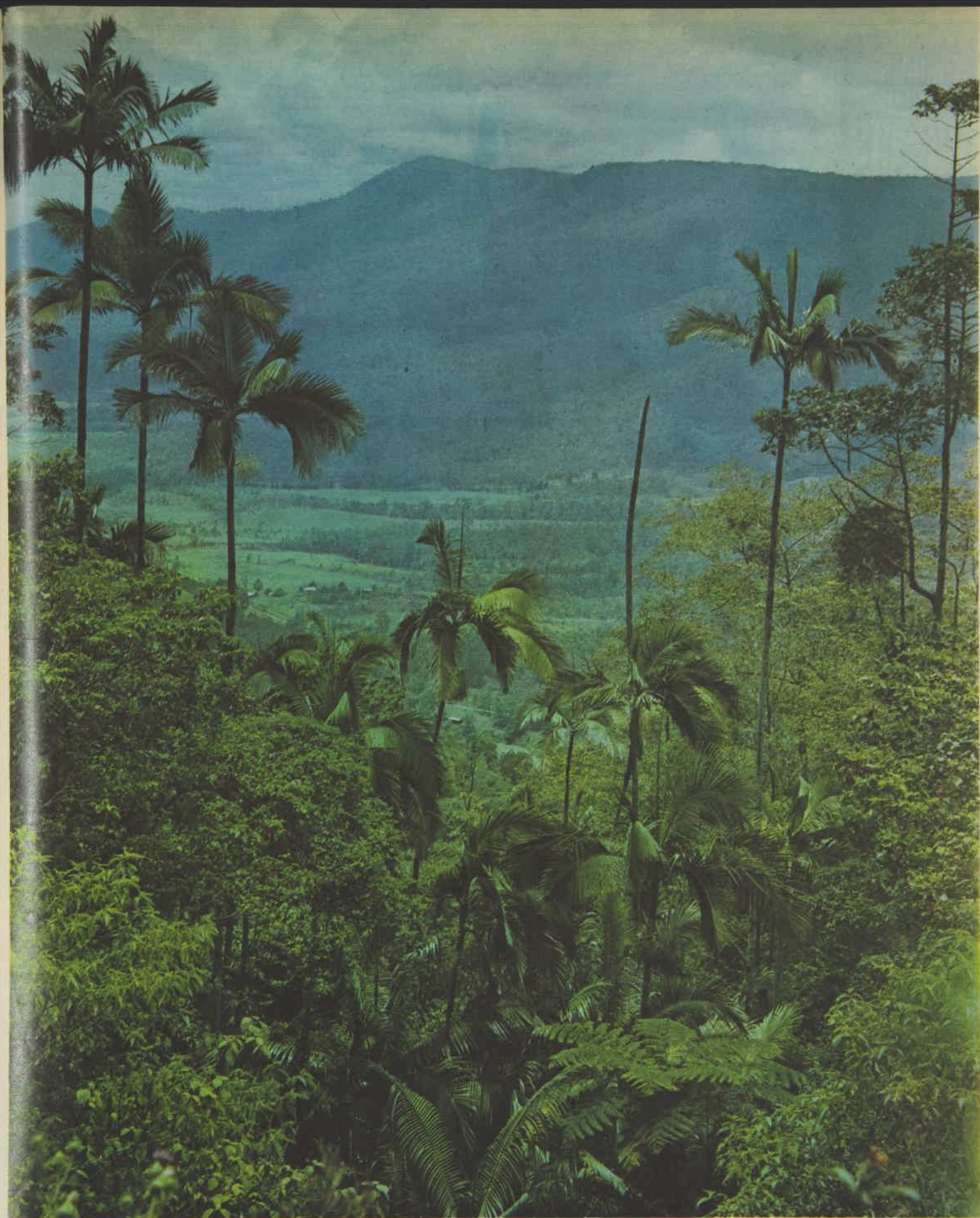
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# Westinghouse

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 4, 1965





## In "land of the clouds"

Picture by Adelle Hurley, Queensland.

*PIONEER VALLEY, a rich sugar-growing area, extends from Mackay, on the Queensland coast, to the foot of the Eungella Range, about 50 miles inland. Eungella (pronounced Yungulla) is an aboriginal word meaning "land of the clouds." The route to Eungella National Park, Queensland's largest, is through the Pioneer Valley. The park is famous for its rain forests and jungle beauty, timbered mountain slopes, palms, ferns, gorges, orchids, flowering shrubs, and waterfalls.*

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exercise Humber walked into the box behind me and his stick landed with a thud across my back.

"Cass tells me you were late back at work last Saturday."

I was straightening up when he hit me again, more or less in the same place, but much harder.

I shouted at him. "I'm leaving. I'm off. Right now."

"Very well," he said coldly, with perceptible satisfaction. "Go and pack. Your cards will be waiting for you in the office." He turned on his heel and slowly limped away, his purpose successfully concluded.

I biked to Clavering, a dreary mining town of mean back-to-back terraced streets jazzed-up with chromium and glass in the shopping centre, and telephoned to October's London house.

Terence answered. Lord October, he said, was in Germany, where his firm were opening a new factory.

"When will he be back?"

Continued from page 41

"Saturday morning, I think. He went last Sunday for a week."

"Is he going to Slaw for the weekend?"

"I think so. He said something about flying back to Manchester, and he's given me no instructions for anything here."

"Can you find the addresses and telephone numbers of Colonel Beckett and Sir Stuart Macclesfield for me?"

"Hang on a moment." There was fluttering of pages, and Terence told me the numbers and addresses. I wrote them down and thanked him.

"Your clothes are still here, sir," he said.

"I know," I grinned. "I'll be along to fetch them quite soon, I think."

We rang off, and I tried Beckett's number. A dry, precise voice told me that Colonel Beckett was out, but

that he would be dining at his club at nine and could be reached then. Sir Stuart Macclesfield, it transpired, was in a nursing home recovering from pneumonia. I had hoped to be able to summon some help in keeping a watch on Humber's yard so that when the horse-box left with Kandersteg on board it could be followed.

Armed with a rug and a pair of good binoculars bought in a pawnshop, some food and water, and some sheets of foolscap paper, I rode the motor-cycle back through Posset and out along the road which crossed the top of the valley in which Humber's stables lay.

Stopping at the point I had marked on my previous excursion, I wheeled the cycle a few yards down into the scrubby heathland, and found a position where I was off the skyline, more or less out of sight from passing

cars, and also able to look down into Humber's yard through the binoculars. It was one o'clock and there was nothing happening there.

I unbuckled the suitcase from the carrier and used it as a seat, settling myself to stay up there for a long time. Even if I could reach Beckett on the telephone at nine, he wouldn't be able to rustle up reinforcements much before the next morning.

There was, meanwhile, a report to make, a fuller, more formal, more explanatory affair than the notes scribbled in Posset's post office. I took out the foolscap paper and wrote, on and off, for most of the afternoon, punctuating my work by frequent glances through the binoculars. But nothing took place down at Humber's except the normal routine of the stable.

I began . . . "To the Earl of October.

Sir Stuart Macclesfield, Colonel Roderick Beckett, Sirs,

The following is a summary of the facts which have so far come to light during my investigations on your behalf, together with some deductions which it seems reasonable to make from them.

Paul James Adams and Hedley Humber started collaborating in a scheme for ensuring winners about four years ago, when Adams bought the Manor House and came to live at Telbridge, Northumberland.

Adams (in my admittedly untrained opinion) has a psychopathic personality, in that he impulsively gives himself pleasure and pursues his own needs without any consideration for other people or much apparent anxiety about the consequences to himself. His intelligence seems to be above average and it is he who gives the orders. I believe it is fairly common for psychopaths to be aggressive swindlers: it might be enlightening to dig up his life history.

Humber, though dominated by Adams, is not as irresponsible. He is cold and controlled at all times. I have never seen him genuinely angry (he uses anger as a weapon) and everything he does seems to be thought out and calculated. Whereas Adams may be mentally abnormal, Humber seems to be simply wicked. His comparative sanity may act as a brake on Adams and may have prevented their discovery before this.

Jud Wilson, the head travelling lad, and Cass, the head lad, are both involved, but only to the extent of being hired subordinates. Neither of them does as much stable work as their jobs would normally entail, but

they are well paid. Both own big cars of less than a year old.

Adams and Humber's scheme is based on the fact that horses learn by association and connect noises to events. If a horse is accustomed to a certain consequence following closely upon a certain noise, he automatically expects the consequence whenever he hears the noise. He reacts to the noise in anticipation of what is to come.

If something frightening were substituted the horse would soon begin to fear the noise, because of what it portended.

Fear is the stimulant which Adams and Humber have used. The appearance of all the apparently "doped" horses after they had won — the staring, rolling eyes, and the heavy sweats — was consistent with their having been in a state of terror.

THE noise which triggered off their fear is the high note of the sort of silent whistle normally used for training dogs. Horses can hear it well, though to human ears it is faint: this fact makes it ideal for the purpose, as a more obtrusive sound would soon have been spotted. Humber keeps a dog whistle in the drinks compartment of his Bentley.

I do not yet know for sure how Adams and Humber frighten the horses, but I can make a guess.

For a fortnight I looked after a horse known in the yard as Mickey (registered name Starlamp), who had been given the treatment. In Mickey's case, it was a disaster. He returned from three days' absence with large, raw patches on his forelegs and in a completely unhealed mental state.

The wounds on his legs were explained by the head lad as having been caused by the application of a blister. But there was no blister paste to be seen, and I think they were ordinary burns caused by some sort of naked flame. Horses are more afraid of fire than of anything else, and it seems probable to me that it is expectation of being burnt that Adams and Humber have harnessed to the sound of a dog whistle.

I blew a dog whistle to discover its effect on Mickey. It was less than three weeks after the association had been planted, and he reacted violently and unmistakably. If you care to, you can repeat this trial on Six-Ply, but give him room to bolt in safety.

Adams and Humber chose horses which looked promising throughout their racing careers, but had never won on account of running out of stamina at the last fence; and there are, of course, any number of horses like this.

To page 46

## Mothers! Save on school stockings!

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**KEEP** the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

They bought them cheaply one at a time from auction sales or out of selling races, instilled into them a noise-fear association, and quietly sold them again.

Having sold a horse with such a built-in accelerator, Adams and Humber then waited for it to run in a selling chase at one of five courses: Sedgfield, Haydock, Ludlow, Kelso, and Stafford. They seem to have been prepared to wait indefinitely for this combination of place and event to occur, and, in fact, it has only occurred twelve times (eleven winners and Superman) since the first case twenty months ago.

These courses were chosen, I imagine, because their extra long run-in gave the most room for the panic to take effect. The horses were often lying fourth or fifth when landing over the last fence and needed time to overhaul the leaders. If a horse were too hopelessly behind, Adams and Humber could just have left the whistle unblown, forfeited their stake money, and waited for another day.

Selling chases were preferred, I think, because horses are less likely to fall in them, and because of the good possibility of the winners changing hands yet again immediately afterwards.

None of the horses has been galvanised twice, the reason probably being that having once discovered they were not burnt after hearing the whistle they would be less likely to expect to be again. Their reaction would no longer be reliable enough to gamble on.

All the eleven horses won at very long odds, varying from 10/1 to 50/1, and Adams and Humber must have spread their bets thinly enough to raise no comment. I do not know how much Adams won on each race, but the least Humber made was seventeen hundred pounds, and the most was four thousand five hundred.

Details of all the processed horses, successful and unsuccessful, are recorded in a blue ledger at present to be found at the back of the third drawer down in the centre one of three green filing cabinets in Humber's stable office.

Basically, as you see, it is a simple plan. All they do is make a horse associate fire with a dog whistle, and then blow a whistle as he lands over the last fence.

They believe now that they are safe and undetected: and they intend, during the next few days, to plant fear in a horse called Kandersteg. I have left Humber's employ, and am writing this while keeping a watch on the yard. I propose to follow the horse-box when Kandersteg leaves in it, and discover where and how the heat is applied."

I stopped writing and picked up the binoculars. The lads were bustling about doing evening stables.

Deciding not to telephone, I added a postscript to the report.

"I would very much appreciate some help in this watch, because if it continues for several days I could easily miss the horse-box through falling asleep. I can be found two miles out of Posset on the Hexham road, at the head of the valley which Humber's stables lie in."

I added the time, the date, and signed my name. Then I folded the report into an envelope, and addressed it to Colonel Beckett.

I raced down to Posset to put the letter in the box outside the post office. Four miles. I was away for just under six minutes. I skidded

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Continued from page 44

to a halt at the top of the hill, but all appeared normal down in the stables. I wheeled the motor-cycle off the road again, down to where I had been before.

It was beginning to get dark and lights were on in nearly all the boxes, shining out into the yard. The dark looming bulk of Humber's house, which lay nearest to me, shut off from my sight his brick office and all the top end of the yard, but I had a sideways view of the closed doors of the horse-box garage, and I could see straight into the far end row of boxes, of which the fourth from the left was occupied by Kandersteg.

And there he was, a pale washy chestnut, moving across and catching the light as Bert tossed his straw to make him comfortable for the night. I sighed with relief, and sat down again to watch.

One by one the doors were shut and the lights went out until only a single window glowed yellow, the last window along the right row of boxes, the window of the lads' kitchen. I put down the binoculars, and got to my feet and stretched.

I looked at my watch. Almost eight o'clock.

Nothing happened all night, but finally at six-fifteen the light went on again in

## FOR KICKS

I wheeled the bike on to the road, started it, and rode with some dispatch toward the crossroads. There, from a safe quarter of a mile away, I watched the horse-box slow down, turn right, northward, and accelerate.

I crouched in a ditch all day and watched Adams, Humber, and Jud Wilson scare Kandersteg into a lathering frenzy.

The thin, high hedge round the whole field was laced with wire to about shoulder height, strong, but without barbs. About fifteen feet inside this there was a second fence solidly made of posts and rails.

At first glance it looked like the arrangement found at many stud farms, where young stock are kept from damaging themselves on wire by a wooden protective inner fence. But the corners of this inner ring had been rounded, so that what in effect had been formed was a miniature racetrack between the outer and inner fences.

It all looked harmless. A field for young stock, a training place for racehorses, a show ring... take your pick. With a shed for storing equipment, just outside the gate at one corner. Sensible. Ordinary.

I half-knelt, half-lay in the drainage ditch which ran

gate out of the field and the rails which swung across like level-crossing gates on either side.

Jud let go of the horse, which quietly began to eat the grass, and he and Adams let themselves out and disappeared into the shed to join Humber. The shed, made of weathered wood, was built like a single loose-box, with a window and a split door, and I imagined it was there that Mickey had spent much of the three days he had been away.

There was a certain amount of clattering and banging in the shed, which went on for some time, but as I had only a sideways view of the door I could see nothing of what was happening.

Presently all three of them came out. Adams walked round behind the shed and reappeared beyond the field, walking up the hillside. He went at a good pace right to the top, and stood gazing about him at the countryside.

Humber and Wilson came through the gate into the field, carrying between them an apparatus which looked like a vacuum-cleaner, a cylindrical tank with a hose attached to one end. They put the tank down in the corner, and Wilson held the hose. Kandersteg, quietly cropping the grass close be-

ing hindquarters settled down to a more natural gallop.

Humber and Wilson stood and watched him, and Adams strolled down the hill to join them at the gate.

They let the horse slow down and stop of his own accord, which he did away to my right, after about three and a half circuits. Then Jud Wilson unhurriedly swung one of the barriers back across the track, and waving a stick in one hand and a hunting whip in the other, began to walk round to drive the horse in front of him along into the corner. Kandersteg trotted warily ahead, unsettled, sweating, not wanting to be caught.

Jud Wilson swung his stick and whip and trudged steadily on. Kandersteg trotted softly past where I lay, his hoofs swishing through the short grass; but I was no longer watching. My face was buried in the roots of the hedge, and I ached with the effort of keeping still.

**T**HERE was a rustle of trouser leg brushing against trouser leg, a faint clump of boots on turf, a crack of the long thong of the whip... and no outraged yell of discovery. He went past and on up the field.

The muscles which had been ready to expel me out of the ditch and away toward the hidden motor-cycle gradually relaxed. Cautiously, inch by inch, I raised my head and looked across the field.

The horse had reached the barrier and Wilson was unhooking and swinging the other one shut behind him, so that he was again penned into the small enclosure. There, for about half an hour, the three men left him. They walked back into the shed, where I could not see them, and I could do nothing but wait for them to appear again.

I didn't notice Jud Wilson walk out of the shed, but I heard the click of the gate, and there he was, going into the little enclosure and laying his hand on Kandersteg's bridle, for all the world as if he were consoling him. But how could anyone who liked horses set about them with a flame-thrower? And Jud, it was clear, was going to do it again. He left the horse, went over to the corner, picked up the hose, and stood adjusting its nozzle.

Presently Adams appeared and climbed the hill, and then Humber, limping on his stick, joined Jud in the field.

There was a long wait before Adams waved his hand, during which three can-passed along the lonely moorland road. Eventually Adams was satisfied. His arm languidly rose and fell.

Humber's hand went immediately to his mouth.

Kandersteg already knew what it meant. He was running back on his haunches in fear before the flame shot out behind him and stopped him dead.

This time there was a fiercer, longer, closer burst of fire, and Kandersteg erupted in greater terror. He came scorching round the track. But he stopped this time at the top end of the field, well away from my hiding place. Jud walked across the middle of the field to come up behind him, not round the whole track.

They shut Kandersteg into his little pen and strolled away into the shed, and cautiously, as quietly as I could in the rotting leaves, I flexed my arms and legs.

They were, however, plainly going to repeat the process yet again. The flame-thrower still lay close by the hedge.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



the lads' quarters, and the stable woke up. Half an hour later the first string of six horses wound its way out of the yard and down the road to Posset.

Almost before they were out of sight Jud Wilson drove into the yard and parked beside the horse-box shed. Cass walked across the yard to meet him, and the two of them stood talking together for a few minutes. Then through the binoculars I watched Jud go back to the shed and open its big double doors, while Cass made straight for Kandersteg's box, the fourth door from the end.

They were off. Jud Wilson backed the box into the centre of the yard and let down the ramp. Cass led the horse straight across and into the horse-box, and within a minute was out helping to raise and fasten the ramp again. There was then a fractional pause while they stood looking toward the house, from where almost instantly the limping back-view of Humber appeared.

Cass stood watching while Humber and Jud Wilson climbed up into the cab. The horse-box rolled forward out of the yard. The loading-up had taken barely five minutes from start to finish.

During this time I dropped the rug over the suitcase, slung the binoculars round my neck and zipped them inside my leather jacket. I put on my crash helmet, goggles, and gloves.

The horse-box turned sharply west and trundled up the far side of the valley along the road which crossed the one I was stationed on.

along behind the hedge near the end of one long side of the field, with the shed little more than a hundred yards away in the far opposite corner, to my left. The bottom of the hedge had been cut and laid, which afforded good camouflage for my head, but from about a foot above the ground the leafless Hawthorn grew straight up, tall and weedy; as concealing as a sieve. But, as long as I kept absolutely still, I judged I was unlikely to be spotted. At any rate, although I was really too close for safety, too close even to need to use the binoculars, there was nowhere else which gave much cover at all.

Getting to the ditch had entailed leaving the inadequate shelter of the last flattening shoulder of hillside and crossing fifteen yards of bare turf when none of the men was in sight. But retreating was going to be less pulse-quickenning since I had only to wait for the dark.

The horse-box was parked beside the shed, and almost as soon as I had worked my way round the hill to my present position there was a clattering of hoofs on the ramp as Kandersteg was unloaded. Jud Wilson led him round through the gate and on to the grassy track. Adams, following, shut the gate and then unlatched a swinging section of the inner fence and fastened it across the track, making a barrier. Walking past Jud and the horse he did the same with another section a few yards farther on, with the result that Jud and Kandersteg were now standing in a small pen in the corner. A pen with three ways out; the

side them, lifted his head and looked at them, incurious and trusting. He bent down again to eat.

Humber walked the few steps along to where the swinging rail was fastened to the hedge, seemed to be checking something, and then went back to stand beside Wilson, who was looking up toward Adams.

On top of the hill, Adams casually waved his hand.

Down in the corner of the field Humber had his hand to his mouth... I was too far away to see with the naked eye if what he held there was a whistle, and too close to risk getting out the glasses for a better look. But, even though, try as I might I could hear no noise, there wasn't much room for doubt. Kandersteg raised his head, pricked his ears, and looked at Humber.

Flame suddenly roared from the hose in Wilson's hand. It was directed behind the horse, but it frightened him badly all the same. He sat back on his haunches, his ears flattening. Then Humber's arms moved, and the swinging barrier, released by some sort of catch, sprang back to let the horse out on to the track. He needed no telling.

He stampeded round the field, skidding at the corners, lurching against the inner wooden rail, thundering past ten feet from my head. Wilson opened the second barrier, and he and Humber retired through the gate. Kandersteg made two complete circuits at high speed before his stretched neck relaxed to a more normal angle, and his wildly thrust-

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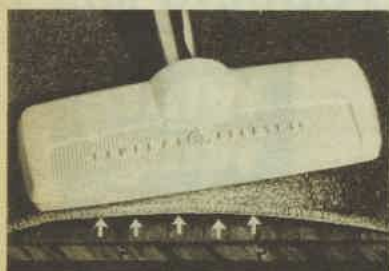




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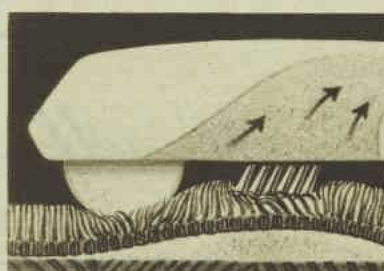
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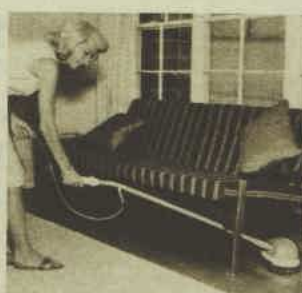
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# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● A few weeks ago I mentioned buying an African violet which I said would surely die — this having been my experience of African violets in the past. I find that I'm not altogether alone in this rather despairing attitude to the cultivation of these beautiful plants.

SEVERAL people have written to me in the past few weeks about other things, and have mentioned in passing that their experience has always been much the same.

Now I can say to them, "Don't despair — help is at hand." I've had a long and friendly letter from an office-bearer of the African Violet Society of Australia (did you know there was such a society?), together with two issues of the beautifully produced monthly journal of the society.

Having read the letter and the two copies of the magazine, I feel somewhat chastened — I have been guilty of ignorance, stupidity, and gross cruelty to violets!

So, probably, have you, if you planked your pot down on any old window-sill facing any old way, and then grumbled because your plant didn't flower.

Don't let any of this give you the idea you can't grow them. My correspondent writes: "We want not only our own members but everyone living in Australia who owns one or has lost their self-confidence through unhappy experiences with African violets to know that, quite literally, anyone can grow them, but, like anything else worth while, you must know something about them first . . ."

"Most African violets are lost through wrong watering; the golden rule is that the surface soil *MUST* be dry to the fingers before you water again — this might mean in summer you water every day and in winter once in four weeks. I *NEVER* use water less than lukewarm — and in winter often quite hot water."

*Some with plain petals,  
some with frills . . .*

LET me tell you a few other things I've learnt by a quick reading of the two copies of the journal.

There are literally dozens of different types of African violet — peach and rose and dusty pinks, variegated whites and fuchsias, blues, lavenders; there are some with plain leaves and some with variegated leaves; there are singles and doubles, some with plain petals, some with frills.

They need mild sunshine, and won't do well at a window shaded by trees; plants grown at windows should be shielded from hot midday sun, and should be turned one quarter turn every other day to ensure that their growth is even.

They need humidity (in Africa they grow in rock pockets on the cliffs above tropical rain forests), but you can't provide the humidity they need by standing the pots in a dish of water.

Instead you use a container of water and stand your pot on an upturned saucer so that it's above the waterline; or use wire mesh over the water container to hold the pots, or a layer of small stones or gravel.

The ideal temperature for them is 65 to 70 degrees at night, with a five to ten degree rise during the day. They don't like draughts, but they need fresh air and, like people, they need their rest. They won't flourish where they are kept in perpetual light — they need their eight hours of darkness in every 24.

All that might sound complicated, but it's not really. Those conditions can be supplied in most homes, and with a minimum of trouble.

If you would like to know more about African violet cultivation or about the society (it has branches in several States), you can write to the Honorary Secretary at 31 Panoramic Grove, Glen Waverley, Victoria.

*Nobody refuses that  
second helping!*

ABOUT four years ago I gave the recipe of a very good winter party dish called Jo Mazzotti. About six months ago I had a letter from a reader in Canberra who told me she'd made it twice, then mislaid the recipe.

She sent me a stamped and addressed envelope so I could send her the recipe again, and I put it on one side, thinking, "I'll do that tomorrow." Famous last words! I lost the envelope, and I didn't remember the name, let alone the address.

I didn't worry much at first, because I have a theory that in this house nothing is ever lost, only mislaid. This one must have been mislaid very thoroughly indeed, because time has gone by and now I've got to the stage where every time I watch the weather report on TV and see Canberra's awful winter temperatures I'm assailed by terrible pangs of conscience and imagine this reader sitting down to a cold

chop and saying to herself, "Now if only Margaret Sydney had had the common decency . . ." So here it is. It's a long job to prepare because of all the cutting up, but it can be done hours ahead or even the day before.

Quarter cup butter or other cooking fat, 8 large onions (sliced), 1½ lb. lean minced pork, 3 small tins concentrated tomato soup, 1 lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 bunch celery (diced), 2 green peppers (cut finely), juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper, 1 lb. sharp cheese (cut in small pieces), 1 large packet broad noodles.

Melt the fat, add pork and onion, cook until well browned. Add all the remaining ingredients except the noodles, and simmer for 15 minutes to make a rich sauce.

Boil the noodles while the sauce is cooking, drain them, and mix with the sauce. Cover closely and cook slowly on top of the stove for at least an hour (longer if the meat seems to need more cooking).

My recipe says this will serve 16. I think eight or ten is nearer the mark, because nobody ever refuses that second helping!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 4, 1965



## FOR KICKS

The sun was high in the sky by this time, and I looked at the gleam it raised on the leather sleeve of my left arm, close to my head. It was too shiny. Hedges and ditches held nothing as light-reflecting as black leather.

Adams and Humber came out of the shed and leaned over the gate, looking at Kandersteg. Presently they lit cigarettes and were clearly talking. They were in no hurry. They finished the cigarettes, threw them away, and stayed where they were for another ten minutes. Then Adams walked over to his car and returned with a bottle and some glasses. Wilson came out of the shed to join them, and the three of them stood there in the sun, quietly drinking and gossiping in the most commonplace way.

What they were doing was, of course, routine to them. They had done it at least twenty times before. Their latest victim stood warily in his pen, unmoving, frightened, far too upset to eat.

At last Adams put the bottle and glasses away and strolled off up the hill. Humber checked the quick release on the swinging barrier, and Jud adjusted the nozzle of the hose.

Adams waved. Humber blew.

Kandersteg was down the track like a meteor, fleeing from fire, from pain, from a dog whistle.

He came to a jolting halt barely twenty yards away from me. He stood stock-still with sweat dripping from his neck and down his legs. His flesh quivered convulsively.

Jud Wilson, whip and stick in hand, started on his walk round the track. Slowly I put my face down among the roots and tried to draw some comfort from the fact that if he saw me there was still a heavily wired fence between us, and I should get some sort of start in running away. But the motor-cycle was hidden on rough ground two hundred yards behind me, and the curving road lay at least as far beyond that again, and Adams' grey Jaguar was parked on the far side of the horse-box. Successful flight wasn't something I'd have liked to bet on.

Kandersteg was too frightened to move. I heard Wilson shouting at him and cracking the whip, but it was a full minute before the hoofs came stumbling jerkily, in bursts and stamps, past my head.

Jud Wilson was standing within feet of my head. Kandersteg wouldn't move. He was a yard away, perhaps, with his eyes on the horse. He had only to turn his head. . . . I began to think that anything, even discovery, was preferable to the terrible strain of keeping still.

Then, suddenly, it was over. Kandersteg took a few more uneven steps back toward the top of the field. Step by reluctant step Jud forced Kandersteg round to the corner enclosure, where he swung the rails across and penned the horse in again. Then he picked up the flame-thrower and took it with him through the gate. The job was done. Adams, Humber, and Wilson stood in a row and contemplated their handiwork.

Mickey had been away three days, but that, I judged, was only because his legs had been badly burned by mistake. As Kandersteg's indocrination appeared to have gone without a hitch, he should be back in his own stable fairly soon.

At long last they made a

move. Adams and Humber folded themselves into the Jaguar and drove off in the direction of Telbridge. But Jud Wilson reached into the cab of the horse-box, pulled out a paper bag, and proceeded to eat his lunch sitting on the gate. Kandersteg remained immobile in his little enclosure, and I did the same in my ditch.

Then slowly Jud climbed down from the gate, picked up the flame-thrower, and took it into the shed. He was scarcely through the door before I was slithering down into the shallow ditch, lying full length along it on my side, not caring about the dampness, but thankfully, slowly, painfully, straightening one by one my cramped arms and legs. I looked at my watch and saw it was two o'clock.

I lay in the ditch all afternoon, hearing nothing, but waiting for the horse-box to start up and drive away.

Soon after four Adams and Humber came back in the Jaguar and decided to take the horse home. Jud Wilson backed the horse-box to the gate and let down the ramp, and Kandersteg, sticking in his feet at every step, was eventually pulled and prodded into it. The poor beast's distress was all too evident, even from across the field.

Gently, I lay down again, and after a short while I heard both the engines—first the Jaguar's and then the horse-box's—start up and

drive off, back toward Posset.

When the sound of them had died away I stood up, stretched, brushed the leaf-mould from my clothes, and walked round the field to look at the shed.

It was fastened shut with a complicated-looking padlock, but through the window I could see it held little besides the flame-thrower, some cans, presumably holding fuel, a large tin funnel, and three garden chairs folded and stacked against one wall. There seemed little point in breaking in, though it would have been simple enough since the padlock fittings had been screwed straight on to the surface of the door and its surround. The screwdriver blade of my penknife could have removed the whole thing, fussy padlock intact.

I walked away, round past my hiding place in the ditch and off toward the motor-cycle. I picked it up, hooked the crash helmet on to the handlebars, and started the engine.

I coasted back to the place from where I had kept a watch on Humber's yard, but there was no one there. Either Beckett had not got my letter or had not been able to send any help.

On an impulse, before packing up and leaving the area, I unzipped my jacket and took out the binoculars to have a last look down into the yard.

What I saw demolished in

one second flat my complacent feeling of safety and completion.

A scarlet sports car was turning into the yard. It stopped beside Adams' grey Jaguar, a door opened, and a girl got out. I was too far away to distinguish her features, but there was no mistaking that familiar car and that dazzling silver-blond hair. She slammed the car door and walked hesitantly toward the office, out of my sight.

I swore aloud. Of all damnable, unforeseeable, dangerous things to happen! I hadn't told Elinor anything. She thought I was an ordinary stable lad. I had borrowed a dog whistle from her. And she was October's daughter. What were the chances, I wondered numbly, of her keeping quiet on the last two counts and not giving Adams the idea that she was a threat to him.

She ought to be safe enough, I thought. Reasonably, she ought to be safe as long as she made it clear that it was I who knew the significance of dog whistles and not her.

But supposing she didn't make it clear? Adams was psychopathic. He could impulsively kill a journalist who seemed to be getting too nosy. What was to stop him killing again, if he got it into his head that it was necessary?

I WOULD give her three minutes, I thought. If she asked for me, and was told I had left, and went straight away again, everything would be all right. But the three minutes went past and the red car stood empty in the yard.

I put the binoculars in the suitcase, and left it and the rug where it was. Then, zipping up the jacket and fastening on the crash helmet, I restarted the bike and rode it down and round and in through Humber's gate.

I left the bike near the gate and walked across the yard, passing the shed where the horse-box was kept.

Adams' Jaguar and Elinor's TR4 stood side by side in the centre of the yard. Lads were hustling over their evening jobs, and everything looked normal and quiet. I opened the office door and walked in.

So much for my fears, I thought. She was perfectly safe. She held a half empty glass of pink liquid in her hand, having a friendly drink with Adams and Humber, and she was smiling. Humber's heavy face looked anxious, but Adams was laughing and enjoying himself.

"Daniel!" Elinor exclaimed. "Mr. Adams said you had gone."

"Yes, I left something behind. I came back for it."

"Lady Elinor Tarren," said Adams with deliberation, coming round behind me, closing the door and leaning against it, "came to see if you had conducted the experiment she lent you her dog whistle for."

It was just as well, after all, that I had gone back.

"Oh, surely I didn't say that," she protested. "I just came to get the whistle, if Daniel had finished with it. I mean, I was passing, and I thought I could save him the trouble of sending it."

"Lady Elinor Tarren," I said with equal deliberation, "does not know what I borrowed her whistle for. She knows nothing about it."

His eyes narrowed. He took in the way I had spoken to him, the way I looked at him. It was not what he was used to from me.

To page 56

# WRITING Aptitude Tests FREE!

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## Vital Statistics 36-24-36



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EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY



# Classic Tortes for parties

● These classic tortes, each world-famous, will do double duty  
— as star turn at tea parties or as unusual desserts.  
Because they are so rich, so luscious, only a small serving is necessary.

## MANDEL TORTE

● This torte, with its creamy filling flavored with lemon and orange juices, is one of the most delicious of all dessert tortes.

THIS is a particularly delicate type of cake and should be handled carefully to avoid breaking.

Six eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup blanched, finely chopped almonds,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fine dry breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, whipped cream, crystallised lemon slices.

Separate eggs; beat yolks until light. Gradually beat in the sugar, continue beating until mixture is creamy. Beat in lemon juice, rind, essence, and cinnamon. Fold in thoroughly the almonds and crumbs. Beat egg-whites and salt together until stiff, but not dry. Fold into the batter gently but thoroughly until no egg-white shows.

Pour into 2 greased 8in. tins, the bases of which have been lined with well-greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until tops are firm to the touch (approximately 50 minutes).

Invert cake-tins carefully on to wire rack; let stand until cakes are completely cool, then gently lift off tins. When quite cold, remove paper. Sandwich cakes together with the lemon filling, reserving approximately quarter of mixture for top. Spread remaining lemon mixture on top, pipe round edges with whipped cream. Decorate with crystallised lemon slices.

Lemon Filling: Two and a half tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons orange juice, 1-3rd cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 3 tablespoons plain flour, pinch salt, 3 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Cook, stirring all the time, over simmering water until thick. Cool.



## DOBOS TORTE

● Golden, crunchy caramel tops layers of tender cake filled with a rich, coffee-flavored cream.

THIS torte improves if kept in a cool, dry place (preferably in refrigerator) for 24 hours before cutting. It is a good-keeping cake, too, and will keep refrigerated for up to a week.

Four eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, 3oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Well oil 6 oven slides, sprinkle with flour, and tap off excess flour. With saucepan lid as guide, mark circles on each slide, 8in. in diameter.

Beat eggs, sugar, and salt until very light and fluffy. Carefully fold in the sifted flour and vanilla. Place 3 tablespoons of cake mixture in centre of each circle, and spread evenly with spatula to cover the circle, making sure the edges are not too thin. Bake 7 to 8 minutes in moderate oven until light golden. Loosen the circles at once; cool.

Trim edges of cake circles if necessary; choose the best layer for the top, and place on oiled oven slide.

Topping: One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put sugar, water, and cream of tartar into heavy pan. Stir over low heat until sugar

dissolves. Cook until golden brown. Remove from heat, cool saucepan in cold water.

When thick but not set, pour caramel over layer of cake which is to form top, spreading evenly with firm, oiled spatula. With oiled knife, trim off any bits that run over. Use sharp oiled knife to mark top into equal portions — this must be done firmly and quickly. Leave to cool.

Filling: Four ounces chocolate, 8oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 8oz. sugar, 1 dessert-spoon instant coffee, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 3oz. chocolate nonpareils.

Chop chocolate and melt over hot water. Cream yolks and sugar until light and fluffy (about 10 minutes). Soften the butter to creamy consistency and add to the yolks with the softened chocolate and instant coffee dissolved in boiling water.

Spread this mixture between layers and round the sides of assembled torte, with the caramel-coated layer on top. Coat the sides with chocolate nonpareils.

Note: Finely chopped almonds can be used in place of the chocolate nonpareils to coat the sides of this torte. If desired, toast the almonds lightly first before chopping, to give extra flavor.





## SCHAUM TORTE

● This beautiful torte is a delicate confection of meringue, filled with cream and fruit. Unusual leaves of meringue are the decorations. Directions for making leaves are overleaf.

WE have used fresh strawberries for the torte at right, but any colorful fresh fruit could be used instead.

Six egg-whites, 2 cups castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon white wine vinegar, whipped cream, strawberries or other fruit.

Whip egg-whites until stiff, then beat in sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup at a time, adding the salt with the last  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup. Beat well after each addition. Beat in vanilla and wine vinegar.

Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  of this mixture to make the leaf decorations (see directions overleaf). You will need about three dozen leaves.

Put remaining mixture into 2 well-greased 7in. springform pans with greased paper circles at base. Bake approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours for the 2 rounds and  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour for the leaves, in very slow oven; meringue should not color.

Let cakes stand in tins on wire rack 10 minutes, then carefully turn out. Gently peel off paper. Leave until entirely cooled.

Fill with cream and sliced strawberries or other fruit. Top with cream and edge with meringue leaf shapes, piling the strawberries in centre, with surrounding leaves of meringue. Press leaves gently into the cream to secure.



Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all these torte recipes.

## RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN



## SACHER TORTE

● This is a rich, wonderful, three-layered chocolate cake. Traditionally, apricot jam forms part of the filling.

A RICH chocolate glaze, with chocolate drizzled over decoratively, coats the top of this beautiful cake.

Six ounces butter, 6oz. dark chocolate, 6oz. castor sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 6oz. plain flour, 10 stiffly beaten egg-whites, 4 tablespoons apricot jam, whipped cream.

Beat butter until creamy. Chop chocolate, melt over hot water. Add sugar and chocolate to butter, beat well. Add egg-yolks one at a time. Add sifted flour, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture into well-buttered 9in. cake-tin.

Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 1 hour and 45 minutes. Leave in tin 10 minutes to cool, then turn out on to wire rack to finish cooling.

Cut cake into three layers, join together with apricot jam and whipped cream.

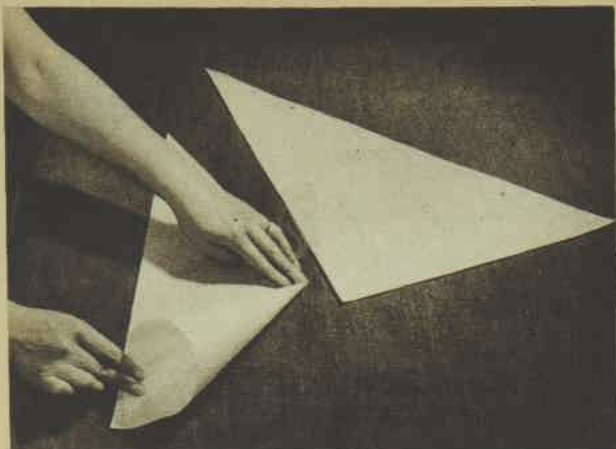
Chocolate Icing: Four ounces dark chocolate, 1oz. white vegetable shortening, 1 teaspoon brandy or rum.

Melt chocolate over hot water with white vegetable shortening, add brandy, combine well.

Spread evenly over top of torte, keeping back approximately one tablespoon of icing. Use this to drizzle a diagonal pattern over top of torte.

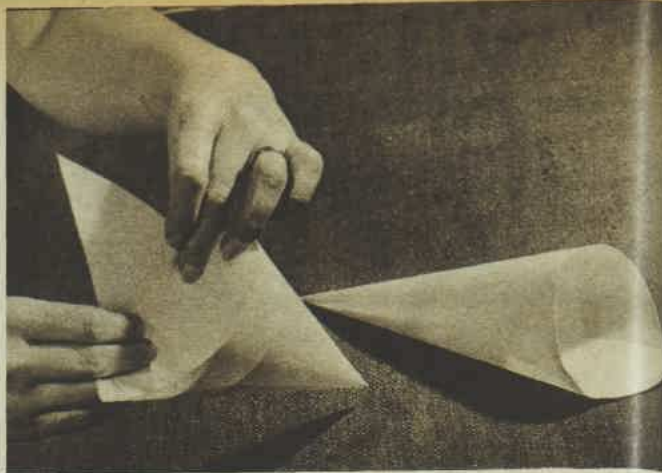
Continued overleaf





FIRST cut a piece of strong greaseproof paper (left) into two triangles to make the two bags.

NEXT curl up the paper into two cone shapes (right), with sharp points. Tuck in long end at top.



## To make decorative leaves of meringue

### HINTS ON MAKING MERINGUE

PREPARE baking trays and springform pans before commencing to whip egg-whites. Once egg-whites are whipped they should be put into the oven as quickly as possible, or their light, airy froth will collapse.

Bowl and beaters should be scrupulously clean; the slightest trace of grease or water will prevent the whites whisking. Carefully remove any trace of broken yolk, small pieces of egg-shell, etc., before whisking.

Whites should be beaten really stiffly before sugar is added, otherwise the meringue will not be firm enough to support the sugar; the mixture will be too soft and will not hold a firm peak.

Add sugar gradually and beat after each addition until sugar is completely dissolved. When sugar is dissolved, the meringue will be satin-smooth and shiny.

Lift beaters from basin; the white that adheres to them should stand in stiff peaks. If peaks bend over, continue beating.

Meringues need only a cool oven—a gentle warmth to dry them out so they are delightfully crisp.

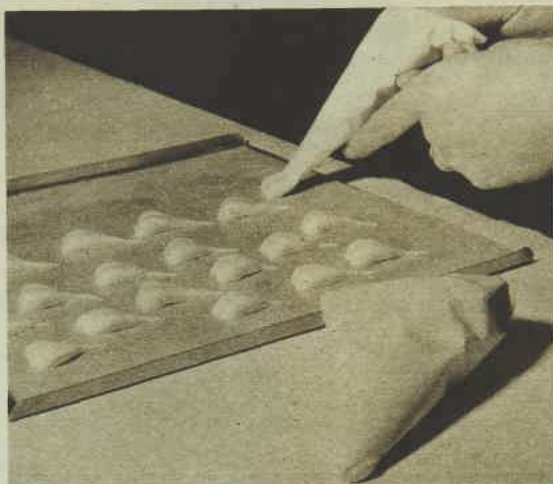
Below are directions for making the pretty leaves of meringue which decorate the Schaum Torte on the previous page.

FIRST of all you will need a piping bag. This is easily made from a large sheet of strong greaseproof paper.

Take a sheet of greaseproof paper approximately 18in. by 12in. Fold paper in half to make two triangles, each with one short side and one long; cut across the fold.

Curl as shown in picture at top right, making sure point of cone is sharp.

Wrap remaining end firmly round to complete the



PRESS meringue mixture (left) from bag, drawing away into a trail to make the leaf shape.

bag. Make sure original cone-shape and point are retained. Tuck the long end firmly into the bag at top, fold over other end at top to secure. For extra firmness, fasten at top of fold with a paper clip or place a small piece of sticky tape on fold.

Half-fill the bag with the meringue mixture, then fold top over neatly, as shown; secure with sticky tape.

With sharp scissors, cut end of bag at point of cone into V-shape; picture above shows a filled bag cut ready to use.

Have ready an oven slide covered with greased waxed paper.

Press about 1in. of meringue from the bag, drawing the end away into a trail at the finish of each

leaf. The central groove in the leaf is made by the cut end of the bag.

Bake in very slow oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

Remove from oven, stand trays on wire rack to allow meringue to cool; then carefully remove each leaf from paper.

Arrange decoratively round the torte as directed on previous page.

## "A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facials."

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# Meat loaf has new topping

● A meat loaf with a new, savory topping of mashed potato and green spinach wins the main prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest for readers.

**CONSOLATION prize of £1** is awarded for a family-sized cake with topping of pineapple, grated orange and lemon rind, and coconut.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

## FROSTED LAMB SLICES

One chopped onion, 1 chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ lb. minced raw lamb, ½ lb. minced pork, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, ½ cup diced celery, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs (beaten), salt, pepper to taste, meat stock to bind, 3 large potatoes, extra butter, milk, salt, and pepper, ½ bunch spinach, well-seasoned white sauce.

Saute chopped onion and green pepper in butter 2 to 3 minutes, stirring constantly; cool. Combine with lamb, pork, parsley, celery, breadcrumbs, beaten eggs, and seasonings. Bind with the meat stock. Place in greased loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. While loaf is cooking, peel and boil potatoes in salted water until tender, drain, mash with butter, adding milk, salt, and pepper; set aside. Wash and clean spinach, remove stalks, cook in very little salted water until tender. Drain, chop very finely, combine with mashed potato. Place cooked loaf on heatproof dish, spread potato-spinach mixture over top and sides, coating evenly. Brown quickly in hot oven. Cut into slices, serve with well-seasoned white sauce and carrots.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Sazurowski, 6 Forrest Street, Jesmond, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## AFTERNOON TEA SURPRISE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 tablespoons white sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, grated rind 1 orange, grated rind ½ lemon, 1 small can crushed pineapple (well drained), 2 tablespoons coconut mixed with 1 tablespoon sugar, icing sugar.

Beat together the butter, sugars

and egg, then add milk, then salt and sifted flour. Place mixture in well-greased 9in. cake tin, spoon evenly over top the pineapple, then grated orange and lemon rind, then coconut mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. When cool sprinkle very lightly with icing sugar.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Barrett, 7 Airlie Street, Cottesloe, W.A.



FROSTED LAMB SLICES. See recipe at left.



Oh! Those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name!

## Home hints

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these cookery hints.

**STEWED** fruit will not break or split if you first boil the water and sugar together. When this syrup is boiling, add the fruit.—Mrs. N. McGregor, c/o C. R. Neil, 224 Davistown Rd., Saratoga, N.S.W.

To make instant coffee: Bring water to boil, put coffee into water, let it come to boil again until top is bubbling; immediately turn off heat. Let coffee stand a minute or two then serve. The second boiling is most important.—Miss V. Morey, 15 St. Georges Terrace, Battery Point, Hobart.

Add half a small can of drained pineapple pieces to the batter when making leftover meat fritters. This is especially nice with pork or veal fritters.—Mrs. G. Gates, 13 Grandview Rd., Brighton, Vic.

Use your kitchen scissors to cut up raw tripe for cooking. Cut first into strips then into even squares. Use scissors again to cut up parsley for the sauce — much easier than chopping.—Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

After coring apples for baking, thrust the corer into ½ lb. butter or substitute and extract a plug which fits exactly into centre of apple. Saves waste.—Mrs. Margaret Burgess, 15A Park Cres., Bentleigh, Vic.

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## FOR KICKS

Continued from page 51

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Elinor, smiling. "What was this mysterious experiment, anyway?"

"It wasn't important," I said. "There's . . . er . . . there's a deaf lad here, and we wanted to know if he could hear high-pitched noises, that's all."

"Oh," she said, "and could he?"

I shook my head. "I'm afraid not."

"What a pity." She took a drink, and ice tinkled against the glass. "Well, if you've no more use for it, do you think I could have my whistle back?"

"Of course," I dug into my money belt, brought out the whistle, and gave it to her. I saw Humber's astonishment and Adams' spasm of fury that Humber's search had missed so elementary a hiding place.

"Thank you," she said, putting the whistle in her pocket. "What are your plans now? Another stable job? You know," she said to Humber, smiling, "I'm surprised you let him go. He rode better than any lad we've ever had in Father's stables. You were lucky to have him."

I had not ridden well for Humber. He began to say heavily, "He's not all that good . . ." when Adams smoothly interrupted him.

"I think we have underestimated Roke, Hedley. Lady Elinor, I am sure Mr. Humber will take him back on your recommendation, and never let him go again."

"Splendid," she said warmly. Adams was looking at me with his hooded gaze to make sure I had appreciated his little joke. I didn't think it very funny.

"Take your helmet off," he said. "You're indoors and in front of a lady. Take it off."

"I think I'll keep it on," I said equably. Adams was not used to my contradicting him, and he shut his mouth with a snap.

**H**UMBER said, puzzled, "I don't understand why you bother with Roke, Lady Elinor. I thought your father got rid of him for . . . well . . . molesting you."

"Oh no," she laughed. "That was my sister. But it wasn't true, you know. It was all made up."

She swallowed the last of her drink and with the best will in the world put the finishing touches to throwing me to the wolves. "Father made me promise not to tell anyone that it was all a story, but as you're Daniel's employer you really ought to know that he isn't anything like as bad as he lets everyone believe."

There was a short, deep silence. Then I said, "That's the nicest reference I've ever had . . . you're very kind."

"Oh, dear," she laughed. "You know what I mean . . . and I can't think why you don't stick up for yourself more."

"It isn't always advisable," I said, and raised an eyebrow at Adams. He showed signs of not appreciating my jokes either. He took Elinor's empty glass.

"Another gin and campari?" he suggested.

"No, thank you, I must be going."

He put her glass down on the desk with his own, and said, "Do you think Roke would be the sort of man who'd need to swallow tran-

nerve to look after a difficult horse?"

"Of course not. I shouldn't think he ever took a tranquilliser in his life. Did you?" she said, turning to me and beginning to look puzzled.

"No," I said. "But you said . . ." began Humber, who was still un-enlightened.

"It was a joke. Only a joke," I told him. "Mr. Adams laughed about it quite a lot, if you remember."

"That's true. I laughed," said Adams sombrely. At least he seemed willing for her ignorance to remain undisturbed, and to let her go.

"Oh," Elinor's face cleared. "Well . . . I suppose I'd better be getting back to college."

She shook Humber's hand, and Adams', and finally mine. "How lucky you came back for something. I thought I'd missed you . . . and that I could whistle for my whistle."

I laughed. "Yes, it was lucky."

"Goodbye then. Goodbye Mr. Humber," she said, as Adams opened the door for her. She said goodbye to him on the doorstep, where he remained, and over Humber's shoulder I watched through the window as she walked across to her car. She climbed in, started the

## FROM THE BIBLE

**● Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.**

—Psalm 37:1.

engine, waved gaily to Adams, and drove out of the yard.

Adams stepped inside, shut the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Humber was surprised. He still did not understand.

He said, staring at me, "You know, Roke doesn't seem the same. And his voice is different. Is it Roke, and not Elinor Tarren after all, who knows about the whistle?"

"Of course," said Adams impatiently. "Don't you understand anything? It looks as though October planted him on us."

"But Roke is only a stable lad."

"Only," said Adams savagely. "But that doesn't make it any better. Stable lads have tongues, don't they? And eyes? And look at him. He's not the stupid worm he's always seemed."

"No one would take his word against yours," said Humber.

"No one is going to take his word at all."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to kill him," said Adams.

"I suppose that might be more satisfactory," Humber sounded as if he were discussing putting down a horse.

"It won't help you," I said. "I've already sent a report to the stewards."

Adams said violently, "Report or no report, I'm going to kill you. There are other reasons . . ."

He broke off, glared at me and said, "You fooled me. How?"

I didn't reply.

"This one," said Humber reflectively, "has a motor-cycle."

To page 61





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knows you and your family, all his training and experience equip him to help protect you against winter's wiles. Special care through all the seasons is part of your chemist's dedication; it goes to make his shop the most reliable, pleasant, and friendly place you can shop. Call on him at any time.

YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

PERSONAL SERVICE  
WITH PROFESSIONAL CARE



For coughs and sore throats . . .

You can rely on your family chemist to provide you with proven products. At his pharmacy you'll find a wide range of remedies . . . cough mixtures for both adults and children, throat sprays and throat lozenges—to bring swift relief.





#### For colds and 'flu...

Your family chemist stocks the cold tablets, nasal drops and head-clearing inhalants that make breathing easier, reduce temperature and speed you on to a quick recovery from the miseries of colds and 'flu.



#### Winter warmers...

As comfort for the sick bed, or for the simple luxury of warmth on chilly nights, you'll want two or three hot water bottles on hand. Look for the wide choice among the special winter weather items at your family chemist.



#### For aches and pains...

Early signs of winter are here—sniffles, headaches and chilly discomfort. Ask your family chemist about the proven reliable products that ease the discomforts of minor winter aches and pain. He carries a wide and varied range.



#### Soothing skin care...

When winter winds whip dryness into your skin, cause chapped lips, chapped hands and painful chilblains see your family chemist. He will recommend soothing creams and lotions to protect and nourish the most sensitive skin.


PG 30



# Fresh from an **Edgell** country garden

There's something very special about Edgell Sweet Green Peas! We wish you could see the lush green acres where Edgell farmers take such tender care of soil and seed . . . look in on the harvesting, where, at the precise moment of perfection, peas are picked and taken swiftly to the cannery . . . where all the country garden goodness is captured in every can. One day perhaps you will . . . meantime, Edgell Sweet Green Peas will always be the sweetest in all the land.



Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd. — A  Petersville Company



## FOR KICKS

I remembered that the windows in the office's washroom were all too small to escape through. The door to the yard was locked, and Humber stood in front of his desk, between me and the window.

A polished wooden chair with a leather seat stood by the wall near the door. Adams picked it up and walked toward me. Humber, remaining still, slid his stick through his hands and held it ready.

I felt appallingly vulnerable.

Adams swung the chair. I dodged it all right but in doing so got within range of Humber, whose stick landed heavily on top of my shoulder, an inch from my ear. I stumbled and fell, and rolled, and stood up just in time to avoid the chair as Adams crashed it down. One of the legs broke off as it hit the floor, and Adams bent down and picked it up. A solid, straight, square-edged chair leg with a nasty sharp point where it had broken from the seat.

Adams smiled more, and kicked the remains of the chair into a corner.

"Now," he said, "we'll have some sport."

If you could call it sport, I suppose they had it.

Certainly after a short space of time they were still relatively unscathed, while I had added some more bruises to my collection, together with a fast-bleeding cut on the forehead from the sharp end of Adams' chair leg. But the crash helmet, hampered their style considerably, and I discovered a useful talent for dodging. I also kicked.

**H**UMBER, being a slow mover, stayed at his post guarding the window and slashed at me whenever I came within reach.

In desperation I stopped dodging and flung myself at Humber, and with one foot on the desk for leverage, swung him round and threw him across the narrow room.

He landed with a crash against the filing cabinets. There on the desk was the green glass paper weight. I picked it up and flung it straight at Humber where he sprawled ten feet away. I knocked him unconscious. He fell without a sound.

I was across the room before he hit the floor, my hand stretching for the green glass ball. This time, because I had my head down, the crash helmet didn't save me. Adams hit me below the rim of the helmet, behind the ear.

Dizzily twisting, I fell against the wall and ended up lying with my shoulders propped against it and one leg doubled underneath me. I tried to stand up, but there seemed to be no strength left in me anywhere.

Adams leaned over me, unsnapped the strap of my crash helmet, and pulled it off my head.

There was no time to dodge. I flung up my right arm to shield my undefended head, and the savagely descending piece of wood crashed into it. My hand fell numb and useless by my side. I lifted both my legs off the ground, one in front and one behind his ankles, then I kicked across with my right leg, locked my feet tight together and rolled my whole body over as suddenly and strongly as I could.

He overbalanced, with wildly swinging arms, and fell with a crash on his back. I couldn't throw any longer with my numb right hand. Staggering to my feet, I

picked the green glass ball up in my left hand, smashed it against Adams' head while he was still on his knees. It seemed to have no effect. He continued to get up.

Desperately I swung my arm and hit him again, low down on the back of the head. And that time he did go down; and stayed down.

I passed my left hand over my face and it came away covered with blood. There must be blood all over my face, I thought. I couldn't go riding along the road covered in blood. I staggered to the washroom to rinse it off. The cut was only a couple of inches long and not serious, though still obstinately oozing. I looked round for a towel.

On the table by the medicine cupboard stood a glass jar with the stopper off and a teaspoon beside it. My glance flickered over it and then back, puzzled.

A bottle of phenobarbitone in powder form, like the stuff I'd given Mickey every day for a fortnight. Only Mickey had had the last dose in the bottle. The bottle should be empty. Not a new bottle full to the bottom of the neck, with the pieces of wax from the seal still lying in crumbs on the table beside it. Someone had just opened a new bottle of soluble phenobarbitone and used a couple of spoonfuls.

Of course. For Kandersteg. I found a towel and wiped my face. Then I went back into the office and knelt down beside Adams to get the door key out of his pocket. He had stopped snoring.

I rolled him over.

There isn't a pretty way of saying it. He was dead.

I searched in his pockets and found the key. Then I stood up and went over to telephone the police.

Out in the yard one or two lights were on, including the one in Kandersteg's box. His door was wide open and the horse was lashing out furiously in a series of kicks. He didn't look in the least sedated.

I stopped with my finger in the dial of the telephone, and felt myself go cold. My brain cleared with a click.

Kandersteg was not sedated. They wouldn't want his memory lulled. The opposite, in fact. Mickey had not been given any phenobarbitone until he was clearly deranged.

I didn't want to believe what my mind told me; that one or more teaspoonfuls of soluble phenobarbitone in a large gin and campari would be almost certainly fatal.

No wonder Adams had raised no objections to her leaving. She would drive back to college and die in her room miles away, a silly girl who had taken an overdose. No possible connection with Adams or Humber.

And no wonder he had been so determined to kill me: not only because of what I knew about his horses, or because I had fooled him, but because I had seen Elinor drink her gin.

He had taken the same reckless risk of killing Stapleton, and it had worked. And who was to say that if I had been found in the next county over some precipice, smashed up in the ruins of a motor-bike, and Elinor died in her college, that he wouldn't have got away with two more murders?

My first thought was that

I couldn't do it. But who else? If I were right, she needed a doctor urgently. I could reach her in less than twenty minutes. By telephoning Posset I could hardly get help for her any quicker.

No one noticed me as I went out of the yard the way I had come and went back to the motor-bike. But it didn't fire properly the first time I kicked the starter, and Cass came round the end of the row of boxes to investigate.

I stamped on the starter fiercely. The engine spluttered, coughed, and roared. I squeezed the clutch and kicked the bike into gear and rode out of the gate and down the road to Posset, with gravel spurting under the tyres. Only the knowledge that Elinor would probably die if I came off kept me on the motor-bike at all.

**I**T was getting dark when I swung into the college entrance, switched off the engine, and hurried up the steps to the door. I ran down the corridors, trying to remember the turns, found the stairs, went up two flights.

A thin elderly woman with pince-nez was walking toward me.

"Please," I said, "which is Miss Tarren's room? She may be ill. Which is her room?"

"You have blood on your face," she observed.

"It's only a cut . . . please tell me . . ." I gripped her arm. "Look, show me her room, then if she's all right and perfectly healthy I will go away without any trouble. But I think she may need help very badly. Please believe me . . ."

"Very well," she said reluctantly.

We arrived at Elinor's door. I knocked hard. There was no answer. The key was in the lock on her side, and I could not see in.

"Now, please listen," I said urgently. "As the door is locked on the inside, Elinor Tarren is in there. She doesn't answer, because she can't. She needs a doctor very urgently indeed. Can you get hold of one at once?"

She nodded. "Tell the doctor she has been poisoned with phenobarbitone and gin. About forty minutes ago. And please, please hurry."

"You will have to break the lock. I will go and telephone." She retreated sedately along the corridor.

I broke the lock with my heel. The wood gave way on the jamb inside the room, and the door opened with a crash. I went into Elinor's room, switched on the light, and swung the door back behind me.

She was lying sprawled on top of her bedspread, fast asleep, the silver hair falling in a smooth swathe beside her head. She looked peaceful and beautiful. She had begun to undress, which was why, I supposed, she had locked her door.

If she hadn't heard me kicking the door in she wouldn't wake by being touched, but I tried. I shook her arm. She didn't stir. Her pulse was normal, her breathing regular, her face as delicately colored as always. Nothing looked wrong with her. I found it frightening.

As if on cue the door swung open and a man in a grey suit stood there taking in the scene.

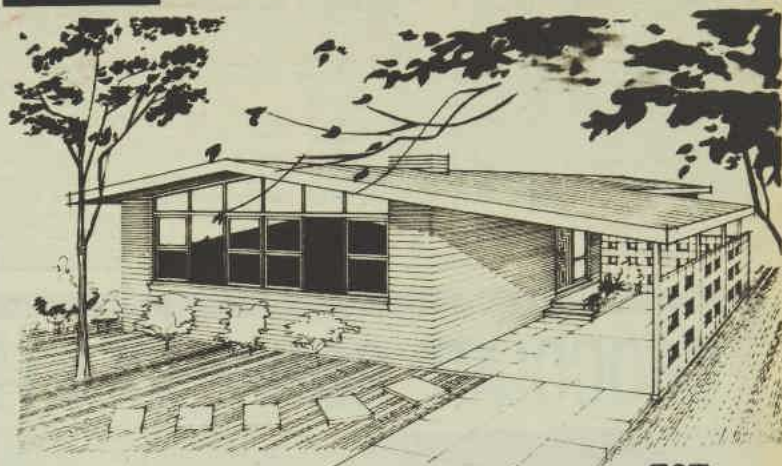
"Phenobarbitone and gin," he said. "Self-administered?"

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The Australian  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

# Home Plans Service



**PERSPECTIVE** (above) shows pitched roof and location of carport, over which it extends. Carport could also be a second patio.

**FLOOR PLAN** (right) shows compact situation of utility areas for minimum plumbing costs and a recessed terrace for privacy.

● This week's design, Plan 537, would be ideal built on a narrow block, with the terrace side of the house facing the northern sun.

**S**UCH an aspect would ensure that the kitchen, dining, and terrace areas would be pleasant and sunny throughout the year.

The terrace, which is recessed into the plan, would be the delight of any prospective home-builder with an eye for privacy. Suitable garden wall treatment could make this terrace a most attractive, hidden courtyard.

Doors from the dining-room and one of the bedrooms opposite lead on to the terrace.

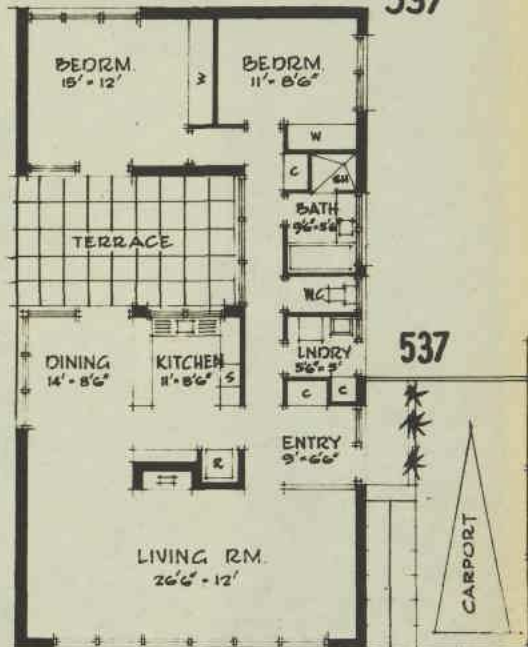
Bathrooms and laundry are strategically placed along one wall to cut down on plumbing costs.

The screen wall at the rear of the carport hides the drying area (which opens off the laundry) from the entrance.

As the perspective shows, the ceilings follow the pitch of the roof, and exposed beams could be used in part or throughout the house as a further decorative development of the line.

An open fire is a focal point in the living-room, but could be modified to suit any other form of oil or slow-combustion heater if desired.

In timber frame the house comprises 11.7 squares, and in brick, 12.5 squares.



## Home Plans Service for our readers

**H**UNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
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Headquarters of our Home Plans Service is now located in our Head Office in Sydney. Readers in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney can now write direct to the Service headquarters to the box numbers given below:

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Melbourne: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

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☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for homes. (I enclose 10/- to cover complete cost.)



## RIVETS



He started opening his case. "No. Definitely not," I said.

He gave me an intent look. "Are you fit to help?"

"Tell me what to do."

"Very well. Find me a good-sized jug and a bucket or large basin. I'll pump her stomach, and you can tell me how this happened later."

Later, after he had questioned me a bit he took a sample for analysis, and turned to me.

"How did you cut your head?" he said suddenly.

"In a fight."

"It needs stitching. Do you want me to do it?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"I'll do it after Miss Tarren has gone to hospital. Dr. Pritchard said she would ring for an ambulance. They should be here soon."

I nodded. The doctor took out

pen and paper and wrote a letter to go with Elinor to the hospital.

Two men in ambulance uniform arrived with a stretcher, and with economy of movement and time they lifted Elinor between them, tucked her into blankets, and bore her away.

The doctor swung the door shut behind the ambulance men, and without more ado took from his case a needle and thread to sew up my forehead.

"Do you feel all right?" he said abruptly. "Or is pale fawn tinged with grey your normal coloring?"

"Pale fawn is normal. Grey just about describes how I feel," I smiled faintly. "I got a bang on the back of the head, too."

Continued from page 61

## FOR KICKS

He explored the bump behind the ear and said I would live. He was asking me how many other tender spots I had about me when another heavy tramp of footsteps could be heard coming up the corridor, and presently the door was pushed open with a crash. Two policemen stepped into the room. The doctor started to say that Miss Tarren was on her way to hospital. They interrupted him.

"We've come for him, sir," said the taller of them, pointing at me. "Stable lad, name of Daniel Roke."

They fastened a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"What did he do?" asked the doctor.

"He'll be helping in inquiries into

an attack on a racehorse trainer he worked for and who is still unconscious, and on another man who had his skull bust right in."

"Dead?"

"So we are told, sir."

I lifted my head. The doctor looked down at me. He was disillusioned, disenchanted.

The next hours were abysmal. The Clavering police force were collectively a hardened, cynical bunch suppressing as best they could a vigorous crime-wave in a mining area with a high unemployment percentage. Kid gloves did not figure in their book.

At some point late in the evening they gave me a chair in a bare brightly lit little room, and I told them what I had been doing at Humber's and how I had come to kill Adams. I told them everything which had happened that day. They didn't believe me, for which one couldn't blame them. They immediately, as a matter of fact, charged me with murder. I protested. Uselessly.

From the beginning I had known that there was only one logical end to that evening.

Two uniformed policemen, a sergeant and a constable, were detailed to put me away for the night, which I found involved a form of accommodation to make Humber's dormitory seem a paradise.

IT was cool and quiet in the corridors of Whitehall. A superbly mannered young man deferentially showed me the way and opened a mahogany door into an empty office.

"Colonel Beckett will not be long, sir. He has just gone to consult a colleague."

I was in no hurry. It was eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and I had all day and nothing to do but buy a clockwork train for Jerry and book an air ticket back to Australia.

I wondered about Colonel Beckett's job. He had given me the impression that he was retired, probably on a full disability pension since he looked so frail in health, yet here he was with a well established niche at the Ministry of Defence.

A pretty young woman knocked and came in with a tray on which stood a coffee pot, cream jug, and pale green cup and saucer. She smiled, asked if I needed anything else, and when I said not, gracefully went away.

I was getting quite good at left-handedness. I poured the coffee and drank it black, and enjoyed the taste.

Snatches of the past few days drifted idly in and out of my thoughts.

Four nights and three days in a police cell trying to come to terms with the fact that I had killed Adams.

On Monday morning there was the by then familiar scrape of the door being unlocked, but when it opened it was not as usual a policeman in uniform, but October.

I was standing up, leaning against the wall. I had not seen him for three months. He stared at me for a long minute, taking in with obvious shock my extremely dishevelled appearance.

"Daniel," he said. His voice was low and thick.

"Hullo, Edward. Could you possibly use your influence to get me a bath?"

"You can have whatever you like as soon as you are out. They are dropping the charge."

"I didn't think they believed me."

"They've done a lot of checking up. Everything you told them on Thursday is now the official version."

"Is Humber . . . all right?"

"He regained consciousness yesterday, I believe. But I understand he isn't lucid enough yet to answer questions. Didn't the police tell you that he was out of danger?"

"They aren't a very chatty lot, here. How is Elinor?"

"She's well. A bit weak, that's all."

"I'm sorry she got caught up in things. It was my fault."

"My dear chap, it was her own," he protested. "And Daniel . . . about Patty . . . and the things I said . . ."

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## CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEA FROM CADBURY'S



## CHOCOLATE SURPRISE WITH AMERICAN FROSTING

**INGREDIENTS:** 3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. S.R. flour — less 1 tablespoon, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 tablespoon shortening — melted and slightly cooled.

**METHOD:** Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat till stiff, but not dry, beat in the sugar in three portions. Add the yolks and beat until thick and creamy. Sift the flour and cocoa together three times and fold lightly into the mixture, using a scraper or metal spoon. Add the shortening and boiling water and fold lightly into mixture. Turn the mixture into two 7" sandwich tins which have been greased and dusted with plain flour. Bake in a moderate oven 350° or Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for 15-20 minutes. When cooked turn out immediately and cool. Split the two 7" cakes and sandwich the layers with whipped cream. Make up the American Frosting and spread over the top and sides of the cake. Pull into peaks with the back of a teaspoon. Place apricot halves on

the top of the cake. Dip sugar lumps in lemon essence and place one in each of the apricot halves. Set alight and take to the table flaming. Served with ice cream this cake doubles for a delicious sweet.

### AMERICAN FROSTING.

**INGREDIENTS:** ½ lb. loaf-sugar, ½ gill water (1 gill = ⅓ pint), 1 egg white.

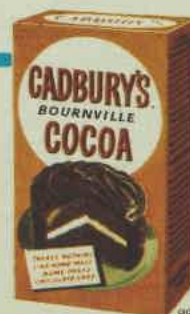
**METHOD:** Place the sugar and water in a saucepan and heat gently until the sugar has dissolved. Boil for approximately 3 minutes until a little of the mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from the heat and cool slightly. Beat the egg white until stiff. Pour the syrup over the egg white beating constantly. Continue beating until the mixture is thick and fluffy. N.B. This quantity covers the cake only lightly. For a thicker frosting, double the quantities.



Chocolate Surprise is another exciting recipe with the real chocolaty flavour of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. And you won't find it difficult to make. Just follow the easy method above. That's all you do to get that deep-down chocolaty taste and luscious colour. Ground to incredible fineness from the world's best cocoa beans, Bournville Cocoa mixes better, goes further, too. Always keep a packet handy.

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

## CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA



89/FPC/5





English bracket clock.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

REGARDING your information about Mrs. R. Manewell's picture of Windsor Castle painted on the back of glass in the issue of March 3, 1965, I have a similar picture of Balmoral Castle, No. 13020. It has been framed and backed with wood and, therefore, does not glitter. It was brought from Scotland 58 years ago. Can you give me any information about it? — Mrs. E. M. Knox, Wellington, N.Z.

THE picture of Balmoral Castle bearing a registered No. 13020 indicates that it was not produced until about 1885 to 1890.

CAN you give me any information about a pair of whisky and brandy jars (right) which I received from my sister in Scotland. They are grey in color, with silver stoppers and a raised pattern in white. They are marked on the bottom B.P. Co. England 3260.—Mrs. A. Kaselis, Carnegie, Vic.

YOUR Edwardian whisky and brandy bottles were made at the Blyth Porcelain Co. Ltd., Blyth Works, High Street, Longton (Staffordshire potteries). The factory mark, which occurs on your examples, was used on wares made from 1905 to 1953.



Edwardian bottles

ENCLOSED please find a photograph of an old clock (above) sent from my home in England about ten years ago. It is going well and keeps good time. It has been in my family for at least 65 years. Could you give me the approximate date of its manufacture and any other particulars of interest, please? — Mr. H. E. Nutley, Benger, W.A.

THIS fine late-18th-century English bracket clock was made by John Warry, of Bristol, about 1790. The mahogany case, surmounted on ogee-shaped brass bracket feet, and the fretted brass grille at the sides (originally backed with colored silk or satin) are typical features of the period. The engraved silvered dial with Roman numerals not only emphasises the functional purpose of the clock but also adds grace and elegance to the timepiece, which appears (from the photos) to be in its original state of preservation — that is, both the mechanism and the case.

★ ★ ★

I WONDER if you could tell me anything about my vases. They were given to me as a keepsake from a friend. Now my granddaughter would like to have them. They are stamped 173/1686. — Mrs. M. Dalton, East Malvern, Vic.

THE pair of ornamental ewer-shaped vases were made about 1880 to 1890. They were probably made in Staffordshire. The use of elaborate floral motifs and light salmon shades together with bright metallic gold enrichments are salient features of the late Victorian potters' palette.

### OUR TRANSFER



FLORAL basket in red and green is from Iron-on Transfer No. 1004. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 each or two for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 4, 1965



This aqua polythene barrier proves it!

# Only New Kotex\* feminine napkins are accident-proof!

And new KOTEX napkins have twice the softness and absorbency too!

Across the base of every Kotex feminine napkin is an aqua polythene barrier that stops moisture coming through. New Kotex napkins give you protection, absorbency and comfort like no other napkin can!



All types are now accident-proof with this new aqua polythene barrier: Regular, Slenderline and Economy.

\*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp. KK883A

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"Oh, nuts to that," I interrupted. "It was a long time ago."

I poured some more coffee and looked at my watch. Colonel Beckett was twenty minutes late. The pigeons sat peacefully on the window-sill and I shifted gently in my chair, and thought about my visit to October's barber, and the pleasure with which I had had my hair cut short and sideburns shaved off.

Then, at October's house, there was the fantastic luxury of stepping out of my filthy disguise into a deep hot bath, and the strangeness with which I afterwards put on my own clothes.

I went down to the crimson drawing-room where October walked solemnly all round me, gave me a glass of sherry and said, "It is utterly unbelievable that you are the young tyke who just came down with me on the train."

"I am," I said dryly, and he laughed.

He gave me a chair with

its back to the door, where I listened to him making social chitchat about his horses. He was hovering round the fireplace not entirely at ease, and I wondered what he was up to.

I soon found out. The door opened, and he looked over my shoulder and smiled.

"I want you both to meet someone," he said.

I stood up and turned round. Patty and Elinor were there.

They didn't know me at first. Patty held out her hand politely and said, "How do you do?" clearly waiting for her father to introduce us.

She hadn't seen me for three months, but it was only four days since Elinor had made her disastrous visit to Humber's. She said hesitantly, "You don't look the same . . . but you're Daniel." I nodded, and she blushed painfully.

Patty's bright eyes looked straight into mine, and her pink mouth parted.

"Oh," a blush as deep as

Continued from page 62

her sister's spread up from Patty's neck, and for her that was shame indeed.

October watched her discomfiture. "It serves them right," he said, "for all the trouble they have caused."

"Oh, no," I exclaimed, "it's too hard on them . . . and you still haven't told them anything about me, have you?"

"No," he agreed, beginning to suspect there was more for his daughters to blush over than he knew, and that his surprise meeting was not an unqualified success.

"Then tell them now, while I go and talk to Terence . . . and Patty . . . Elinor . . ." They looked surprised at my use of their first names and I smiled briefly, "I have a very short and defective memory."

They both looked subdued when I went back, and October was watching them uneasily.

"Cheer up," I said. "I'd have had a dull time in England without you two."

"You were a beast," said Patty emphatically, sticking to her guns.

"Yes . . . I'm sorry."

"You might have told us," said Elinor in a low voice.

"Nonsense," said October.

"He couldn't trust Patty's tongue."

"I see," said Elinor, slowly. She looked at me tentatively. "I haven't thanked you, for . . . for saving me. The doctor told me . . . all about it."

She blushed again.

"Sleeping beauty," I smiled.

"You looked like my sister."

"You have a sister?"

"Two," I said. "Sixteen and seventeen."

"Oh," she said, and looked comforted.

October flicked me a glance. "You are far too kind to them, Daniel. One of them made me loathe you and the other nearly killed you, and you don't seem to care."

I smiled at him. "No. I don't. I really don't. Let's just forget it."

So in spite of a most unpromising start it developed into a good evening, the girls gradually losing their embarrassment and even, by the end, being able to meet my eyes without blushing.

When they had gone to bed October put two fingers into an inner pocket, drew out a slip of paper, and handed it to me without a word. I unfolded it. It was a cheque for ten thousand pounds. A lot of noughts. I looked at them in silence. Then, slowly, I tore the fortune in half and put the pieces in an ash-tray.

"Thank you very much," I said. "But I can't take it."

"You did the job. Why not accept the pay?"

"Because . . ." I stopped. Because what? I was not sure I could put it into words. It had something to do with having learned more than I had bargained for. With diving too deep. With having killed. All I was sure of was that I could no longer bear the thought of receiving money for it.

#### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 500 to 4000 words; short short stories 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

## FOR KICKS

"You must have a reason," said October, with a touch of irritation.

"Well, I didn't really do it for the money, to start with, and I can't take that sort of sum from you. In fact, when I get back I am going to repay you all that is left of the first ten thousand."

"No," he protested. "You've earned it. Keep it. You need it for your family."

"What I need for my family I'll earn by selling horses."

He stubbed out his cigar. "You're so infuriatingly independent that I don't know how you could face being a stable lad. If it wasn't for the money, why did you do it?"

I moved in my chair. The bruises still felt like bruises. I smiled faintly, enjoying the pun.

"For kicks, I suppose."

The door of the office opened, and Beckett unhurriedly came in. I stood up. He held out his hand, and remembering the weakness of his grasp I put out my own. He squeezed gently and let go.

"It's been a long time, Mr. Roke."

"More than three months," I agreed.

"And you completed the course."

I SHOOK my head, smiling. "Fell at the last fence, I'm afraid."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I see they've looked after you all right."

"Yes, thank you." I sat down again in the leather chair, and he walked round and sank carefully into the one behind his desk.

"I didn't get your report until I came back to London from Newbury on Sunday morning," he said. "It took two days to come from Posset and didn't reach my house until Friday. When I had read it I telephoned to Edward at Slaw and found he had just been rung up by the police at Clavering. I then telephoned to Clavering myself. I spent a good chunk of Sunday hurrying things up for you in various conversations with ever higher ranks, and early on Monday it was decided finally in the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions that there was no charge for you to answer."

"Thank you very much," I said.

He paused, considering me. "You did more toward extricating yourself than Edward or I did. We only confirmed what you had said and had you freed a day or two sooner than you might have been. But it appeared that the Clavering police had already discovered from a thorough examination of the stable office that everything you had told them was borne out by the facts. They had also talked to the doctor who had attended Elinor, and to Elinor herself, and taken a look at the shed with the flame-thrower, and cabled to your solicitor for a summary of the contract you signed with Edward. By the time I spoke to them they were taking the truth of your story for granted, and were agreeing that you had undoubtedly killed Adams in self-defence."

"Their own doctor — the one who examined you — had told them straight away that the amount of crushing your right forearm had sustained was entirely consistent with its having been struck by a force strong enough to have smashed in your skull. He was of the opinion that the blow had landed more or

less along the inside of your arm, not straight across it, thus causing extensive damage to muscles and blood vessels, but no bone fracture; and he told them that it was perfectly possible for you to have ridden a motor-bike a quarter of an hour later if you had wanted to enough."

"You know," I said, "I didn't think they had taken any notice of a single word I said."

"Mmm. Well, I spoke to one of the CID men who questioned you last Thursday evening. He said they brought you in as a foregone conclusion, and that you looked terrible. You told them a rigmarole which they thought was nonsense, so they asked a lot of questions to trip you up. They thought it would be easy. The CID man said it was like trying to dig a hole in a rock with your fingernails. They all ended up by believing you, much to their own surprise."

"I wish they'd told me," I sighed.

Beckett looked at his watch. "Are you in a hurry?"

"No," I shook my head.

"Good . . . I've rather a lot to say to you. Can you lunch?"

"Yes, I'd like to."

"Fine. Now, this report of yours." He dug the handwritten foolscap pages out of his inside breast pocket and laid them on the table. "What I'd like you to do now is to lop off the bit asking for reinforcements and substitute a description of the flame-thrower operation. Right? There's a table and chair over there. Get to work, and when it's done I'll have it typed."

When I had finished the report he spent some time outlining and discussing the proceedings which were to be taken against Humber, Cass, and Jud Wilson, and also against Soupy Tarleton and his friend Lewis Greenfield. He then looked at his watch again and decided it

was time to go out for lunch. He took me to his club, which seemed to me to be dark brown throughout, and we ate steak, kidney, and mushroom pie, which I chose because I could manage it unobtrusively with a fork. He noticed though.

"That arm still troubling you?"

"It's much better."

He nodded and made no further comment. Instead, he told me of a visit he had paid the day before to an elderly uncle of Adams, whom he had discovered living in bachelor splendor in Piccadilly.

"Young Paul Adams, according to his uncle, was the sort of child who would have been sent to an approved school if he hadn't had rich parents. He was sacked from Eton for forging cheques and from his next school for persistent gambling. His parents bought him out of scrape after scrape and were told by a psychiatrist that he would never change, or at least not until late middle age. He was their only child. It must have been terrible for them. The father died when Adams was twenty-five, and his mother struggled on, trying to keep him out of too disastrous trouble."

"About five years ago she had to pay out a fortune to hush up a scandal in which Adams had apparently broken a youth's arm for no reason at all, and she threatened to have him certified if he did anything like that again. And a few days later she fell out of her bedroom window and died. The uncle, her brother, says he has always thought that Adams pushed her."

"Very likely, I should think," I agreed.

"So you were right about him being psychopathic."

Beckett looked at me curiously and said, "What sort of life did you really have at Humber's stable?"

"You could hardly call it a holiday camp."

"Is that all you've got to say about it?"

To page 66



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Continued from page 64

"Yes, I think so. This is very good cheese."

We walked slowly back to his office.

"You are going back to Australia soon, I believe?" he said. "I expect you are looking forward to getting back into harness."

"Not altogether."

"Why not?"

"Who likes harness?" he said abruptly. "The unvarnished honest truth. What is wrong?"

"I'm a discredited idiot, that's all," I said lightly.

"I have a good reason for asking these questions. Please give me truthful answers. What is wrong with your life in Australia?"

"I do a job which I ought to find satisfying, and it leaves me bored and empty."

"What would you have been had your parents not died and left you with three children to bring up?"

"A lawyer, I think, though possibly . . . especially after the last few days . . . a policeman."

"Ah," he said softly, "that figures. Marriage might help you feel more settled," he suggested.

"More ties," I said, "Another family to provide for. The rut for ever."

"So that's how you look at it. How about Elinor?"

"She's a nice girl."

"You went to a great deal of trouble to save her life."

"It was only because of me that she got into danger."

"You couldn't know that she would be so strongly attracted to you and find you so . . . er . . . irresistible that she would drive out to take another look at you. When you went back to Humber's to extricate her, you had already finished the investigation, tidily, quietly, and undiscovered. Isn't that right?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

"Did you enjoy it? I don't mean the fracas, at the end, or the hours of honest toil you had to put in," he smiled briefly, "But the . . . shall we say, the chase?"

"Yes."

"Were you afraid at all?"

"Yes."

"To the point of incapacity?"

"I shook my head."

"You knew Adams and Humber would kill you if they found you out. What effect did living in perpetual danger have on you?" His voice was so clinical that I answered with similar detachment.

"It made me careful."

"Is that all?"

"Well, if you mean was I in a constant state of nervous tension, then no, I wasn't."

"I see. What did you find hardest to do?"

"I blinked, grinned, and lied. Wearing those loathsome pointed shoes."

He nodded as if I had told him a satisfying truth. I probably had. The pointed shoes had hurt my pride, not my toes.

Beckett said idly, "Would you ever consider doing something similar again?"

"I should think so. Yes. But not like that."

"How do you mean?"

"Well . . . I didn't know enough, for one thing. For example, it was just luck that Humber always left his office unlocked, because I couldn't have got in if he hadn't. I don't know how to open doors without keys. I would have found a camera useful . . . I could have taken films of the blue ledger in Humber's office, and so on, but my knowledge of photography is almost nil. I'd have got the exposures wrong. Then I had never fought anyone in my life before. If I'd known

anything at all about unarmed combat I probably wouldn't have killed Adams or been so much battered myself. Apart from all that there was nowhere I could send you or Edward a message and be sure you would receive it quickly. Communications, in fact, were pretty hopeless."

"Yes, I see. All the same, you did finish the job in spite of those disadvantages."

"It was luck. You couldn't count on being lucky twice."

"I suppose not," he smiled. "What do you plan to do with your twenty thousand pounds?"

"I . . . er . . . plan to let Edward keep most of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't take that sort of money. All I ever wanted was to get away for a bit. It was he who suggested such a large sum, not me. I don't think he thought I would take on the job for less, but he was wrong . . . I'd have done it for nothing if I could."

There was a long pause. Finally Beckett sat up and picked up a telephone. He dialled and waited.

"This is Beckett," he said. "It's about Daniel Roke . . . yes, he's here."

He took a postcard out of

better from your point of view. Nine . . . well, although he is British by birth and spent his childhood here, he is Australian by inclination, and I doubt whether subversion comes easily . . . I don't know, he wouldn't talk about it . . . no, I wouldn't say he had a vestige of a martyr complex; he's clear on that . . . Of course, you never get a perfect one . . . it's entirely up to you . . . Number ten? The three Bs. I should say definitely not the first two, much too proud. As for the third, he's the type to shout for help. Yes, he's still here. Hamt moved a muscle . . . yes, I do think so . . . all right later. I'll ring you again later."

He put down the receiver. I waited.

"Well?" he said at last.

"If you're going to ask what I think, the answer is no."

"Because you don't want to, or because of your sisters and brother?"

"Philip is still only thirteen."

"All the same, I'd better make sure you know what you are turning down. The colleague who kept me late



an inner pocket. "Those points we were discussing this morning . . . I have had a talk with him. You have your card?"

He listened for a moment.

"Right?" He spoke into the telephone. "Numbers one to four can all have an affirmative. Number five is satisfactory. Number six, his weakest spot . . . he didn't maintain his role in front of Elinor Tarren. She said he was good-mannered and intelligent. No one else thought so . . . yes, I should say so, sexual pride . . . apparently only because Elinor is clever as well as pretty, since he kept it up all right with her younger sister . . . yes . . . oh, undoubtedly it was his intellect as much as his physical appearance which attracted her . . . yes, very good looking: I believe you sometimes find that useful . . . no, he doesn't. He didn't look in the mirror in the washroom at the club or in the one on the wall here . . . no, he didn't admit it today, but I'd say he is well aware he failed on that point . . . yes, rather a harsh lesson . . . it may still be a risk, or it may have been sheer unprofessionalism . . . your Miss Jones could find out, yes."

I didn't particularly care for this dispassionate vivisection, but short of walking out there seemed to be no way of avoiding it.

"Number seven . . . normal reaction. Eight, slightly obsessive, but that's all the

this morning, and to whom I was talking just now, runs one of the counter-espionage departments — not only political, but scientific and industrial, and anything else which crops up.

"His section are rather good at doing what you have done — becoming an inconspicuous part of the background. It's amazing how little notice even agents take of servants and workmen . . . and his lot have had some spectacular results. They are often used to check on suspected immigrants and political refugees who may not be all they seem, not by watching from afar, but by working for or near them day by day.

"And recently, for instance, several of the section have been employed as laborers on top-secret construction sites . . . there have been some disturbing leaks of security; complete site plans of secret installations have been sold abroad; and it was found that a commercial espionage firm was getting information through operatives actually putting brick on brick and photographing the building at each stage."

"Philip," I repeated, "is only thirteen."

"You wouldn't be expected to plunge straight into such a life. As you yourself pointed out, you are untrained. There would be at least a year's instruction in various techniques before you were given a job."

"I can't," I said.

"Between jobs all his people are given leave. If a job takes as long as four months, like the one you have just done, they get about six weeks off. They never work more than nine months in a year, if it can be helped. You could often be home in the school holidays."

"If I am not there all the time, there won't be enough money for fees and there won't be any home."

"It is true that the British Government wouldn't pay you as much as you can earn now," he said mildly, "but there are such things as full-time stud managers."

I opened my mouth and shut it again.

"Think about it," he said gently. "I've another colleague to see . . . I'll be back in an hour."

He levered himself out of the chair and slowly walked out of the room.

**I THOUGHT** of the years I had spent building up the stud farm, and what I had achieved there. In spite of my comparative youth the business was a solid success, and by the time I was fifty I could, with a bit of luck, put it among the top studs in Australia and enjoy a respected, comfortably off, influential middle-age.

What Beckett was offering was a lonely life of unprivileged jobs and dreary lodgings, a life of perpetual risk which could very well end with a bullet in the head.

Rationally, there was no choice. Belinda and Helen and Philip still needed a secure home with the best I could do for them as a father substitute. And no sensible person would hand over to a manager a prosperous business and become instead a sort of sweeper-up of some of the world's smaller messes . . . one couldn't put the job any higher than that.

But irrationally . . . With very little persuasion I had already left my family to fend for themselves, for as Beckett said, I wasn't of the stuff of martyrs; and the prosperous business had already driven me once into a pit of depression.

I knew now clearly what I was, and what I could do.

I remembered the times when I had been tempted to give up, and hadn't. I remembered the moment when I held Elinor's dog whistle in my hand and my mind made an almost muscular leap at the truth. I remembered the satisfaction I felt in Kandersteg's scorched enclosure, knowing I had finally uncovered and defeated Adams and Humber. No sale of any horse had ever brought so quiet and complete a fulfilment.

The hour passed. Colonel Beckett came back.

"Well?" he said. "Yes or no?"

"Yes."

He laughed aloud. "Just like that? No questions or reservations?"

"No reservations. But I will need time to arrange things at home."

"Of course." He picked up the telephone receiver. "My colleague will wish you to see him before you go back. He rested his fingers on the dial. 'I'll make an appointment.'"

"And one question."

"Yes?"

"What are the three Bs of number ten?"

He smiled secretly, and I knew he had intended that I should ask: which meant that he wanted me to know the answer.

"Whether you could be bribed or bludgeoned or blackmailed," he said casually, "into changing sides."

He dialled the number, and altered my life.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 4, 1965



# The Sara Quads, typical teens

(The girls are mod about clothes. The boys are mad about cars.)

● The quads, Alison, Phillip, Judy, and Mark will be 15 years old on August 17, 18, and 19. Alison is the eldest. Phillip is a day younger, and Mark and Judy, the youngest, were born on August 19.

USUALLY the quads just have a few friends in on their birthdays," Mrs. Betty Sara, the quads' mother, said.

"But this year I'm not sure what we'll do. Being 15 they'll probably want more of a party. Maybe we'll have a barbecue. The two boys are not interested in girls yet—but Judy and Alison are at the stage where they're admiring boys from afar."

The boys' main interest is cars, and the girls love the mod look in clothes. The Beatles are part of the family—in fact, the quads are typical teenagers.

Both girls have mod haircuts. "Judy had long hair last year, but she became sick of it. She decided to have it cut with a fringe and bangs," Mrs. Sara said. "Then Alison decided to wear her hair the same way."

The hairdos go with the girls' white stockings, T-bar shoes, corduroy wardrobe, and mod fashion look, but Mrs. Sara is not so sure. "You could call it a hairdo, I suppose," she said, laughing, "but it certainly isn't a haircut! Still, I am learning to live with all the teenage fads. I go along with them and before long something different turns up."

Last year the quads had definite ideas on what they wanted to do when they left school. Only Alison has changed her mind about her choice of career.

"She is going to business college next year to do a secretarial course," Mrs. Sara said. "She did want to become a veterinary surgeon but confessed that she thought she wouldn't have enough brains and is now settling for a business career."

Mark, who has wanted to be everything from a fireman to a policeman, still wants to be a professional Soccer player.

Judy still wants to be a commercial artist and has plans for entering art school next year. Phillip plans to be a chef.

—JENNY IRVINE



THE SARA QUADS, from left, Phillip, Judy, Mark, and Alison.

## The Lucke Quads, growing up

● The mother of the famous Queensland quads, Mrs. Agnes Lucke, is bringing her four children up to be absolutely independent and able to look after themselves, although they only turned ten on July 12.

MRS. LUCKE, who is 43, says she tells the quads, "I am not getting any younger, and you never know what might happen—you must be able to look after yourselves."

The four young Luckes—Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin—all make their own beds in the mornings, tidy their rooms, and make their own lunches to take with them to school.

The quads are still following the diet prescribed for them in the interests of medical research, and will do so until they're 16, so their lunches don't include anything like sweets or cakes.

These are not allowed, but the Lucke children have

never had them and, says Mrs. Lucke, "They never miss them, or want to eat sweets or cakes . . . they know they can't."

Growing up, even to the age of ten, brings responsibilities, and although the two girls and boys love to

well with their piano-playing. They're just starting to play duets.

"Jennifer and Veronica play together," their mother said, "and Eric and Kevin—I love to listen from the kitchen, where I'm usually preparing the evening meal."

cooking. "Veronica can cook a tart as well as I can," declared Mrs. Lucke. "She can even make up a meal if asked—perhaps sausages, vegetables, and a sweet. It helps me to know that she can do this."

Jennifer isn't so interested in cooking. "She seems more inclined to paint," said her mother. "She concentrates on that sort of thing."

From the time they were very small, the Lucke quads have shown a love of animals and pets. They've had a series of them. The latest is "Tinker," their small kitten.

As their famous children enter their tenth year, Mr. and Mrs. Lucke are grateful for a great deal, but most of all because Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin are normal, healthy, happy children . . . and they're growing up just fine.

—JEAN BRUCE

**Teenagers**  
WEEKLY

play, they do most of it at school.

"They're all learning the piano. When they come home from school they have to do their homework and piano practice—they haven't got time for playing out of doors," said Mrs. Lucke.

Mrs. Lucke says the children are coming on really

At the Gooburrum State School in the Bundaberg district attended by the four youngsters, Jennifer and Veronica are keen members of a basketball team.

The boys, Eric and Kevin, are in the school's junior Soccer team.

Veronica, at this early age, is already showing skill in

**THE LUCKE QUADS**  
Veronica and Kevin push Jennifer and Eric in the wheelbarrow.



THE LUCKE QUADS, from left, Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin.



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# Letters

## Teens should see the world

DO other teenagers agree with me that as soon as their education is finished it is best for them to leave home?

I think that all teenagers should leave their hometowns and see a bit of Australia before they get stuck in the towns in which they were born. Adults are frequently heard lamenting how little they saw before they settled down and married and what they would do if they had their time over again.

But — just mention some teenager who wants to get away from the family circle, and it becomes an entirely different matter! Then we hear how all towns are exactly the same, and all about the bad influences away from home.

If our parents have reared us correctly they should have no fears as to how we would react to a different environment.

Let's get out before we settle into the dull routines that they so often complain about. — "Foot-loose," New Norfolk, Tas.

## Going to war

AUSTRALIA is allied with the United States and New Zealand to help each other should we be attacked by a communist country. The

United States has committed herself in Vietnam and wants moral support from Pacific countries.

If Indonesia were to attack Australia, we would be in a serious plight were it not for America. She would fight side by side with us, and we have to give her some pledge of good faith in the form of Australian soldiers.

Pacifists should realise that the world is getting smaller, and a country like China, with 700,000,000 people, could swamp us in a war.

I, as a 16-year-old school pupil, realise that those people who are screaming about sending their sons to Vietnam are not looking at the matter clearly. As an Australian citizen I would be proud to serve my country in Vietnam to protect our way of life. — Peter Parry, Aspley, Qld.

## Current trend

IT seems the current trend in the pop music market is one of protest. Bob Dylan's song "With God On Our Side" has been widely played on commercial radio, and disc jockeys, anxious to show that they possess some intellectual reasoning, describe it as one of the most provocative pieces of music to hit the charts.

In my opinion lines like "If God's on our side, He'll stop the next war," don't really mean anything and

## BEATNIK



... and with the football oval next door you get a very close look at the game.

tend to arouse sentiment rather than reason.

Pop music, in which the sound is more emphasised than the lyric, is the wrong medium for songs with a message. — Neville Drury, Willoughby, N.S.W.

## Bedroom decor

AT some time nearly every girl feels like giving a lift to her bedroom decor. I have often wanted to but have never had the right materials at hand just when I wanted them.

However, one weekend I picked up a bottle of dusky-pink nail-polish that I no longer use and began to paint small flowers on the knobs of my cream-colored chest of drawers. And, even though my flowers were not particularly artistic, the effect was most attractive. I removed any slips with polish-remover.

Since most girls have half-empty bottles of nail-polish in their drawers, they could try this idea any time they liked, painting flowers on drawer knobs or door handles.

The result adds lift to a room without any expense and with very little effort. — P.H.H., Hazelwood Park, S.A.

## Teens not spoiled

RECENTLY I read a letter saying that teenagers are spoiled today because they are allowed to have their own

transistors, records, and record players and surfboards.

As parents very rarely buy teenagers these things, I consider this statement unfair.

Teenagers work to acquire these possessions by baby-sitting, washing cars, doing gardening for neighbors, and by saving up months of pocket-money. So surely we deserve to have and enjoy them. — Susan Fisherman, East St. Kilda, Vic.

## Study tip

HAVING read "Working Student's" seven boosts to studying I would like to add a favorite school saying of my own: "Even the snail got to the ark — by perseverance!"

I don't know where it came from or who was the first to say it. — "Stylist," Waverton, N.S.W.

## Holiday money

I AM an Asian student living in Australia with my parents. My father is with the Diplomatic Corps. I like studying here, and hope to finish high school in Australia.

One startling difference between here and back home is that students here look for part-time jobs during vacation and earn themselves some money. In Asia you'd never expect a student to be working during vacation — it was strictly holidays for us.

The idea of working would never enter our minds until we were out of school, around 21, and about to get married.

I think the idea of students working in vacation is very good and should be adopted in Asia, giving students a chance to earn money while still at school and to prepare for the life ahead. — "Asian Student," Canberra.

## Running a school paper

● "Angry" asked how a school paper should be run and what should go in it. Should teachers help in editing, and what about those dreary class reports?

A SCHOOL paper should be a co-ordinated effort between teachers and pupils, with, as in our case, teachers helping the pupils' editorial staff select the best material.

Our paper, a monthly, began in 1963 with an editor and staff of five. It has an About the School column, a sports section, teenage fashion, a crossword, a current events section, and two back pages are given over to readers' letters. As well there are short stories, poems, and jokes. — C. Coffey, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

I AM a student of the Banyo State High School, which for a number of years has had a school paper put out entirely by the students.

Such a paper need not be entirely made up of class reports but can, as does Banyo's paper, include original poems, drawings, jokes, and stories.

There should be some class reports, but some humor and variety should also be introduced to make the paper more interesting. — "Helpful," Brisbane.

OUR magazine is run by the pupils, with the headmaster reading a sample copy before publication. We encourage pupils to criticise or compliment different aspects of the school and school life.

We have found that straightforward class reports do not make good reading, and therefore try to avoid them. Short humorous pieces on pupils and teachers are allowed, but we use our discretion so that no feelings are hurt.

We have a competition each month and a cash prize is awarded to the winner. — J.A.D., Hobart.

A PAPER must be of interest to as many students as possible, so that what is needed is several contributors from different classes, and each having different interests in the school.

If it is a secondary school the paper should be handled entirely by the students. Otherwise, advice from teachers would be an advantage.

Humorous references to prominent pupils and pos-

sibly to teachers will stimulate readers' interest. Also include reports of sports events (giving details of participating schools), school outings, and individual happenings within the school, such as curriculum changes, forthcoming examinations, or education week. — Barbara Flynn, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

THE first paper for the year put out by our school's Leaving class was most successful. We invited teachers to write any articles they liked, and some did so.

For interest the paper was divided into a number of sections. One, Scouting Around, told of humorous incidents that happened in the school. Letters to the Editor, Do You Know?, and Quotable Quotes were other sections.

There was general news, such as results of basketball games, and notices of meetings to be held. We also had some advertisements from local tradespeople. — Annette Chapman, Clayton, Vic.

## THE CLASSICS

### BELLINI: Norma

JOAN SUTHERLAND, the brilliant Australian operatic soprano, who is now leading an opera company in Australia after many triumphs abroad, is the star of a new recording of Bellini's "Norma" which has been released by RCA (in a three-disc set).

The recording is of special interest here because the conductor, Richard Bonynge, and two of the principal players, tenor John Alexander and bass Richard Cross, are also participants in the current Australian season, and all three give very fine performances in the recording.

Bellini, with Donizetti, was one of the two chief figures in Italian opera in the period before the emergence of Verdi as the greatest master in this field around the 1840s.

Bellini's operas, which show a wonderful sense of melody and a fine understanding of the human voice, were almost forgotten outside Italy until a new generation of singers led by Maria Callas and Sutherland revived the art of brilliant, florid singing that they demand.

Both Sutherland and Richard Bonynge, who is her husband, have made a special study of the music of this period, and this recording has the ring of authenticity as well as technical perfection.

"Norma" tells a romantically tragic story about a Druid priestess of the days when the Romans occupied what is now France; she falls in with a Roman leader and sacrifices her life in expiation of this crime.

It was first produced in 1831, when Bellini, although barely 30, was at the height of his powers. (He died less than four years later.)

— MARTIN LONG



# A dream came true for these two boys

● Two young Sydney boys have realised the dream of every budding Soccer player. They've landed a contract with England's famous Soccer team Chelsea.

**ERNIE CAMPBELL**, of Leichhardt, and Colin Miner, of Bondi, both only 15, recently left Sydney to spend three years in London, where the Chelsea team hope to groom them to become world-class Soccer players.

Chelsea manager, Mr. Tom Docherty, who visited Australia with the team recently, said that if the boys shape up the way he thinks they will they could be making more than £100 a week in two years.

As apprentices the boys will receive free lodgings, a good weekly wage, free schooling at night if they want it, and an all-expenses-

paid ten-week holiday in Australia every year.

"Mr. Docherty promised that he would keep a good eye on us while we're away," Colin said. "I'm sure that's why our parents finally agreed to let us go."

"It was just like winning the lottery or something even better," Ernie said. "I thought Mr. Docherty was joking when he asked me if I'd like to play for Chelsea. I never thought anything like that would ever happen to me."

Ernie, who like Colin has been playing competition Soccer since he was about 12, was playing for Canterbury in the curtain-raiser match before the famous Chelsea team played Aus-

tralia when Tom Docherty first saw him in action.

And, although Ernie didn't know it at the time, Mr. Docherty was very impressed with him and went along early to watch him play in another preliminary game.

Ernie said that as he was running off the field the Chelsea manager stopped him and said, "Hey, boy, how would you like to come back to England with the Chelsea team?"

"I nearly fainted, but I soon realised he was serious when he explained who he was and also that he'd like to see my parents after the big match to discuss it," said Ernie.

And that same night, as the word passed around the dressing shed about Ernie's luck, another young Soccer player was very envious.

"In fact, I remember that later I pointed Ernie out to Mum and told her that he'd been chosen to play for Chelsea," said Colin Miner.



ABOVE, from left, Mrs. Claude Miner and her son Colin, and Mr. Campbell with Ernie. The two boys have contracts with Chelsea.

"I also said how I wished it was me."

A few days later it was.

Colin first heard the news that he'd also been chosen to go to England when a friend read it in the newspaper and a little later it was confirmed by Mr. Docherty.

At the time, Colin was working as a junior clerk and Ernie was just about to start a similar job.

"For the first two years they'll do nothing but eat, sleep, and talk Soccer, which shouldn't be difficult — that's what they did in Sydney," Mr. Arthur Campbell, Ernie's father, said.

"At first they probably won't know what hit them, for although Tom Docherty is a great man he's also one of the strictest and toughest coaches."

But the experts say Tom Docherty knows how to make a champion.

"He can pick a potential professional player almost at a glance," said Mr. Campbell. "And that's why we were so proud when he chose Ernie and Colin."

In England the boys will be mixing with men valued at £100,000 in the Soccer transfer market.

And if they make the grade they'll join their ranks and travel the world.

One paying tour is lined up already — they'll be playing some guest matches on their trip home to Australia in 12 months' time. If their training in England goes well they should be paid about £40 a game.

— KERRY YATES

Beauty in brief

## PLOT YOUR HAIRDOS

THE quickest way to a big change in your looks is a new hairdo, and the surest way to have an attractive one always at your fingertips is to know your own hair intimately.

No one can wear every hairstyle; if the face will take it, the hair may not, and vice-versa. But every girl has a choice of many pleasing variations—if she will take the trouble to seek them out.

Pick up your comb now and find out what kind of frame "does something" for your face. In general, you'll find these tried-and-true ground rules useful:

For a long, narrow face, flattish on top, wide at the sides. For a broad face, high on top, narrow at the sides. To shelter a long chin, a cluster of curls below the ears.

To camouflage a too-low brow, a bang that barely covers the hairline. For a high forehead, a longer bang. For a short neck, hair falling just slightly below the nape. To balance a large nose, fullness just opposite it at the back of the head.

As a start, comb, part, push, and pin your tresses into the general shape of several hairdos that you would like to wear.

When you discover one that flatters your face, take it to your hairdresser or tackle it yourself and repeat until perfected.

—CAROLYN EARLE



ERNIE and COLIN practise their game. They recently left for England for solid training.

## GO SLOW, MAN, GO SLOW!

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that Persian pop singers are threatening to go on strike over a pay dispute.

TWO aspects of this news item interested me.

Firstly, I'd never really thought about the existence of pop stars other than Western ones.

I soon realised, of course, that there just had to be Persian pop stars.

Who else could sing that famous number "I Wanna Hold Iran"?

The possibility of an entertainers' strike fascinated me.

The teenage world would grind to a standstill if people like Cilla were really "Black."

An answer to a strike would be the establishment of emergency services for the public — similar to the ones put on in Sydney's recent transport strike.

Then, stranded people carried placards indicating the areas to which they needed lifts from motorists.

Also, private drivers were allowed to ply for hire.

During a rock lock-out, people without discs could carry cards showing the groups they wanted to hear.

The idea of paying amateur entertainers as fill-ins would stop many bathroom singers' careers from going down the drain.

But what if the amateurs went out on strike in symphony? There was a pop strike in England recently.

Someone asked the Rolling Stones if they would like to do something with "The Barber of Seville."

Mick Jagger's hair is still under sedation.

P. J. Proby couldn't do it, either. His trousers are very strong unionists.

Time and again they've demonstrated the principle united we stand, divided we fall.

— Robin Adair





Louise  
Hunter

Here's  
your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Figure problems

"I'M 13 and have a very small bust. All my friends are much more developed than I am and I feel very embarrassed when I go out with them, as they can go up and talk to boys while I have no confidence to do so because of my figure. I have tried being gay and smiling, but the boys taunt me about my undeveloped bust and I get upset and run off. I feel ashamed to go to school dances and parties."

"Sunken - in - treasure - chest," N.S.W.

It may not be of much comfort to you, but give yourself a chance to develop before getting a complex about your small bust. Not every person matures at the same

age. You may find you have a different outline before too long. Meanwhile, good diet habits and plenty of sensible exercise could work wonders for your figure. Ignore the boys' taunts—they are just being silly!

### Unhappy at work

"I FEEL I'm very unhappy in my present job as a comptometerist, although the work is easy and the pay way above average. I have often considered finding another position, but the thought of new faces and new work frightens me. My parents think I'm foolish as I've had 12 months' training to obtain the position and I have wonderful opportunities, including a possible transfer over-

seas ahead of me. I have passed courses in modelling and commercial art and liked modelling best. Perth offers little opportunities for modelling, and my parents wouldn't agree to my going interstate without first securing a good position. Please tell me if I am just a little too ambitious, as many of my friends suggest."

"Puzzled," W.A.

And what is wrong with a little ambition?

Why don't you save as much as you can of your high pay for a year. Then when you have a little money you may be allowed to at least go for a holiday interstate, where you can look out for more challenging employment. In the meantime, join a drama club or study another language. Outside interests should counteract your indifference to your job.

### Four's not company

"MY girlfriend and I are 15 and we have boyfriends who are brothers. The four of us have always gone out together. I want to give up my boyfriend, but I don't want to upset my girlfriend's friendship with his brother. How can I do this?"

"Foursome," N.S.W.

Tell your girlfriend how you feel. If she is really a friend she will understand and your break should not spoil the relationship that exists between her and her boyfriend.

### No boyfriends

"I HAVE been trying to solve my problem for a while, but have come to a dead end. I am nearly 17 and have never been out with boys. Knowing too few is not the problem, it's just that I don't seem to get anywhere. I go to my share of parties and have a good time, but never hear from the boys again. I belong to several youth club groups and join in all the functions. People tell me that I always look nice, and I'm constantly told that I'm brim full of personality. Most of my friends are going around with boys, and I've started to worry about going to our school dance at the end of the year, as I don't like blind dates."

S.F., N.S.W.

Don't try to solve the problem. By doing that you might get that predatory look which will only scare the boys away.

Do try to relax and stop worrying. Everyone goes through boyless periods, and I promise you it will pass. In the meantime, keep enjoying yourself at group functions—even the school dance with a blind date. He might be awful—but he might also be divine!

### More education

"I AM 22 and I have not had a good education. I would like to further my education and improve my position. I would like to take up Domestic Science or study for the Nursing Entrance exam. Could you tell me how to go about this? I am working hard to save, which means I would have to study at night. Which is the nearest technical training college to me and the nearest employment agency? Could you tell me about the term dates of the technical college?"

E.A.D., N.S.W.

It would be possible for you to take a correspondence course for the Nursing Entrance exam, but not for the Domestic Science course. You should write to the Guidance Officer, Sydney Technical College, Sydney, and he will advise you fully. The nearest technical college to you is in Katoomba, where the principal could also advise you, and your nearest employment agency is the Commonwealth Employment Service, Katoomba.

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#### HOW TO MAKE SAVOURY ONION SCONE RING

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1 large onion, sliced, 1 rasher lean bacon (chopped), 2 8 oz. cups S.H. Flour, 3 lev. tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk (1 oz.), salt, 2 oz. butter, ¾ cup water, celery salt (optional).

METHOD: Sauté onion rings and bacon in 1 oz. butter. Mix dry ingredients. Rub in butter. Add water to make a soft dough. Pat out on floured board. Cut with 2" cutter. Place the scones in well-greased 8" ring tin, each scone overlapping by half. Sprinkle with a dash of celery salt. Top with onions and bacon. Bake in a hot oven for approx. 20 minutes and serve hot, smothered with butter.



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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

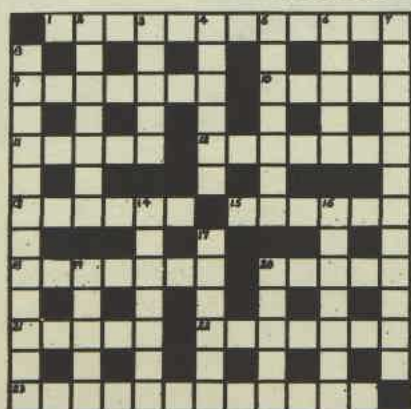
NARDA is fishing, and to her amazement her catch is a man dressed in odd clothes. He was hauled on board unconscious and hundreds of miles from land. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Such persons would burn up a series of links (5-7).
- New shoots from the ground topped by a rodent (7).
- Nearly a turn (5).
- Variety of corundum (5).
- I die not (anagr., 7).
- Reside in a wish (6).
- Opinions held as true and the French in half scores (6).
- Cloudy luminous patches in the heavens (7).
- To loosen I tune (5).
- Expel in a supreme victory (5).
- Engraft, beginning with a devil (7).
- These are battle-ships (12).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Tradesmen who live from overhead expenses (7).
- Subtle sarcasm with a metallic start (5).
- This near relation is rest (6).
- No friend in the beginning of a semi-translucent white glass (7).
- Broken bile covers nothing in an Italian city, S.E. of Salerno (5).
- How to be determined without a dentist's help (3, 4, 5).
- This person is one indeed (6, 2, 4).
- Late red connected by blood (7).
- Draw out a former short treatise (7).
- An American republic (6).
- Very salty water (5).
- Unfasten, using the head of it as a pun (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 4, 1965

# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3214

3183

3223

3214.—Pretty A-line dress with curved seam detail. Sleeveless version also provided. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3183.—Shift with waist-length, V-neckline and armhole, and cowl-collared blouse with barrel-cuffed sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3223.—Useful co-ordinates. Semi-fitted jacket, skirt with released inverted pleats, and V-necked blouse with slightly rolled, pointed collar, cuffed sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3304.—Maternity A-line shift and turtle-necked blouse (below) with three-quarter-length banded sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

9818.—Toddler's yoked, front-buttoned dress (below) with puffed sleeves, matching lace-trimmed panties, and shallow-necked, lined pinafore with single-buttoned back closing. Sizes 1 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 4/6 includes postage.



3304

9818

shift (right),



3034

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Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>	*10 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	2 mg.
Nicotinamide	25 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	8 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>12</sub>	2 mcg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin E	10 I.U.
Magnesium	6 mg.
Manganese	1 mg.
Molybdenum	0.2 mg.
Potassium	5 mg.
Phosphorus	10 mg.
Iron	15 mg.
Cobalt	0.1 mg.
Copper	1 mg.
Iodine	0.15 mg.
Zinc	1.5 mg.
Calcium	25 mg.



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The Australian

**WOMEN'S WEEKLY** presents

The well-dressed woman isn't necessarily the one with the cupboards full of clothes. This feature, condensed from the book of the same title by LIANE KEEN, shows you that with a well-planned wardrobe of good basic clothes and accessories you need never complain . . .

***I haven't  
a thing  
to wear***



**Basic wardrobe plans to suit your budget  
and your way of life, whether you are a  
• Career girl • Working wife • Housewife**

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 4, 1965

I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR — Page 1



***You don't have to be beautiful or rich to be well dressed. But you do need to develop***

## **'FASHION SENSE'**

● Few women are born with that special "sixth sense" about fashion, but it is possible to be well dressed just by learning the rules and following them. Watch the way other women dress, pick out their mistakes — and learn from them.

**H**IGH fashion and practical good dressing are two different things. This is something that we'd better be clear about right away.

As the "cover girl" look is beyond most of us, we must compromise with some practical formula for buying and wearing clothes that suit us, financially as well as physically.

Good dressing is, like many other things in life, largely a matter of common sense. If your face goes green when you wear black, then obviously avoid it. If short jackets make you look hippy, don't wear them.

But a lot of fashion mistakes are made through a lack of awareness; seeing oneself, so to speak, without any rose tinting to the glasses. And this is something in our power to control. It is so easy to be overcome by laziness, indifference, or just plain despair.

The basic principles of being well dressed have almost nothing to do with high fashion, very little to do with face or figure, and nothing at all to do with money.

The last point is the most telling of all because the woman with the meanest income is the one who has to take the most care when shopping for clothes. She has no money to throw around on useless

dresses or extreme fashions, so she has to be careful never to make a mistake.

It's fairly easy to pick the women who make mistakes. Stand in a crowded store for a few minutes, sit in a hotel foyer, watch the crowds milling around a theatre entrance or a railway station and you'll see literally hundreds of examples of women who haven't cared enough.

Look at the woman with the well-cut, tailored suit; her gloves are spotless, her shoes and bag well polished, but she has no hat and her wind-blown hair looks as if it has missed last week's washing.

Look at the girl with the glossy, well-groomed hair at a party. She has on a very pretty dress, but her bra straps, clearly visible, spoil the whole effect. Or look at the woman with the floral hat, with tweed of all things.

### **Dead give-aways**

One of the basic principles of fashion is awareness. Quite apart from the "looking" needed in relation to your own dressing, fashion itself is an awareness — of change in its most subtle sense. Take the hemline as an example. Hemlines go up and down like a jack-in-the-box, but they take first place as give-aways if you're not in the current fashion picture. You see this very vividly each time you watch an old film on television. Half an inch

is as good as a mile as far as a hem is concerned.

If you haven't a built-in fashion sense, you can go a long way toward acquiring one if you really look, with a fashion-seeing, critical eye, at your own clothes and those that women around you are wearing. Why does this woman look smart and that one dowdy? Why does this one look overdressed?

Learning why a woman is well dressed entails also understanding what makes a woman badly dressed, or just off-key. You'll be astonished how much you will discover in just one week of careful observance.

High on the list of principles for good dressing comes suitability.

The racecourse is not the place to wear a chiffon cocktail gown or a fur stole designed for evening wear. Race dresses can be the height of fashion, but they must still look like race clothes, not party clothes. A well-tailored, simple dress worn with a glamorous hat that bears relation to the outfit as a whole is the answer.

There are dozens of other offenders: the girls who go to the office in transparent blouses or bare-topped sun-dresses, the woman in the stiff tailored suit at a casual luncheon party, the over-anxious housewife who wears gloves all the way through dinner at an informal dinner dance.

This, then, is the question to be posed each time you dress: Is what I am wearing right for the time of day, the weather, the place where I am going, and the people I am going to be with?

Your clothes should reflect your personality and the sort of life you lead.

If you're a housewife, you need very different clothes from the girl with the city job; if you live in the country, the dress you wear to go out to dinner could easily be very underdressed for a town dinner party.

### **Trial and error**

No well-dressed woman has achieved that happy security without a lot of trial and error. But to start with, one of the rules is to learn from her mistakes.

The well-dressed woman has learned that money alone does not make a wardrobe. She has learned what suits her and what doesn't and as a result she tries always to buy clothes that do the most for her and to avoid those that show up her faults.

She also knows that there are certain colors that make her feel on top of the world and others that make her feel downtrodden and depressed. Because she is always taking a fresh critical look at herself, she has learned to make fashion work for her, and through it to express her individuality.



# How to plan a basic wardrobe

● A basic wardrobe is a minimum collection of clothes you cannot do without, a range of garments and accessories that will take you anywhere and equip you for any occasion.

UNLESS you work out, season by season, exactly what you need and what you can do without, you'll never have a well-balanced wardrobe.

One of the main reasons for planning a wardrobe is to have a continuous turnover of well co-ordinated clothes which take their place in the pattern you've worked out. If you have a new suit one year, it will still do very well for the next, and become relegated to "second best" in the third year. Unless you're very well off you can't buy all the major costly items every year.

When shopping, remember that the major items should cost as much as you can afford, not as little as you can find them for. The joy of a basic wardrobe is to have a small collection of clothes you love rather than a hotch-potch of cheap horrors bought at random.

Color should be like a connecting thread running through your wardrobe, linking one garment with another, joining accessories, harmonising separates so that there is never any need to double up "because nothing goes with anything."

Your color scheme begins with a basic color, a color that is neutral and capable of toning with a number of other colors. Examples: beige, brown, mushroom, tan, navy, grey. Black can be included if you live a strictly city life.

Quick example of a planned color scheme with navy as the basic color: navy

coat, navy and white tweed suit, red dress, light blue skirt, white blouse, navy shoes and bag, white gloves, red hat.

The two colors here added to the basic one are red and white; you can add others if you are strict with yourself about buying the main things in navy.

With this same scheme you could, for example, add a blue and green blouse, a pink dress, a white hat, and so on. Choose a basic color, stick to it faithfully for a background color, and the extra accessories and additions will look after themselves.

The amount of money you have to spend on your wardrobe each year should be divided up roughly like this: 50 percent on major items, as a coat, a suit, a dress and jacket outfit, or a basic dress, and 50 percent on accessories and underwear. This division should be much the same however much money you have to spend.

Of course, the balance will be upset sometimes when you have to go to three weddings in a row and must have a new dress, or your favorite blouse goes under the arms, or you have a honeymoon or a baby looming on the horizon. But as a guide, this is the way your annual budget should be spread out over your needs for an average year.

Having agreed that we can't toss all our clothes out of the window in one beautiful abandoned throw, plan to buy a workable basic wardrobe of good clothes over a period of three years. And since every one

## THREE-YEAR PLAN

Basic Outerwear	Per-cent	Accessories & Underwear	Per-cent
<b>FIRST YEAR</b>			
*COAT .....	20	Shoes (2 pairs) .....	10
*DRESS AND JACKET .....		Handbag .....	10
(winter) .....	15	Blouse .....	5
Silk dress or cotton suit .....	10	Sundries (including hat) .....	10
*SKIRT .....	5	Underwear, stockings .....	15
	50		50
<b>SECOND YEAR</b>			
*SUIT .....	20	Shoes (2 pairs) .....	10
*BASIC DRESS .....	15	Sweaters (2) .....	10
Mid-weight dress .....	8	Shirts (2) .....	5
*JACKET .....	7	Sundries (including swimsuit) .....	10
	50	Underwear, stockings .....	15
			50
<b>THIRD YEAR</b>			
*PARTY DRESS .....	20	Evening shoes and bag .....	15
Dress and jacket (summer) .....	15	Blouse .....	5
Casual suit or two-piece .....	10	Sundries (including summer separates) .....	15
*SLACKS (or skirt) .....	5	Underwear, stockings .....	15
	50		50

\* These are the major items which form the keystones of the wardrobe; pointers on how to choose them come later.

of the major buys must last at least three years, each one must be simple, classic, well cut, and of good material.

The coat, the suit, and the other important keystones must be chosen for their durability and good looks so that you can be sure they won't go out of fashion and you won't tire of them. Most well-dressed women are proud of owning a basic dress or a good suit for anything up to five years.

Above is an example of a three-year buying plan. Your money each year is proportioned out; half of it, or 50 percent

will be spent on outerwear and the remaining 50 percent on underwear and accessories. Of this second 50 percent accessories take about 35 percent and 15 percent goes on underwear.

These percentages serve only as a guide: Obviously there will be occasions when you may get three pairs of shoes for your 10 percent of the year's budget, or find a good handbag for 7 percent instead of spending 10 percent all at once. But the idea at this stage is to build a collection of a few but good things you'll be proud of.

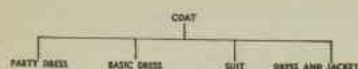


# Continuing ... THE BASIC WARDROBE

THE main items in the basic wardrobe are listed in capital letters in the three-year plan.

Take the formal clothes first: COAT, DRESS and JACKET, SUIT, BASIC DRESS, PARTY DRESS.

Visually, the plan looks rather like a family tree:

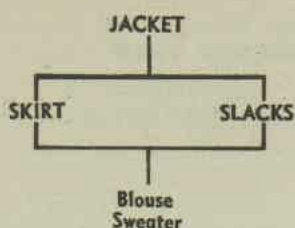


The coat is at the top of the tree because it has a relation to the other clothes in the picture; it alone has to tone, in color, and be wearable, in shape, with each of them. Hence the direct link between the coat and each of its "descendants."

Now for a casual wardrobe, which most women need to a greater or lesser degree. The main items are: JACKET, SKIRT, SLACKS. Taking the jacket in this case

● Your wardrobe needs depend a great deal on what you do with your life. Below are three individual basic plans — for the career girl, the working wife, and the housewife.

as the main item, the casual wardrobe looks like this:



Remember color co-ordinates: The items marked with an asterisk in the three-year plan on page 3 should tone with the coat and/or suit in your formal basic plan. With this capsule wardrobe,

which includes the "accessories" of blouse and sweater, it's possible to choose the separate items to tone not only with the "parent" garment, or focal point, but with each other. You can attach one plan to the other by making the jacket a "descendant" of the basic dress, with which it can be worn.

A follow-through on the quick color plan mentioned on page 2 adds up to this: COAT, navy (basic color); DRESS and JACKET, grey; SUIT, navy/white check; BASIC DRESS, red; PARTY DRESS, pink. Next: JACKET, off-white; SKIRT, light blue; SLACKS, blue/green check; sweater, blue; blouse, white.

As for the other accessories, they would follow the navy-and-white theme, with perhaps a touch of red, and the special addition of evening shoes and bag for

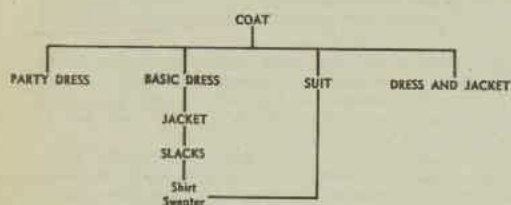
party dress. Your accessories should tone with formal and casual clothes alike, and, apart from the "starred" items meant to go with coat and/or suit, the jacket also can be worn with the basic dress.

## Coat

The coat must certainly be chosen in your basic color and it must be cut on straight, simple lines, unfitted, with no cunning touches like insets on the collar, big patch pockets, or "interesting" half-belts.

The classic camel-hair coat is a good example of a versatile basic coat: it fulfils practically all needs and always looks right, even at night over a party dress, provided the occasion is not "black tie." A good way to decide if a basic coat is basic is to ask yourself if you could travel.

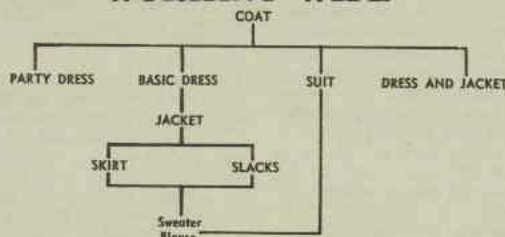
## CAREER GIRL



● The first additions the career girl will probably make to this basic wardrobe are a second suit or dress and jacket, then a second party or dinner dress. Substitute a skirt if slacks are not "you."

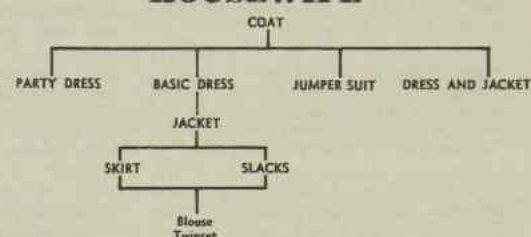
Page 4 — I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR

## WORKING WIFE



● This plan differs from that of the career girl only in that a skirt is added. Supplement this wardrobe, when finances allow, with a second basic dress and a second dress and jacket outfit.

## HOUSEWIFE



● In the housewife's wardrobe the tailored suit is replaced by a jumper suit, more useful than the working girl's suit. Possible additions are a second basic dress or dress and jacket, evening separates.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 4, 1965



# (itemised)

round the world with it and wear it with confidence on any occasion.

## Suit

There are women who can't wear suits. There's no getting round this fact, so if you're one of them, being unblest with large hips or a diminutive height, resign yourself and turn to the basic dress.

There are also some women who don't feel they get their money's worth from a suit: Housebound housewives, for instance. But for a large number of women, I dare to say the majority in this workaday world, the suit is a marvellous answer to an enormous number of situations.

The working girl, certainly, should never be without one; it is the most valuable cornerstone of her wardrobe. Since a good suit should take you almost anywhere, it, too, should be chosen with special care and consideration. Follow the same rules as for coat: No frills or furbelows, buttons or bows. It can be any color you like, for having chosen your coat in a basic color you have plenty of scope. A suit stands on its own two feet, so to speak, and doesn't have to "go" with anything else.

## Basic dress

This is the sort of absolutely plain classic you can dress up or down. This means that you can wear it with a hat by day or with some jewellery by evening, and it looks just right either way. This is what is called being versatile. It must be simple and it must have a straight skirt, or you won't be able to wear it under the coat or jacket.

## Dress and jacket

This also must be neat but not gaudy, and it also has great versatility, chosen with due care. The dress on its own has the same properties as a basic dress, and can be transformed by accessories in the same way. It will do for the office, for a luncheon date, or for evening; add the

jacket for warmth and for turning the outfit into a suit.

## Party dress

A party dress is for parties; don't try to make it double for anything else.

This is the only garment that needs special accessories. Shoes and evening bag must be bought for the party dress and chosen to complement its color.

Now for the clothes that form the basis for an informal wardrobe:

## Jacket

Don't fall into the trap of calling this an odd jacket. It shouldn't be odd; it should be bought with a specific object in view: to go with a straight-skirted basic dress, an extra skirt, slacks, casual weekend clothes.

It forms part of an outfit, a casual outfit, true, but still a deliberate collection of clothes chosen to go with each other rather than a hotchpotch of odd garments thrown together at random.

## Skirt

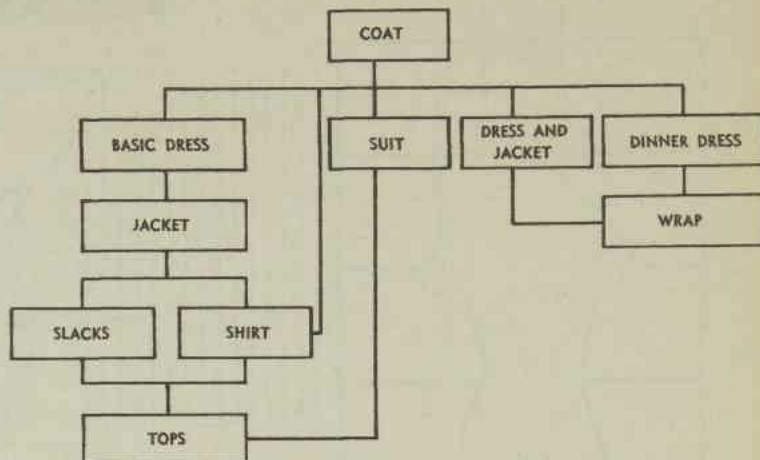
Buy your skirt to tone as nearly as possible with your coat. If you can match it, all the better; a coat with a matching skirt is versatility, only one step below a suit with a matching coat.

## Slacks

If you haven't the figure for them, slacks are out for you, so skip this paragraph. Slacks are only for girls with flat bottoms. If you can wear them, however, they form an important part of your weekend wardrobe and you can team them with blouses, shirts, sweaters, and your jacket.

When studying these lists, remember that each contains a *minimum* number of clothes (the list being a nucleus, or the central part around which other things are collected). You can add or subtract according to your taste, your figure, or your fortune, but they give you a sound working plan which will form a solid basis for your wardrobe for all time.

## BASIC WARDROBE PLAN



• Your personal basic wardrobe plan could look something like this. Draw one up for yourself, remembering to link up the items which will be worn together and which, therefore, must tone. You may already have several of the "basics"; the plan will help you see which items you need.

## BASIC ACCESSORIES

• To round off the list of basic requirements, these are the accessories needed to go with the clothes in your wardrobe.

**Blouses, Sweaters:** You need at least two blouses or shirts, one sweater or twinset, and possibly a cardigan (but not to fling over any old thing. It must be chosen to go with skirt or slacks, or to match a summer dress).

**Shoes:** Two pairs of classic courts in a basic color, one pair of flatties, one pair of evening shoes.

**Handbags:** One for day, one for evening, with perhaps a second daytime bag to vary with your outfit.

**Hats:** Even if you're not hat-

conscious, you should have at least one, and preferably two, one casual and one for weddings or similar festivities.

**Gloves:** Four pairs; two white, one pair in your basic color, and one pair for evening.

This is only the start of a well-organised plan. Having chosen a basic accessory wardrobe, you can build from it to make a complete collection that fits with your tastes and your way of life.



# FIGURE FAULTS:

● Few people are perfectly proportioned. But you can disguise your figure faults.

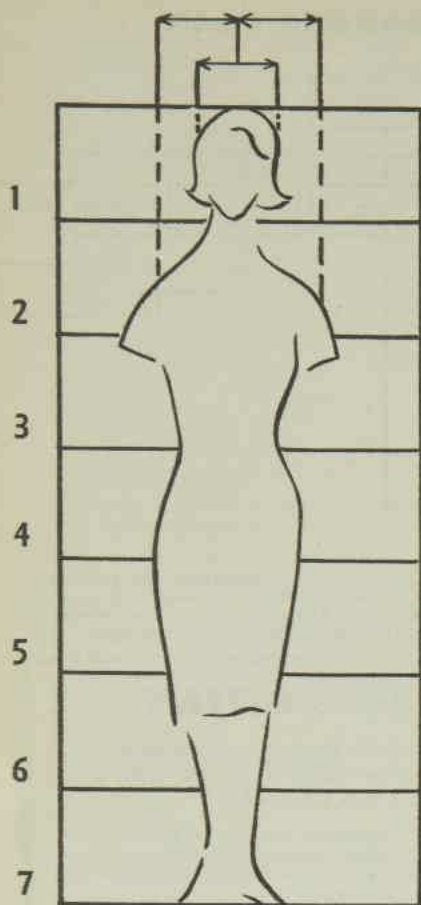
**T**HE secrets of the art of disguise lie in the diagrams at left and right.

If you draw vertical lines down an oblong shape (left), it looks thinner and taller; if you draw horizontal lines across the same shape (right), it looks wider and shorter.

So it is with dressing. This doesn't mean only that tall, thin girls shouldn't wear vertical stripes, or that short, fat women shouldn't wear horizontal ones.

It applies to the separate parts of the body—arms, thighs, hips, neck, and shoulders. If you want to make length, you draw lines downwards, visually; if you want to make width, you cut the shape by drawing lines across it.

Assess your own figure and apply this principle to it. Overleaf is a list of rules — dos and don'ts for each figure type.



## PERFECT PROPORTIONS

The length of the head should fit about seven times into the length of the body, three lengths above the waist, four below it. The shoulders should be twice as wide as the head. The waist should be eight to ten inches smaller than the bust. The hips should be no more than two inches larger than the bust.



**WRONG**  
If you're tall and thin, don't elongate yourself with any vertical lines. Use horizontal lines, wide necklines, double-breasted effects to cut the length.



**RIGHT**



**WRONG**

If you're short and plump, don't break up your outline with lines running across your body, fussy trims. Choose simple styles with vertical lines to give an illusion of height.

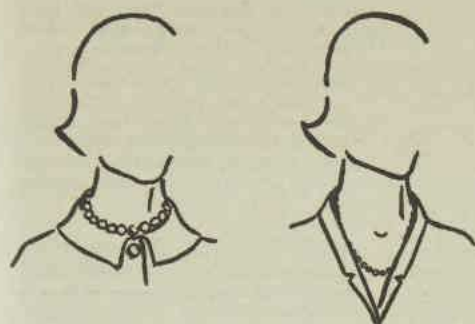


**RIGHT**



# The art of disguise

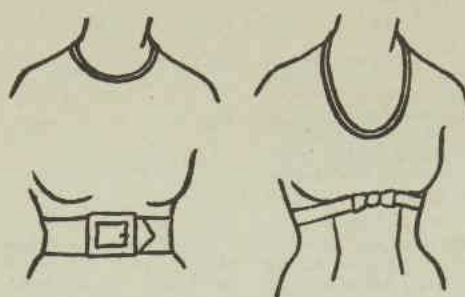
## Short, thick neck



**WRONG**  
(Right if the neck is too thin)

**RIGHT**  
(Wrong if the neck is too thin)

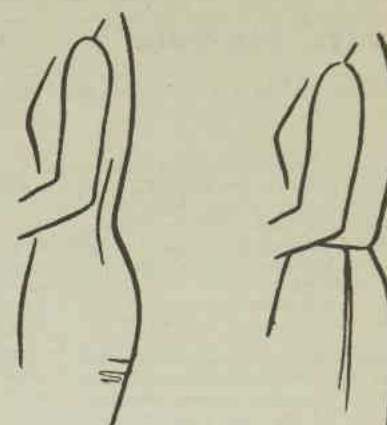
## Heavy, low-slung bust



**WRONG**  
(Right if your bust is small)

**RIGHT**  
(Wrong if you are too thin. This line is also good for the short-waisted)

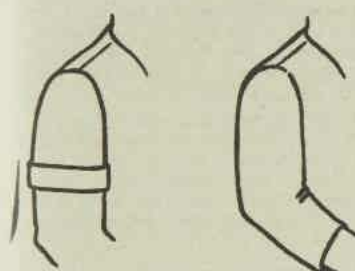
## Bottom too round



**WRONG**

**RIGHT**

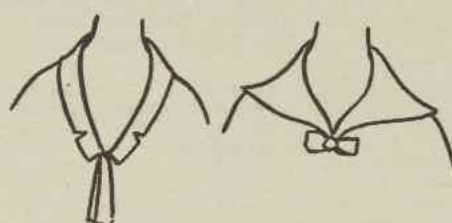
## Heavy arms



**WRONG**  
(Right if your arms are too thin)

**RIGHT**

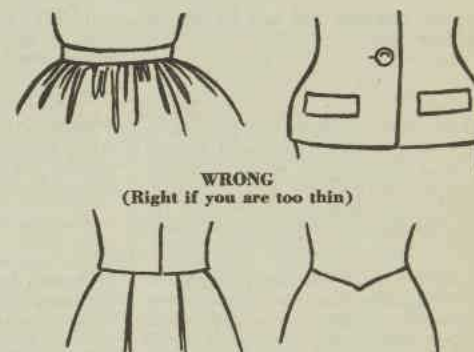
## Narrow shoulders



**WRONG**  
(Right if neck is short, bosom heavy)

**RIGHT**

## Wide hips



**WRONG**  
(Right if you are too thin)

**RIGHT**



# Dos and dont's for YOUR shape

## TALL AND THIN

If you are 5ft. 7in. and thin as well as tall:

**Avoid:** Vertical stripes, vertical lines of any kind; dresses without waist seams, button-through dresses, sleeveless dresses; V-necklines, clinging fabrics, small or tall hats, long handbags. Don't wear flat-heeled shoes all the time — you'll feel dowdy. And don't stoop.

**Choose:** Suits, suits, suits, dresses and jackets, separates, double-breasted jackets or boleros, blouse-top dresses, tunic lines, shifts gathered into a low waistline; important additions like big buttons, large collars, big chunky pockets with cuffs, wide belts; important accessories, textured fabrics, florals, large patterns, prints, checks, brilliant colors; horizontal stripes; big pleated or gathered skirts.

## TALL AND LARGE

If you are over 5ft. 7in. and of ample proportions:

**Avoid:** Any large-patterned, important, or brightly colored fabrics such as checks, florals, or fine stripes, shiny fabrics; lots of light colors (they're all right as a limited contrast trim); eye-catching pockets, short boxy jackets, tiny accessories; any clothing that is too tight, or too short at sleeve or hem.

**Choose:** Important necklines, deep-set collars, V-necklines with interest such as a deep-collared suit jacket with a soft-tied Chanel bow on the blouse; important jewellery, dark colors, dull fabrics.

## MID-HEIGHT, SLIM

Why bother to list you? You're born with the golden spoon of fashion in your mouth and you can wear anything you have a mind to, as long as you pay attention to small defects or assets that you may have to reckon with.

## MID-HEIGHT, PLUMP

A plump little friend of mine was highly amused and delighted when her tailor marked on her measurement chart, "Figure: cosy." If your figure is cosy:

**Avoid:** Horizontal stripes, horizontal lines of any kind; visible pockets or other trims, square necklines, wide or fussy collars, fitted jackets, cuffs on sleeves, belts; fussy, textured, shiny, or patterned fabrics, large hats, fussy jewellery, tight, short clothing.

**Choose:** Semi-fitted suits without any conspicuous trim, simple, tailored necklines, button-through dresses, dresses without a waist seam or with a lowered waistline, diagonal or vertical lines or stripes, vertical tucks or pleats, vertical inset pockets, matching accessories.

## TOP-HEAVY

If your shoulders and bust are heavier than your hips:

**Avoid:** Small jewellery, high plain necklines, light-colored or patterned blouses, important fussy collars, draped bodices, pencil-slim skirts, suits with important jackets, pockets or large buttons above the waist, short sleeves, large hats, large brooches.

**Choose:** Suits or dresses with pleated skirts, interesting skirt lines such as swinging panels, side drapes; very simple tops with V-necklines, small revers, bodices with diagonal or vertical pin-tucking, dark colors above the waist, especially with suit blouses, long necklaces of small beads.

## BOTTOM-HEAVY

If your top is small and your bottom large . . . or if your hips are just obviously several sizes larger than your bust:

**Avoid:** Gathered or very full pleated skirts, light colors below the waist, any pockets or trim below the waist; very plain high-necked tops, small hats.

**Choose:** Eye-catching tops or blouses, interesting necklines, draping on the bodice, slender skirts (not tight or skimpy) with inverted pleats or a gentle flare from the hips; large interesting collars, boxy jackets, boleros, interesting jewellery.

## SHORT AND SLIM

If you're under 5ft. 4in., pocket-size, rest assured that men find you helpless and appealing. What more could a girl ask for? As to your clothes:

**Avoid:** Any fussy trimming, horizontals, large collars, pockets, cuffs, buttons, or belts; large-patterned fabrics, large accessories, separates.

**Choose:** Very simple dresses or dresses and jackets, vertical trims such as small buttons set vertically, contrast vertical trims, vertical stripes (fine, shaded ones), tall hats, long sleeves or no sleeves at all, matching accessories.

## SHORT AND PLUMP

There are more strict dos and don'ts in this list than in any other; if you're going to fool people into thinking that you're taller and slimmer than you are, you MUST obey the rules:

**Avoid:** Any horizontal lines whatever, whether of fabric or cut, any two-piece suits, slacks, separates, or tight clothes; any patterned or shiny fabrics; light colors, important or fussy trimming, belts; full, pleated, or gathered skirts; jackets, odd or otherwise.

**Choose:** Slim little plain dresses without a waist seam or with a raised or lowered waistline, full-length coats, long vertical seams in bodice or skirt, vertical lines of any kind, visual or actual; button-through dresses, V-necklines, long tapering sleeves, darkish colors, soft, matt fabrics that drape well but do not cling.



# ACCESSORIES

## —They make or mar your outfit

- An accessory that earns its keep is one that plays a very active part in giving your wardrobe life, color, and co-ordination.

**T**HE best accessories are always those that last for years: the little pink silk evening bag, the pair of gold sandals, the lizard-skin handbag, the pure silk scarf, the lovely antique pin.

**Handbags:** A handbag is a vehicle to carry necessities. An enormous number of women seem to go around carrying all the bills they've paid, all the bills they haven't paid, all this year's love letters, all last year's love letters, 14 lipsticks.

All you should carry is your purse and wallet, a comb, a small hairbrush if you need it, a minimum of cosmetics for re-touching, i.e., lipstick and powder; keys, and extras such as cigarettes or spectacles.

It's a good idea to have a handkerchief, a comb, and a powder compact ready in each bag; this makes less to change over when you're switching handbags. Leave a little loose change in the purse, too, which avoids disaster if by chance you forget your regular purse or wallet.

Please, please, no string bags! They are absolutely ruinous to any look of grooming or fashion. When you intend to shop, take a shopping bag.

**Gloves:** Choose gloves, like other accessories, for their weight: fine synthetic or suede for light clothes; heavier stitched ones for winter outfits. They should always be plain.

As to length: For day, the length of your sleeve should usually dictate the length of your gloves. Your arms shouldn't be cut up into uneven lengths, from shoulder to elbow or from elbow to wrist. For a sleeveless dress, for instance, the best glove length is very short; for a dress with bracelet-

length sleeves, gloves should meet the sleeves.

**Shoes:** A sturdy little shoe with a wider than usual heel is right for winter clothes, tweeds, wool basic dresses, tailored suits. Dressier clothes, like summer dresses, soft little suits, dress and jacket outfits in light fabrics, need lighter shoes.

When you are buying shoes:

Go into the shoe store when you've been on your feet for a while. They'll be well warmed up, a little tired, and so more sensitive to discomfort and that pinched feeling that forebodes agony.

Buy your shoes with due consideration of your figure type. Short, plump women look like penguins in long, pointed toes; tall girls often look top-tilted in strappy shoes.

**Shirts, blouses, sweaters:** Even a housewife has no excuse for looking dreary in any old skirt and sweater outfit; a knitted suit or matched separates, if you don't wear slacks, can be infinitely more useful than an endless succession of blouses and skirts.

If you're a budding career girl, a collection of skirts and twinsets merely looks untidy. Concentrate on a selection of good basic dresses, or suits.

You have to be a certain type to wear a blouse. There are women who don't possess any; shirts, yes, but not blouses.

A good substitute for a blouse in most cases is a simple top: a little camisole top made from any fabric, with a plain, round neck, brief sleeves, or no sleeves at all, which stops just over the waistband. This has advantages over the blouse, particularly under a suit jacket, because it has no bulk at the arm, cuff, or collar, and it won't pull out of your waistband.

Shirts should be man-tailored always. If you need a blouse, don't choose a shirt that is dolled up with frilled sleeves or cunning collars; look for a blouse that is frankly feminine and doesn't pretend to be anything but a blouse. Frilled jabots and Chanel ties go in and out of fashion. If you want a classic that is going to be useful for a long time, choose something as plain as possible.

The same applies to sweaters. The classic machine-made twinset will see you through any fashion change and last until it falls to bits. Hand-made sweaters are more casual and should be kept for weekend or holiday wear.

Remember that if you're low in the bust or short in the waist, a sweater or blouse that comes over the waistband of skirt or slacks is more flattering than a tucked-in shirt.

**Scarves:** You can use a scarf to tie round your head — if you're spending the day in an open sports car or on a windy hill. But headscarves are not a substitute for a hat — and only Audrey Hepburn and beautiful girls look good in them.

Fabric stoles come under this heading, and here is another trap for young players. A stole has its practical side, but leads to a lot of hotch-potch fashion looks. If you like stoles, make sure that you can really carry them; firstly, you must be at least 5ft. 6in. tall, and, secondly, you must learn the art of anchoring the stole — invisibly — to your shoulders. You can't be in command of any situation if you're spending your time clutching desperately at a slipping stole. These rules apply to fur stoles, too.

## WAYS WITH JEWELLERY

**C**OSTUME JEWELLERY is a fashion gimmick; its appropriateness will change from season to season. A single string of pearls always will be in fashion; masses of jet beads will not.

A basic jewellery collection should include two brooches of different types, earrings, and a string of real pearls or a chunky gold necklet.

Be original in wearing your jewellery. Pin a brooch on the shoulder, pocket, waistline, or cuff; pin a charm bracelet to the pocket of your suit. Clip earrings to a fold bag for evening or to evening shoes.

- Never wear jewellery with florals or prints unless the color picks up one of the tones of the print.

- Don't wear glittery stones until evening. Rhinestones and brilliants belong to after five.

- Don't mix metals and stones too much. Match pearls with pearls, gold with gold, silver with silver, color with color.

- Remember that it's a much better investment to buy one beautiful little antique pin than a collection of fake beads for the same sum of money.

- Don't get into a rut about how to use the jewellery you have. If you have a rope of fake pearls, you can wear them in a long rope, knotted once, with sweaters and shirts, or you can twist them into three strands and use them to fill in a plain, high neckline on a new suit.

- If you have a tiny face, don't swamp it with enormous earrings; if you have a large bosom, a tiny pin will be lost in the vast expanse. If you have a short neck, never put beads around its base.



## DRESSING FOR:

## Your age...

- It is difficult to convince a 17-year-old that it is wonderful to look 17. It is equally difficult to convince a woman of 50 with spring in her heart that she is pushing her luck if she goes shopping in jeans.

**S**HE may feel young, and she may have kept her figure and be proud of it, but she would look even younger if she didn't wear clothes that belong to a younger generation.

**Moral:** Dress as lamb only if you are lamb.

### The twenties

In your twenties, you're developing your fashion sense and your taste.

You can still wear the brilliant, clear colors you wore as a teenager, but you can probably add some more sombre, muted shades. Your skin tone already will be on the way to change, so there may be colors you can wear that you couldn't before, and vice versa.

### The thirties

The period of the thirties is a good one. If you've profited by the fashion lessons the teens and the early twenties have taught you, you try to look well dressed on all occasions. You can, if you have the figure and the confidence for it, wear high-fashion garments.

Even with limited money and a flock of children that means growing clothes and school bills, you should have learned to abide by some sort of wardrobe plan.

This is the time when you should be at your best. Don't let these years pass by without consolidating your position in the fashion field. If you're still wavering by the time you reach 40, you're likely to give it all up in despair and go muddling along for the rest of your life.

### The forties — and after

Even the most attractive of women start to change a little during the forties.

As far as dressing is concerned, you must make a very careful assessment of what you have grown out of and what you have grown into.

Mark the following points, and keep marking them as you leave the forties and pass into the fifties, the sixties, and beyond.

**The Neck:** Your neck is one of the first things to show signs of wear and tear. Choose softer collars, avoid bare V-necklines or soften them with a rever, take your necklines higher if you want to camouflage salt-cellars or crepiness. Don't wear hard colors up to the neck.

The over sixty-fives can cover up by wearing pale, floaty chiffon or silk scarves at the throat.

**The Arms:** The upper arms also have a way of letting people know your age

by that telltale crepiness just below the crease of the shoulder.

To camouflage the arms, always wear a sleeve, however brief, and lengthen your sleeve according to your years.

**The Bosom:** Cleavage on a young bosom can be beautiful and seductive; the sight of an aging, crepey crease is not.

**The Waist:** Remember that your thickening waistline doesn't mark the end of the world. If you have put on a couple of inches since you were 20, does it matter so much? If the time has come for a good strong girdle, get one. It will give you support and confidence where you need it.

**The Legs and Feet:** As you get older, legs show your age in some subtle and indefinable way. Aging legs, even if they have retained their shapeliness, develop a crepiness at the top of the calf, a boniness at the ankle that give them away.

Even if you have legs to be proud of, don't imagine that you can wear youthfully short skirts (when the fashion for them prevails) when you are getting on in years. An extra inch makes all the difference.

Feet show your age, too; even if they are slim and pretty, they get bony-looking as you get older. Don't draw attention to them unnecessarily by wearing very high-heeled, high-fashion shoes.

**Your Coloring:** As the color of your skin and hair changes, so should your choice of colors to wear. Muted tones pay a compliment to you; hard, brilliant colors are aging.

Hard blues are most unflattering to an aging skin, many greens make the skin look sallow, and browns and yellows do not usually go well with greying hair. Pinks and lilacs come into their own, particularly as your hair color changes.

## Your way of life...

- No husband likes a slovenly wife. Even if he's not interested in clothes, he won't like you greeting him in an apron, or showing up to disadvantage at parties beside Bill Jones's wife.

**I**F you think that your husband doesn't notice what you look like, and that there's no point in bothering, then you're on the downward path that's known as Letting Yourself Go.

If your husband does notice — and there are many men who are a better judge of what suits their wives than the wives themselves — then pay him the compliment of dressing the way he likes.

The thing you have to watch here is a man's basic conservatism. He's apt to go on liking a dress until it's falling apart at the seams. He will also want you to go on wearing, ad infinitum, the

type of dresses you wore when you first met.

If a new fashion comes in and you intend to wear it, bide your time and break him in by a little wifely cunning. Any major fashion change almost certainly will give rise to cries of, "Isn't that awful! Don't ever let me see you in one of those!"

Wait until the fashion has modified a little, and he's used to seeing it on girls in the office. Then he'll be ready to admire it on his wife.

This brings up another point: the fact that your man may admire a dress on another woman that he'd hate on you, even if you'd look just as good in it.

Dresses with decollete necklines are at the top of this list. It's said to be because he's afraid you'll go Attracting Other Men. Take it as a compliment.

Just because you spend your mornings in the house, you can't flop around in any old things.

In summer have a series of bright pretty morning cottons or drip-dries. In winter, wear slacks or a skirt with shirts and sweaters, which are a practical form of dress.

When you wear a cardigan, choose one that tones or matches your dress, skirt, or slacks; over a print the cardigan should pick up one of the colors of the print.



# Special occasions . . .

- Special-occasion clothes must be chosen with a sense of occasion. When an invitation arrives, you must know which garment to pick from your wardrobe.

"A H," somebody says, "it's easy for me, I have only one." Yes, but it must be the right one.

**Leisure Wear:** This means, to anyone who can wear them, slacks or shorts, with the various grades of length that go between. If you have the good fortune to be minus tail and tummy, you can wear slacks, but unless your legs are good as well, you cannot, or should not, wear shorts.

Blouses are out of place with slacks or shorts. Shirts, preferably man-tailored, always look — and feel — more comfortable. Tops you can wear with trousers include sweaters and sleeveless, plain tops that are worn outside the waistband.

**Spectator Sports:** Wear slacks or a skirt (if slacks are not for you), with a shirt and perhaps a bulky sweater; a shirtmaker dress or cotton separates if it's hot.

**Evening:** There are three types of dressing for evening: informal, which means day dresses that are prettied up for an evening occasion; semi-formal, short party dresses (not day dresses converted); and formal, a short or long evening dress made formal by its décolletage and/or material.

**Informal:** The occasion: A small dinner party, any deliberately informal evening gathering, "spaghetti and jazz" type of evenings for the young, which may mean dancing with the carpet rolled up.

The dress: Any day dress you feel can become partyish with an accessory or two. For instance: A white dress which you wear to town with hat, gloves, pastel shoes, and bag. For an informal evening party, add a string of two pearls or colorful beads, a glittery pin at shoulder or waist, gold bag, and sandals.

Next suggestion: Take a plain dark dress,

which you wear with hat, etc., by day, and turn it into informal evening wear by adding jewellery, colored shoes, a bright sash, a tiny silk clutch bag.

You see that here the essentials for evening guise are additional color and jewellery. You can wear high heels or sandals, but you cannot wear gloves.

**Semi-formal:** The occasion: A cocktail party, a dinner party which may not be

black tie but for which your hostess has said, "Wear a party, or cocktail, dress," the theatre, a dinner dance at home or in a restaurant.

The dress: Any dress or suit which is obviously to be worn after five but one that is not too formal in fabric or ornamentation.

Examples: A dress of silk, cotton, or velvet with a low-cut neckline; a dress and

jacket, the dress with a bare neckline or a trim of "dressy" fabric like satin or velvet; a suit with a frankly dressy evening blouse under it; a simply cut dress of "evening" fabric like brocade, patterned silk, Thai silk, chiffon, or lace. Here it is the fabric that dictates the formality.

For a semi-formal occasion you could, for instance, wear a shirtmaker of delustrated satin, chiffon, or brocade; the same fabric made into a dress with a deep décolletage is much more formal. You could wear a self-colored dress of some plain material like silk, designed with a low neckline which, in a rich fabric, would again be too formal for the semi-formal occasion. It is cut versus lushness of fabric that makes the difference.

**Formal:** The occasion: Any invitation which says "black tie," a formal dinner party, a first night, a dinner dance, a ball.

The dress: A long or short dress which has a bare top and is made of rich, formal evening fabric. Here, length has a bearing on the formality. If the dress is short it must compensate by richness of fabric or ornamentation like beading. For all but the most formal occasions it is perfectly in order to wear a short formal dress, but if you must have a long dress for a very special occasion, and you don't expect to wear it more than once every two years, choose a classic — a Grecian-draped white jersey or a black velvet, for instance. Even a color can date a dress.

If you're a cold mortal, your winter evening wear needs careful planning. For informal occasions get yourself a pretty bejewelled cardigan, bought to tone with your favorite dresses. Separates are warm and comfortable for informal occasions, too; soft, beaded evening sweaters, thick mohair, velvet, or "evening" wool skirts.

A glamor evening suit is practical and warm and can be quite dressy with a bejewelled top which you reveal in all its glory when you've warmed up a bit.

If you can't afford a fur, a theatre coat is better fashion than a stole and much more useful. With a limited budget for evening wear, a few "after-five" clothes planned around a street-length evening coat will give you all you need for evening occasions.

## MATERNITY WEAR

- It's a compliment to your husband and your baby to look pretty during pregnancy.

**Y**OUR maternity wardrobe should include:

- Dresses that deflect attention from your expanding waistline: flowers, real or fake, huge floppy bows, scarves, anything pretty and eye-catching near the throat.
- Diagonal yokes, yokes in a different, lighter color than the rest of the dress; deep flattering collars giving you width where you need it, at the shoulders.
- At least one Empire-line dress.
- A tent-like, spread-eagle street-length coat in wool or cotton, depending on the time of year.
- One really good, well-cut dress for the last three months which flares away from the shoulders in one long graceful curve.
- A pair of maternity slacks, if you like and can wear them.
- A sleeveless jerkin, buttoning down the front, which you can wear over blouses and skirts or slacks. It should stop short of the thighs, and the plainer and more casual, the better. Have a sleeved top like this, too, if you like.
- Now for the things to avoid:
- Smocks, smocks, awful frilly smocks that make you look most unattractively expectant fore and aft.
- After the first four months, ordinary clothes from pre-pregnant days that will not adapt themselves to your expansion; you'll bulge through them in a most unsightly manner.
- Thin materials without weight that blow in under your tummy in any sort of breeze.
- Pale colors, especially below the bosom line; fussy patterned fabrics; low-cut necklines.
- Sloppiness generally.



# SHOPPING FOR FASHION

● Wherever you shop for your clothes, establish a friendly relationship with salesgirl or buyer. You're assured of personal attention and she will learn your tastes, which takes a lot of the hit and miss out of shopping.

**A**LL this points again to the fact that you must never buy a garment on the spur of the moment for a special occasion. This is one of the virtues of planning a basic wardrobe. If you collect the few good basic clothes, it should never be necessary to shop in a hurry.

Shop at the right time of the year, in a pleasant, leisurely way, with a clear idea of what you want, and you can afford to return home with nothing if you haven't found what you were looking for.

How do you look for a well-made garment? The first thing to go for is a brand name. It is astonishing how few people are conscious of this. In a class of some 40 girls studying fashion, there will be perhaps four who will know the make of the garment they're wearing.

Knowing a brand name has tremendous advantages. If you have a dress of good material that has stood up to wear and tear, kept its shape, washed or dry-cleaned satisfactorily, fits well and feels comfortable, then it is to your advantage to chase this manufacturer's name again.

Another practical reason for looking at brand names is that certain makes fit you better than others. Manufacturers follow a basic standard pattern which does not alter greatly, as season-to-season style changes are only superficial.

These basic patterns vary from one manufacturer to another; darts are differently placed, waist lengths vary, shoulders are cut differently, and so on. For this reason, a basic pattern one

manufacturer uses will fit you better than another, and if you search for it you will avoid the necessity for much alteration.

Once you are in the fitting-room with the salesgirl and some loaded coat-hangers, try on the first garment. If you don't like it, take it off immediately and don't waste the salesgirl's time. There's no point in fiddling around and hoping it will grow on you. If you don't like it at once, it's unlikely that anyone else will either.

Once you have found something that has distinct possibilities, and before you check for fit, look at the garment from every angle. It should flatter you from every direction—front, sides, and back.

Figure faults come into the picture here; if you're trying on a dress with horizontal draping across the bosom, for instance, and your bosom is large, you will look larger. This won't be a happy choice.

Beware of traps like these and check your figure faults when you're shopping.

Be adamant about refusing a style that you know will not flatter you.

In fact, it's a good idea, if the fault in the dress or suit is a glaring one, even on the hanger, not to try it on. It's only wasting time. If the fault is open to doubt, then give it a try. Salesgirls sometimes have a maddening way of saying, "Oh, it's lovely on," while you're being doubtful, but an even more maddening way of being right. You can't know until you try.

Now for the close scrutiny. From top to bottom, you must check for faults in fit. Remember that when you're buying a dress or suit, the top is the important part to fit; it is much easier to alter the skirt than the top or jacket.

Next check the garment to see that it is well made (see the ten points at left).

Having been through all this, you're well on the way to buying a garment that will be a credit to you and give you pleasure each time you wear it. But as a final check list for successful shopping ask yourself the following questions:

1. Does the garment flatter me from every direction?
2. Does the color fit in with the rest of my wardrobe?
3. Does the cost fit in with my budget plan?
4. Shall I like it as much next season, and will it still be in fashion?
5. Do I love it?

If you can answer a faithful "yes" to these five questions, particularly in relation to your important basic wardrobe needs, then you have found yourself a good buy.

## Check these ten points :

- A good suit should be fully lined.
- A good dress of winter-weight material should be lined. If the fabric is a stretchy one, like soft tweed or jersey, the skirt must be lined or it will seat.
- Seams should be at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. If the material is a type that frays easily, seams should be overlocked or turned in. Pinked edges are satisfactory only for solid, non-fraying materials.
- In fitted dresses that have no waist seams, look at the inside of the seams at the waist; there will be small V-shaped nicks to allow the edges to give.
- Check that these nicks do not go too far into the join of the seam; if they do, the seam will fray after the dress has been washed or dry-cleaned.
- Good clothes should be fitted with fine, lightweight zip-fasteners which are put in almost invisibly.
- Buttons should be well stitched on, with the thread wound round under the button to make a shank.
- Make sure that a button-through dress doesn't boggle at the buttonholes; if it does, it is too tight.
- Any part of a garment that is joined on, like a collar or cuffs, should be inspected from the underside. In cheap garments the join is not finished off properly and raw edges are left.
- The centre-back pleat on a skirt should go all the way up to the waist. A pleat cut away above the split is a sign of cheese-paring and a badly made garment.
- The back will seat out more quickly without the firmness of double material.
- Look for guarantee labels. Garments that have them, particularly summer dresses, sportswear, and swimsuits, are more likely to be reliable and hard-wearing.



*How do you tell when a color suits you? If you feel good in a color, you probably look good in it, too.*

## How to plan a color scheme

- The first essential for a wardrobe with a co-ordinated color scheme is to choose a basic neutral — beige or brown if you're a "brown" person, navy or grey if you're a "blue" person. If you live in the city, you could choose black.

**F**ROM there you make a combination of a few colors, including the favorites that will lift your wardrobe from the drab to the interesting.

Apart from the garments that stand on their own color feet, like suits and evening dresses, don't have more than three colors in your scheme; the group of beige, green, and coral, for instance, or a group of blue, navy, and pink.

Two-toned shoes — or handbags — are often a good investment because they will match up to a second handbag — or shoes — and give you greater versatility for your money.

Example worth its weight in leather: a pair of shoes in black patent and tan calf; with them goes one handbag in black patent, another in tan. Second example: a bone-and-white handbag, to be worn with white or bone shoes. Match your hat and gloves to the color that appears only once; tan, in the first example, or a paler shade of golden brown.

The accessory neutrals for evening are gold or silver; you can wear these with almost anything.

Now for a summary of accessory "don'ts":

- Don't imagine, for one moment, that black (or white, for that matter) goes with everything. It doesn't go with everything any more than beige or sky-blue-pink. Choose your accessories to tone with colors as well as for any other reason. Never wear black accessories with light evening wear or florals.

- Don't forget the advantage of a focal point in color: a lilac hat with an all-grey outfit, a lime-green scarf with a navy suit, a floral print bag with a self-colored evening dress, a white collar on a black suit.

- Don't contrast accessories with your outfit unless they have approximately the same tonal values — that is, the same depth of color.

- Don't wear startlingly bright gloves with a dark suit or dress.

- Don't buy good, expensive accessories in high-fashion colors; the accessories will outlast the fashion for the color and you won't be able to match them up with garments later.

- Don't buy a bright accessory to go with a single outfit unless you have a bonus from your budget or are intending to live up a second-best garment. A pair of turquoise shoes to go with a simple summer dress is folly; a pink-and-orange blouse to brighten last year's brown suit is a good investment.

Skin tone is a better guide to your coloring than the color of eyes or hair. Obviously red-haired girls look good in green, but if they have that clear pink-and-white skin that goes with red hair they also look marvellous in pink. They can wear any color, in fact, in the red-to-yellow sector of the color circle.

Don't be conservative about the colors you can wear. Admittedly it is better to wear a good deal of the color that makes you feel happy, but don't miss out on a good color because of a fixation against it. A fabulous color that you think you can't wear may make a dream come true if you dare to choose it for a special-occasion dress.

If your skin is creamy, sallow, or olive, the autumn tones—browns, greens, reds, russets, and deep golds—will suit you.

### COLOR DON'TS

- Don't mix sophisticated colors unless you know what you're doing.
- Don't mix any figured fabrics; check with plaid, floral with stripe, spot with floral, abstract with stripe, and so on. Any print or figured fabric must be married to a plain, one which preferably picks up one of the colors in the print.
- Don't dress as if you'd just escaped from a reform school; grey suit, grey hat, black shoes and bag and gloves. Choose a monotone scheme only if the color is pale, like bone or pale pink; if it is dark, you must have a bright focal point to lift it.

If your skin is quite brown, choose lighter shades in the same color group and soft pale mixtures in prints, paisleys, and tweeds. Dark-skinned people should avoid dark, solid blocks of color; clear, light colors will lighten their skin tone.

If your skin is pale, or pink and white, you can probably wear the pinks, blues, and clear blue-green colors. To wear yellow, you need a very clear, golden sort of complexion, and citrus-yellow can be worn only if your skin is warm-toned, otherwise it will make you look sallow.

Most people, generally speaking, can wear black or white, but both colors are hard on aging skins, and there are some even youthful women who need the flattery of a softer color at the throat.

Remember that your skin tone, as well as the color of your hair, changes as you get older and you must vary the shades you wear accordingly.

When you're feeling tired or depressed, whatever your age, don't tax yourself by wearing a difficult color. This isn't the moment to wear red; you may feel the color will cheer you up, but, in fact, all it will do is to make you realise how very depressing life is, and that to top it off you look absolutely awful in red.

Wear something soothing that will give you renewed courage and make you feel it is all worth while.

Finally, there is one never-to-be-broken rule: Never wear a color you don't like.

I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR — Page 13



● **High heels  
with slacks**

● **Spectacles studded  
with rhinestones**

● **Bare legs  
in town**

## Don't be guilty of bad taste

● **Anyone can make errors — you don't have to be poor. I know a woman with pots of money who wears huge, floral spray-type brooches on floral dresses by day. They look awful — vulgar and too messy. She has no taste at all.**

**I** KNOW another woman who can wear a budget-priced suit, no jewellery, a hat she ran up herself out of some scraps, and look as though she's qualifying for a cover-girl competition. She's just loaded with taste.

A perfect example of the can't-go-wrong kind of good taste is the single string of pearls. In England, it's the trade mark of a lady. Not an unseemly choker of large, evenly matched pearls, mind you, and certainly not several strings of fake pearls, but a fine, fairly small, graduated string that comes just below the base of the throat.

But this brings another problem; the dullness of consistent perfect taste. The inevitable single string, worn with the cashmere twinset, the silk dress, the "good black," may be frightfully U but also frightfully dull. Good taste is probably better than bad taste, but it may sometimes be better to be a little adventurous and wrong than constantly and boringly correct.

There is no way of making rules about what is right. There are, however, unquestionable rules about what is wrong. And these you can mark down for future reference.

**What-to-wear-when:** It is an error of taste to go to an informal luncheon party in a guipure lace blouse or to wear shorts in a city street. Assess the occasion you're dressing for, whether it's a ball or a picnic,

so that your clothes are in keeping with the situation, the place, and the time of day.

**Hats:** Your hat also should have some relation to the outfit as far as shape, color, and fabric are concerned; you don't wear a leopard-skin toque with a cotton tweed suit.

### When in Rome . . .

Always wear a hat to important appointments, like job-hunting, meeting a prospective mother-in-law, having lunch with some committee women whom you hope will accept you in their club. If you want to be accepted, dressing "as they do in Rome" has its advantages.

**Stockings:** If you are over 50, you should wear stockings always, except in the privacy of your own home or on the beach.

Don't go without stockings in town no matter what your age. When you do go without stockings, don't wear dressy court shoes; here it is a sense of fitness that should tell you what to wear.

Sandals can be worn on stockingless legs, but court shoes call for stockinged feet. If you are not wearing stockings, don't wear gloves or a hat. You can't be undressed in one area and dressed in another. For the same sort of reason, don't go without stockings when you are wearing a heavy winter fabric; you look a mixture of summer and winter.

**Shoes:** Never—need I mention this?—wear high heels with slacks.

**Gloves:** They must always be worn when you are dressed for town, in suit, coat, or dress and the full complement of accessories. In other words, top-to-toe dressing for the street calls for gloves. Even if you are wearing a casual outfit and no hat, you should wear gloves in the street, but if you are going to a lunch party in a summer dress you don't need them.

Some women wear gloves through lunches, through cocktail parties, dinners, through thick, and through thin.

You don't wear gloves unless you're out on the street; they're for outdoor wear, not indoor wear. And when you're wearing them, wear them, don't carry them.

**Jewellery:** It is bad taste to wear too much jewellery at any time, even real stones. The idea of a jewel is to dress up you and your garment; an overwhelming collection of jewels will eclipse each other and you.

Limit daytime jewellery to a few good, favorite pieces, including costume jewellery if you have a taste for it and can wear it effectively.

Chunky gold or silver pieces are best for winter-weight garments, but for summer ones look for something delicate and light.

Keep your jewellery for evening; long drop earrings, elaborate bracelets or necklaces, glittering pieces of any kind.

Unless you have two watches, don't

choose one set with brilliants, diamonds, or marcasite. A plain silver or gold watch can be worn around-the-clock; a glittery one will be unsuitable for day wear.

Don't mix large costume jewellery with real jewellery; the size and flamboyance of it will outshine the real jewels.

**Spectacles:** Glasses should be part of a background rather than stand out as an aggressive focal point.

Unless you can afford several pairs, don't choose colored rims. You'll run into trouble when you want to wear a color that simply doesn't go with them.

Choose rims, rather, to flatter your skin tone and hair coloring. Rhinestone-studded spectacles are Very Bad Taste; ornamented (but not rhinestone-ornamented) sunglasses can be an amusing fashion gimmick.

**Artificial Flowers:** An enormous, obviously artificial spray of roses on the shoulder of an evening dress is bad taste; a single, beautiful hand-made rose at the waist, or perhaps centre back, of the same dress could look wonderful.

Artificial flowers on a hat are gay and charming. But again they must be good, and you must match the hat to the occasion. The occasions on which you can wear a flowered hat are rare — dressy luncheons, social-type meetings, garden parties, race meetings, days in town with someone special who's going to take you somewhere special.



## PERSONAL GROOMING

**T**HE basis of personal grooming is cleanliness.

White collars, blouses, gloves, and, of course, underwear must be changed every day. Keep a clean pair of gloves in the office for emergencies if you're a white-collar girl, along with an extra pair of stockings in case you catch a ladder.

It is very bad taste to use too much make-up, ever. Learn to apply it with discretion and skill from an experienced operator who represents a reliable brand of cosmetics.

Apply make-up in a delicate and unobtrusive way for daytime. You can then put on a gala face for evening which makes you feel confident and special.

A cleansing cream is specially designed to float dirt out of the pores. Soap and water only removes the surface dirt, however enthusiastically you may scrub. Set a pattern for yourself: Cleanse thoroughly with a cream at night, in the morning use soap and water, then go over face and neck with astringent to freshen your skin ready for make-up.

Don't make up in public. Why subject others to the sight of you powdering your nose or angling with your lipstick?

Skilful make-up creates a pleasing illusion; if you make up in public you are destroying it. Learn how to stay sleek and powdered from one moment of privacy to the next; if you can't, then it's more dignified to go shiny for a while.

You wouldn't think there'd be any need to tell anyone that her fingernails should be kept clean, but there it is. Fingernails should always be scrubbed clean and they should be kept in good shape in every sense.

## Keep your clothes band-box fresh

● It's no use having the right clothes for the right occasion if you find they are grubby or need pressing just when you're dressing for an urgent appointment.

**T**HE rule is never to put a garment away unless it is ready to wear again. If it needs washing, put it in the laundry basket; if it needs mending, put it in the mending box.

Hang everything hangable on good hangers, leave them to air outside the wardrobe overnight, and put them away in the morning.

Never let a garment get so dirty that you have to fight to get it clean; this doesn't do the garment, or your temper, any good.

Clothes on hangers need space to breathe in the wardrobe; if they're squashed together they emerge looking squashed.

Keep clothes in groups: dresses together, suits together, skirts and slacks together, and so on.

Never use those wire hangers that come back from the cleaners; they get quickly out of shape and poke your clothes out of shape in turn.

The hanger, preferably padded, should fit the shape of the shoulders of the garments: if you put a suit jacket on to a hanger that is narrower than the shoulders you'll have unsightly boggles spoiling the shoulder line. Be particularly careful with stretchy fabrics, like jersey, and never put sweaters or cardigans on a hanger. Black dresses and suits need shoulder covers to keep them dust free.

Shoes should be kept on shoe trees, but if you don't feel inclined to attain the degree of perfection needed to put them

on trees after each wearing, at least "tree" the special shoes that you don't wear often. They'll keep their shape and sparkle longer that way.

Gold or silver shoes — or handbags — should be wrapped in black paper to prevent tarnishing. There's only one satisfactory way to store shoes: on racks.

Keep special sweaters, shirts, and scarves in plastic bags. For these items, or anything that lies flat, wide, shallow drawers mean less rummaging than deep ones. Keep special toilet soap in these and underwear drawers for a pretty, all-pervading smell.

### Hat tricks

Hats should be on a hatshelf, standing individually. Don't put fur hats in plastic bags; they'll come out looking as if they've been dipped in butter, and white fur will go the color of butter, too. Dirty butter.

Put summer hats in hat boxes in winter, preferably in a cupboard and not on top of the wardrobe or under the bed.

When the seasons change, go through your wardrobe with determination and a ruthless heart. Don't clutter it with garments you'll never wear; toss out the tarnished gold necklace, the felted sweater.

It's much better to have a wardrobe hung with a few garments that you love than stuffed full with bits and pieces that represent skeletons in your fashion cupboard and grin hideously at you each time you open the door. Don't think that they may "come in handy later." A hundred to one, they won't.

## RUNNING REPAIRS

**R**UNNING repairs save wear and tear on the nerves as well as the clothes.

Here are some of the danger spots:

Unstitched seams (catch them as soon as they start to come apart — and watch those underarm ones round an inset gusset particularly), plackets, zip-fasteners; hems at sleeves as well as skirt edges; the fingers of gloves.

On underwear: Shoulder straps, hooks and eyes, elastic that has lost its oomph.

Nearly everyone knows that petticoats aren't meant to be on view, but judging by the number of offenders, not nearly as many women are aware of the unattractiveness of visible shoulder straps. If you have trouble with slipping straps, attach all your straps together with a little clip or pin to the bra strap.

With narrow-strapped dresses, sleeveless dresses, or those with a wide neckline, you need modesty straps attached to the underside of the shoulders of the dress — a loop made of buttonholed thread, which is fastened across the straps with a press stud.

Watch for hems that come unhemmed and hems that dip unevenly. If you have a flat bottom, the skirt may dip at the back; this is incorrect fitting and the skirt should be taken up from the back waist.

A back pleat can hang down below the rest of the skirt; this should be corrected by lifting it from underneath or, if the underside of the pleat is a separate piece of fabric, by bringing the hemline of the pleat in line with the rest of the hem.

Shoes are notorious for giving away girls who don't take their grooming seriously. Shoes must be shiny, polished. As soon as your shoes need heeling, have them heeled.



## HOW TO PICK A BARGAIN

**B**UYING a bargain doesn't mean buying on impulse, but being able to differentiate between the garment that has been left because no one wanted it and the one within your financial grasp because the store has overbought on a certain line or it's been "unseasonable weather for the time of year."

After a mild winter you should be able to find heavy suits; during a wet summer you could find expensive summer dresses with a marked-down price tag.

Look for the hallmarks of a bargain:

- It can be any useful accessory you don't necessarily need now: a pair of good gloves, a real skin handbag, an evening bag, a pair of evening shoes in a neutral color, a silk scarf.
- It can be an expensive garment that has become shop-soiled.
- It can be an imported line that the shop has over-ordered: an Italian sweater, a French lace blouse.
- It can, occasionally, be a high fashion garment that is marked down because of its limited fashion life. If you can see that a few minor alterations will turn it into a classic, then it may be a good buy.
- It may be a "little dress" that you need halfway through the season to augment a rather spare wardrobe.

## The right thing to wear

● It is clear that the first essential is to collect a few good basic clothes, then to brighten up this capsule collection with color, accessories, and extra morale lifters.

**I**T'S best to choose "classics" as the mainstays of your wardrobe. They won't go out of fashion and you won't tire of them.

Here's what to look for in your basic garments:

● The fabric: it should be of natural fibre; i.e., silk, cotton, or wool, or perhaps a mixture of these fibres with a synthetic. Straight synthetics, while admirable additions to the wardrobe, do not make good basic garments. The very qualities that make them practical preclude them from making-up perfectly; they do not press well enough. Only the naturals are timeless and "good" looking.

● The color: it must be plain, or of such a classic combination (black-and-white tweed, pink-checked cotton, navy-and-white-spotted silk) that you won't tire of it. High fashion color combinations and prints of any kind (with the possible exception of Paisley) will have a limited life because they go out of fashion.

Even fashion shades in solid colors will date; choose the basic neutrals, such as white, black, pale beige, grey, or navy, which will go on year in and year out. These will even be more popular one season than the next, but this needn't throw your color scheme into a turmoil.

● The cut: avoid eccentricities such as high or low waistlines, balloon sleeves, exaggeratedly bloused backs, intricately cut skirts, fish tails, flying panels, insets, unusual seaming, and so on.

For examples of some worthwhile classics:

- A pure silk shirtwaister in any plain color, with a full or straight skirt.
- A grey flannel suit.
- A tailored bone-colored jersey suit.

- A knitted suit in any neutral color.
- A camel-hair coat with leather buttons.
- A plain, heavy silk, black cocktail or dinner dress with a straightish skirt, three-quarter sleeves, low neckline.
- A party dress in cotton with a simple fitted bodice, a round neckline, a full gathered skirt.
- A draped silk jersey cocktail or evening dress in white or black.

If you want to learn more about recognising the classics, look through some old fashion magazines and judge for yourself the clothes still in fashion now.

If you look through a dated book of etiquette you will find that the only rules that have stood the test of time are those based on tact and consideration for other people.

### Don't be conspicuous

To a great extent this basic rule of etiquette should apply to dressing. Wear what you like, if you're not intimidated by the accepted rules, but don't make other people uncomfortable in the process.

Don't make an escort shudder because your dress is oversexed; he wants to be envied, not made conspicuous. Pander to an older woman's tastes by wearing a hat when you take her to luncheon; pay your hostess the compliment of wearing a suitable dress to her party.

You also have an obligation to yourself, and this means that you shouldn't overlook the importance of feeling comfortable in your clothes. Not only the physical comfort that you buy with a well-cut suit or an easy-fitting dress but a feeling of rightness which can often bypass fashion.

If you have a dress which is a little out of date but which makes you feel wonderful, it is nonsense to discard it, provided that its lack of fashion-rightness

doesn't make you feel like a poor relation.

A woman I know shouldn't wear slacks ever; her hips are much too large. But she wears them in her home because they're comfortable, practical, and warm. And she feels happy in them.

I overheard the other day someone being critical of a young woman who wears her long hair in a pony-tail at the weekends, saying that she is past the age for it. Perhaps she is, but she spends her week being dressed to the eyebrows, hat and all, for a demanding city job, and an essential part of her weekend's relaxation is literally "letting her hair down."

Who does a woman dress to please, men or herself? Or does she dress to outshine other women?

The intelligent woman dresses for each of these three reasons, depending on her mood and the occasion. Sometimes she dresses to please a man, mostly to please herself, and occasionally in competition with other women.

Most of the time it's much more fun (and more natural) to dress with the object of treating yourself to glamor and its attendant self-confidence.

As a grand summing-up, then, what are the principles of learning how to dress?

1. Learning to look at yourself with an appraising eye.
2. Learning to assess your figure faults.
3. Learning to wear clothes that suit you, regardless of prevailing fashion.
4. Learning to dress suitably and happily for the time, the place, and the occasion.
5. Learning to modify your dressing with the years.
6. Learning to shop for fashion with intelligence and determination.
7. Learning to be aware of fashion without being a slave to it.